The Saturday Evening
POST
October 22, 1960 – 15¢

JA 11 '61

A Distinguished Negro Reporter Asks:
ARE MY PEOPLE READY FOR EQUALITY?

THE McKEEVERS of USC:
Football's Fearsome Twins

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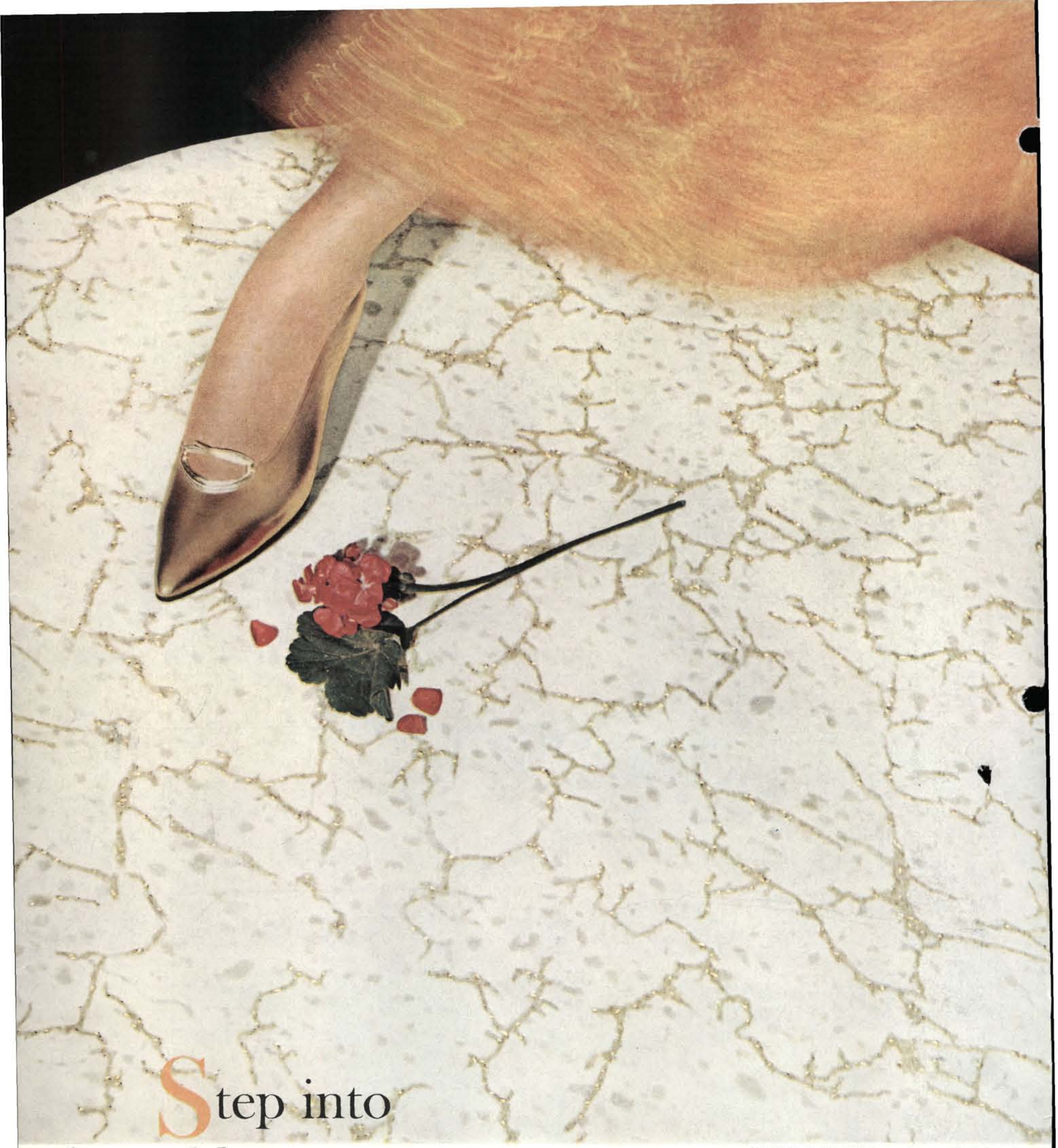

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When your family says hello to a new Philco, you say good-bye to costly TV repair bills! Philco TV has *patented* Cool-Chassis construction. It runs cooler, performs better and lasts longer. And wait till you see the picture! Philco Cool-Chassis TV has an amazing Automatic Picture Pilot that keeps your picture on the beam through live show, taped show or even old movies. It checks and perfects the picture 15,750 times a second! Styling? Models to blend with every décor—from fresh, new Compacts to the stunning new Miss America Series rendered in authentic hardwood Mastercraft cabinetry. Prices? Philco Cool-Chassis TV sets cost no more than *ordinary* television!

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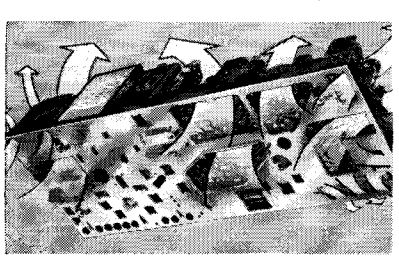
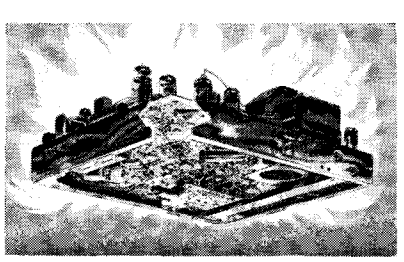
THE KENILWORTH, Model 4818 (shown above), is a dramatic twin-speaker traditional console with illuminated channel indicator, front controls, brilliant all-new 23"* square-shape, big picture!

*23-in. overall diagonal measurement. 282 sq. in. viewable area



Philco Cool-Chassis. No parts underneath, no heat traps. Heat-barrier design directs heat away from critical parts. "Air-Flo" mounting of parts permits maximum cooling. Perma-Circuit® panels are non-conducting.



Old-fashioned heat-trap TV. Stacked components — one below the other — pyramid and multiply heat intensity. Parts mounted underneath generate heat which is trapped by old-fashioned oven-type, upside-down chassis.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE COVER

Step right up, folks—and all you stuffed animals too. Feast your eyes on Mighty Boy, the strongest little man in the romper set. He walks . . . he talks . . . he undresses all by himself . . . and he whimpers only slightly when his mother turns the lights out. Artist Dick Sargent, who has three sons and unblushing memories of his youth, vouches that a boy's discovery of his own biceps is indeed one of life's milestones—almost as exhilarating an experience for a male as the first time a young lady makes the breathless observation, "My, but you're big and strong." We're grateful to our Mr. Sargent for discovering this young prospect for 1980 Olympic weight-lifting laurels. We just hope daddy's shadow doesn't climb up the wall suddenly and scare the night lights out of the little fellow.

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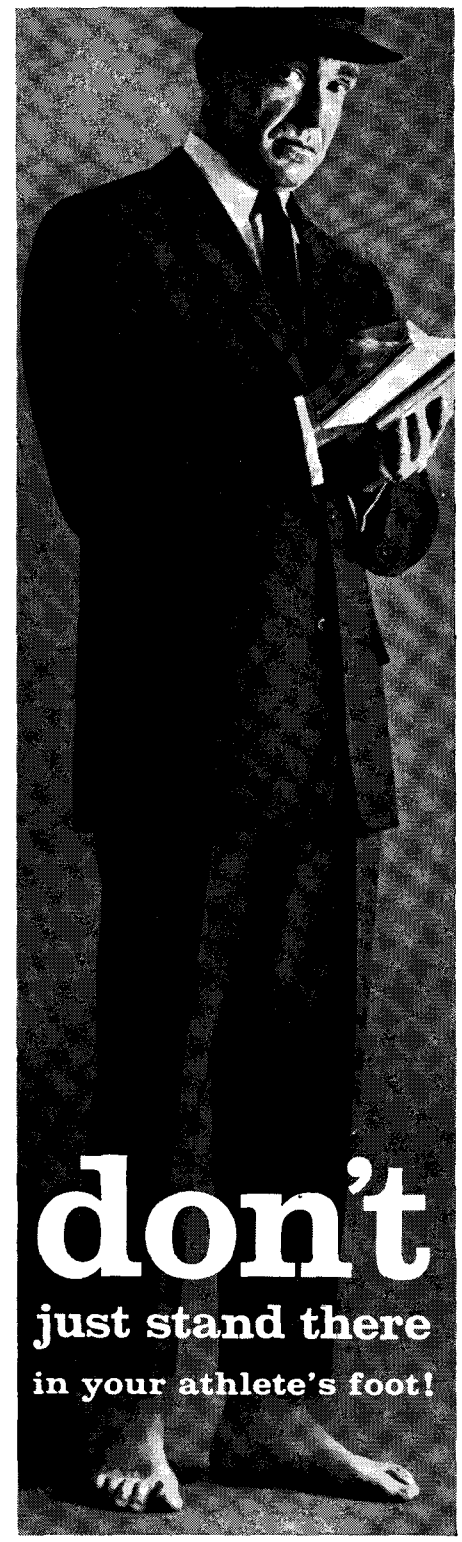

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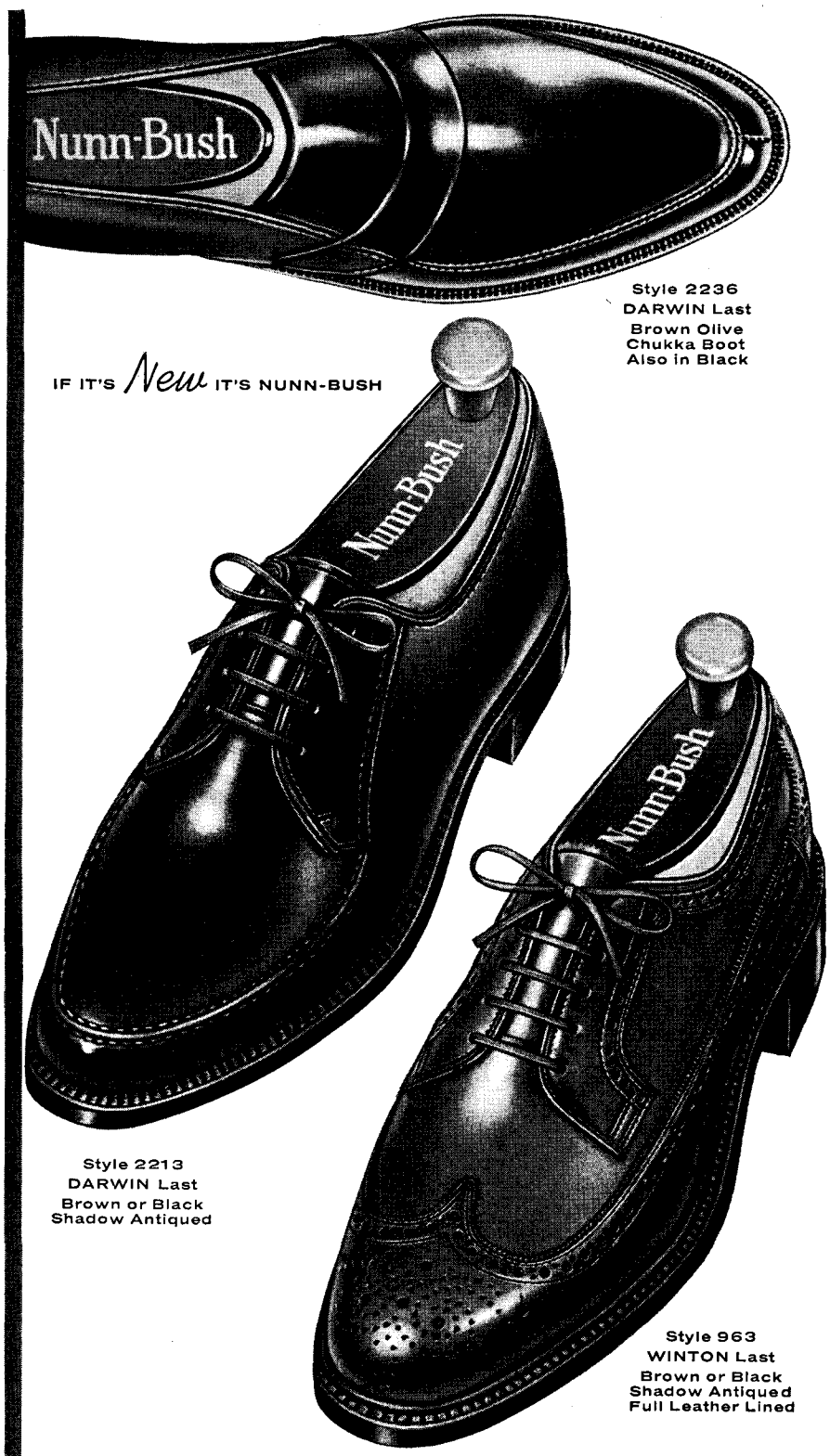

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Letters

Cute as Her Buttons

Dear Sirs:

Re Norman Rockwell's Sept. 17 cover [below], his young lady should be advised of the unwritten law among single

men to wink at any and all girls who leave the top five buttons of their sweaters open.

F. P. CHAPMAN
Allentown, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

The girl on the cover is anything but "a very prim girl" indeed. Is Mr. Rockwell (and/or *The Post*) advocating these low necklines for wear in a business office? For shame on you both!

MARGARET E. HOGAN
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

Norman Rockwell's cover calls for a paraphrase: "Let a window washer draw the eyes of a lady and I care not, if Norman may paint her knees." Aren't they lovely?

NEWTON W. PILGER
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

From experience I'm willing to bet the stuffed shirt behind the desk is a bigger wolf than that winking window washer! You'd be surprised the zip those old guys have when it comes to marathon runs around an office. Actually, who could resist . . . a dish dressed like the one on your cover. She ought to either sew buttons on her sweater or at least wink back. I would—that fellow's kinda cute!

MARGARET K. CODERRE
Westport, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

It seems that the cover characters get no co-operation. The cover-box commentator has her turning down the young man (and how high he has come!) before she has had time to decide whether to date him. Officious interference, I call it.

If she gave him the air, what a fall that would be! Of course, he may be only window-slopping.

WALTER F. MURPHY
Winnetka, Ill.

In Touch With a Third "Untouchable"

Dear Sirs:

Until I read Paul Robsky's letter in your Aug. 27 LETTERS, I thought Barney Cloonan and I were the sole survivors of the original ten "Untouchables" headed by Eliot Ness. I am pleased to learn that there are three of us. . . .

I had the pleasure of meeting actor Robert Stack when he visited Honolulu. I was impressed with his sincere desire to present the TV "Untouchables" in tune with the Capone era. It is evident he enjoys the program, and so do I.

MARTIN J. LAHART
Honolulu, Hawaii

Thirty-Year-Old Mystery Solved

Dear Sirs:

In your Sept. 10 issue, in the subheading of the article WHAT HAPPENED TO JUDGE CRATER? [by Jack Alexander], you state: "A *Post* editor reports on the most notorious missing-person case of our century." If by notorious you mean sheer bulk of newspaper and other publicity, you are perhaps right.

A. RUDOW
Hornby Island, British Columbia

Dear Sirs:

If to "oblivion" walked Justice Crater,
How come he's remembered thirty
years later?

BART A. GREENE
Riverdale, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

What happened to Judge Crater? I think the answer is to be found in the

handbill that was distributed. It said he was six feet tall, weighed 185 pounds and wore a size fourteen collar.

Elementary, my dear Watson. The poor fellow choked to death.

F. P. BOWMAN
Goldthwaite, Tex.

Linkletter Letters

Dear Sirs:

In reading Art Linkletter's CONFESSIONS OF A HAPPY MAN [as told to Dean Jennings, Aug. 27–Sept. 24] I was distressed and disappointed by his feelings on his adoption. He apparently wants to be bitter forever because his parents did not want him.

How can he not appreciate that although one couple did not want him there was another which *did?* For this he should be forever thankful because . . . there are many children who never find homes at all.

MRS. TOM REDDINGTON
Richmond, Ind.

Dear Sirs:

I would like to let him know that I am an adopted child and shall never feel or say things about my real parents as he

(Continued on Page 6)

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Move up to Schlitz!

Enjoy that deep, cool, kiss-of-the-hops flavor you will find only in the beer that made Milwaukee famous.

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New Yorkers were ASTOUNDED

By A Frank Newspaper Article That Discussed

VITAMIN PRICE COMPARISONS

Now You Too Can Learn How To SAVE...

STOP PAYING HIGH PRICES FOR

VITAMINS

A recent public service study of Patent Medicines in one of New York's leading evening newspapers, devoted one entire installment to VITAMINS and disclosed many interesting highlights about the sale of Vitamins and Vitamin-Mineral combinations.

One of the startling revelations in this frank article was the wide variance of Vitamin prices.

The following three paragraphs taken from the series, as it appeared, are of particular concern to everyone buying Vitamins.

"Any particular vitamin bottled under one label is, for all practical and therapeutic purposes, the same as if it is bottled under another label. The fact is, most of the Vitamin concentrates consumed in America are produced by only a few companies.

"The list of ingredients in a Vitamin compound is one thing the consumer can almost always depend on to be correct. Any company which fails to label the bottle with the exact formula and amount (or unit strength) of each ingredient risks a seizure by the U. S. Government.

"Bearing that in mind, it is interesting to pick up a few Vitamin catalogs and compare the prices charged by different companies for the same Vitamin compounds."

Following publication of the installment we received **hundreds of phone calls requesting copies of the Hudson Vitamin Catalog.**

The Free Hudson Catalog offers tremendous VALUES on Vitamins, Vitamin-Mineral combinations and Food Supplements. Hudson Vitamin Products has been serving doctors and nurses for over 25 years and now you, too, can purchase your Vitamins DIRECT from Hudson at savings up to 50% and more.

Here are two examples of Hudson Vitamin savings: a very popular multi-vitamin and mineral formula (similar to the type sold nationally for $19.50 by door to door salesmen) is sold for only $5.95 through the Hudson Vitamin Catalog, under the trade name of Vitazets; here's another — a well known high potency B complex formula with Vitamin C and minerals (similar to a brand nationally advertised at $4.40 per hundred) . . . only $2.10 DIRECT from the Hudson Catalog.

Write for the Catalog and show it to your doctor if you like—but, by all means, discover for yourself why Hudson has become a DIRECT MONEY-SAVING source for Vitamins throughout the nation. All Hudson Vitamin Products are sold with a money back guarantee.

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Letters (Continued from Page 4)

did. I feel they must have had a pretty good reason to give me away. I love my foster parents very much.

IRIS GILMAN, *aged 15*
Hilton, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

I don't blame him a bit for socking those people who discarded him when he was born. . . . I'll bet they feel silly when they realize they discarded a potential gold mine.

BESSIE L. CHUNN
W. Asheville, N.C.

Dear Sirs:

This man, Linkletter, has everything—almost. Wealth, charm and admirers no end. He's as slick as they come. Yet the smug way he shrugged off his Bible-reading old man (by adoption) as an oddball would suggest that in spite of all his accomplishments there could still be something lacking in his life that the old parson might have had.

WILL PARDUE
Lenoir City, Tenn.

Dear Sirs:

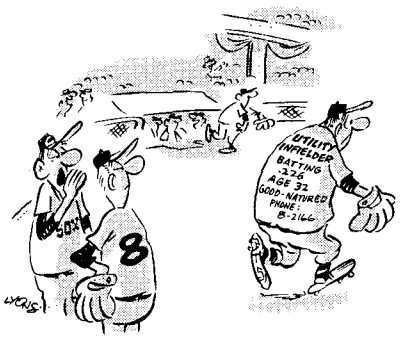
Congratulations to *The Post*, Art Linkletter and Dean Jennings. . . . I appreciate Linkletter more than ever.

KAY LAMB
Kapuskasing, Ontario

Good-by, Lefty

Dear Sirs:

As to Lyons' cartoon [below] in the Sept. 10 *Post*, I would try and trade the



"I hear they're trying to trade him."

manager. Who in heck ever heard of a utility infielder being lefthanded?

TOM WESTRICH
Racine, Wis.

The Oldest Charmers

Dear Sirs:

May I take exception to your Aug. 6 article entitled THEY TRIED TO TEACH ME CHARM [by Gwen Gibson, with Paul Healy]. . . . In describing the Washington schools which go under the generic name of "charm," meaning personality, correct behavior, good human relations and so forth, this school was left out. . . . It was established in 1933, which does not tally with your statement that a school established only thirteen years ago is "the oldest in the capital."

AGNES MCCALL PARKER
The Parker School
Washington, D.C.

● The Post *regrets the omission.*
—ED.

Ashamed of Ourselves?

Dear Sirs:

WHY DO SO MANY AMERICANS APOLOGIZE FOR THEIR COUNTRY? [Sept. 17] is one of the most outstanding editorials I have read. Dr. Mario Pei is to be heartily congratulated for so clearly stating what so many of our countrymen seem to forget—that initiative, intelligence and hard work has earned for Americans the right to pride of their country.

WANDA L. WILLIAMS
Dallas, Tex.

Dear Sirs:

So long we have heard the chant: "You no-good Americans. . . . You awful ones. Here you have a washer, a dryer, an ironer, a push-button stove, an electric sweeper, supermarkets stuffed full and beauty parlors waiting to make you lovely, and you have the fattest paychecks and the fattest kids and the longest houses, and most cars and roads and most vacations. Aren't you *ashamed* of yourselves, you horrible creatures?" . . .

I get so weary of always feeling guilty. That's why I thank Dr. Mario Pei for his kind thoughts.

MRS. R. E. VOGT
Birmingham, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

I too have been wondering why we have to apologize for being Americans. It seems to me that the most important sentence in Doctor Pei's essay is: "Americans were justifiably proud to be Americans" (with reference to the citizens of the early 1900's). The key word here is "justifiably." Could it be that we Americans do not feel that we deserve to be proud of ourselves? Is this so because we allow segregation, religious bigotry and dishonesty to corrupt the moral standards of our country? . . .

PHILIP M. SUSA
Gannon College
Erie, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

I do not believe that any real American apologizes for our country or form of government, but certainly we have grave cause to apologize for the elected officials of the Republican Party who run our Government.

W. YEOMAN
San Lorenzo, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Let's have more speakers for a just pride in our . . . free society, whose inequalities are certainly less glaring than those of our myriad detractors.

SALLIE R. DURHAM
Bryn Mawr, Pa.

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Reading across pages, then down:

22–Map by Lemuel B. Line; three by Eugene Kammerman. • 23–Eugene Kammerman. 24, 25–Peter Stevens. • 26–Two by Larry Keighley; map by Zen Yonkovig; U. S. Navy. 27–U. S. Navy. • 28–Fred Otnes. • 29–Wide World; two by Frank Ross. • 30–Two by Gene Lester; United Press International. • 31–Gene Lester. • 32, 33–Larry Keighley. 34–Two by Jim Burns; Bill Shrout. • 35–Morgan Kane. • 36–Henri Cartier-Bresson from Magnum. • 37–Two by Ollie Atkins; Boston Daily Record; three from Wide World. • 38, 39–Paul Lehr. • 40, 41–Jim Burns. • 42, 43–Don Almquist. • 46, 47–Lynn Buckham. • 94–U. S. Navy. • 150–Harry Saltzman; Joseph Seifert; Margaret Fitzhugh Browne; Gene Lester.

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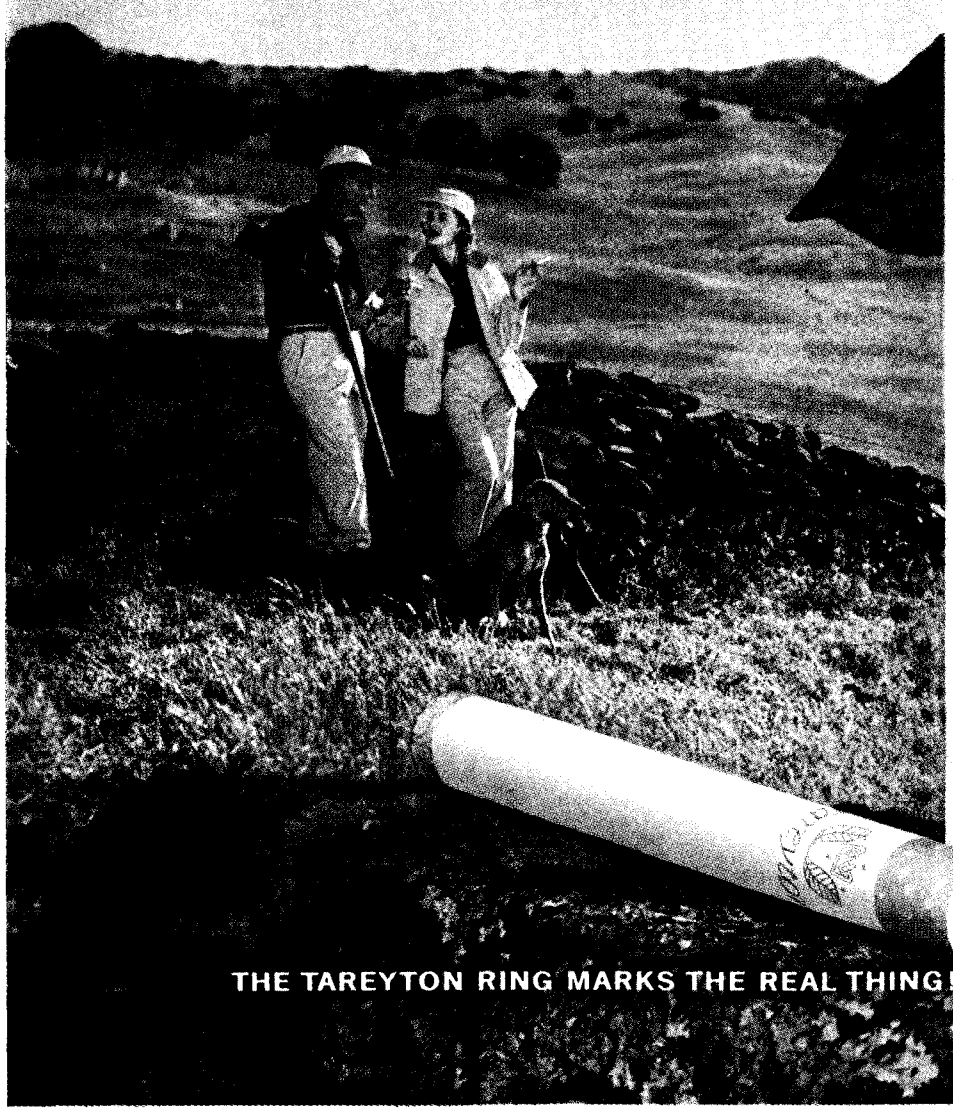

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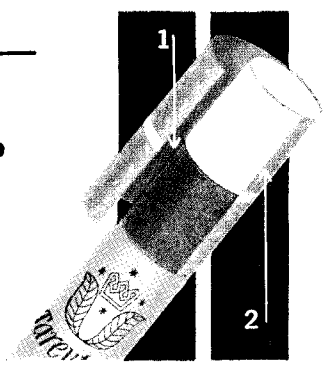

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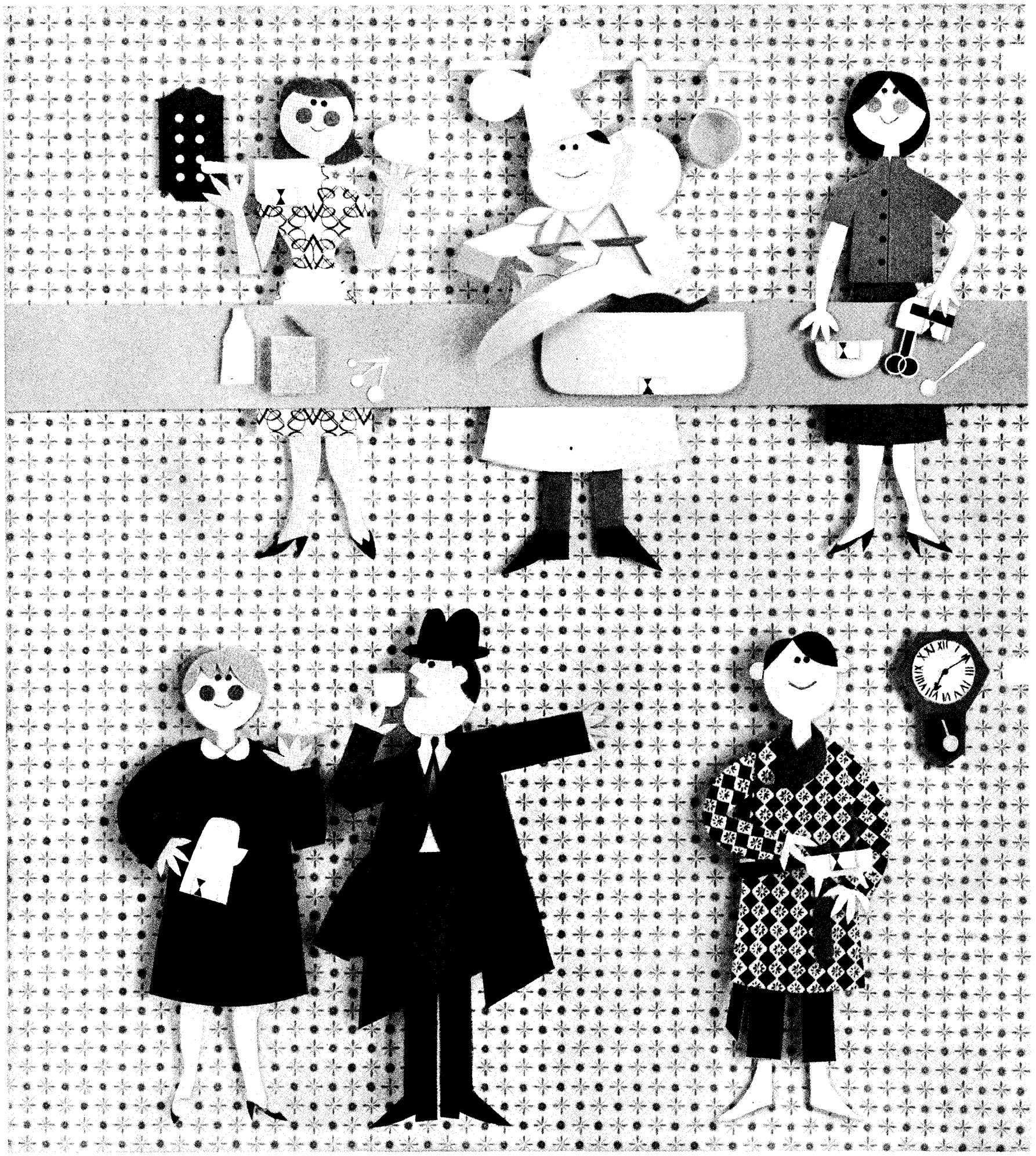

GOOD COOKS KNOW

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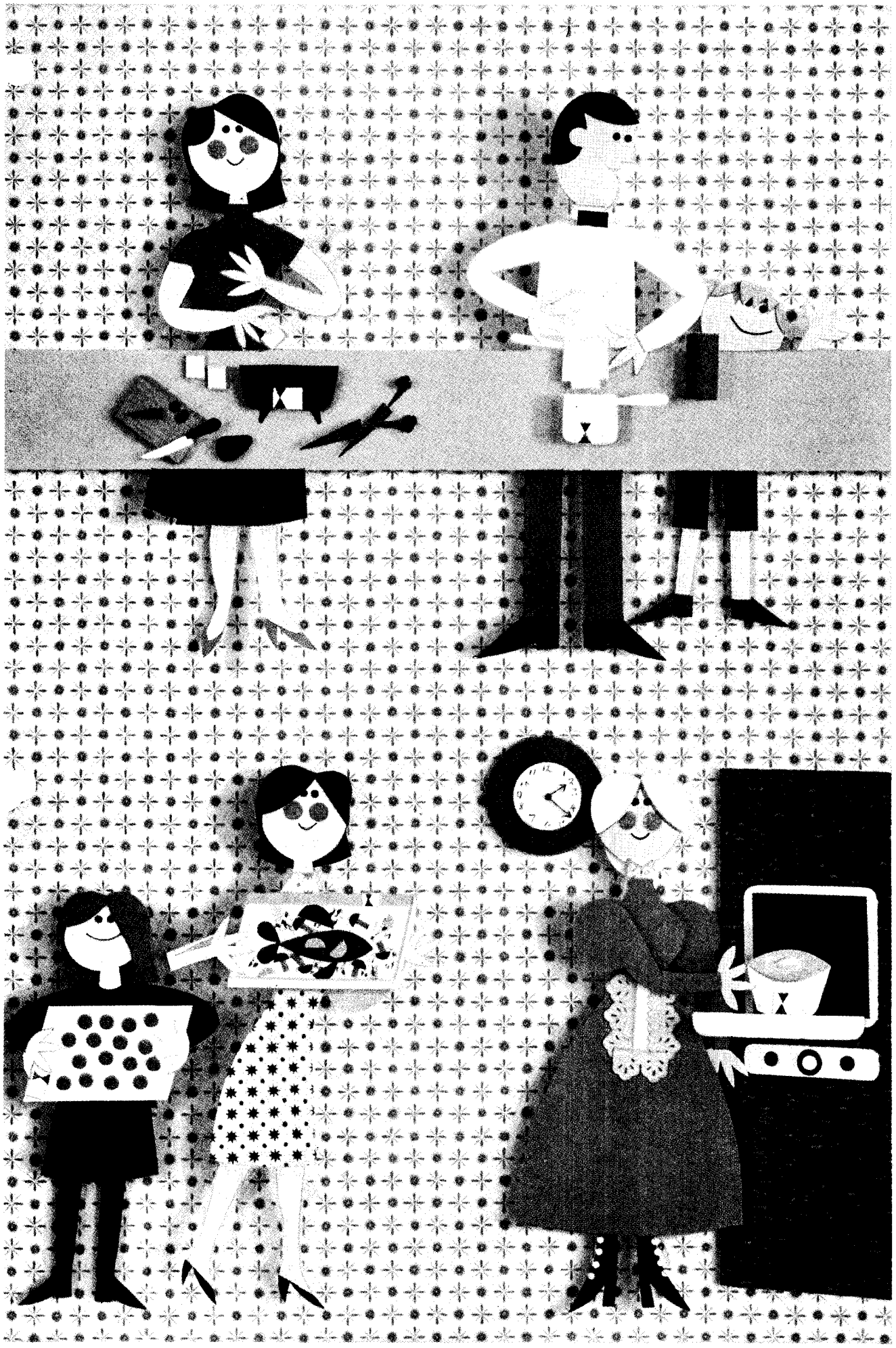

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Editorials

What Is the Kennedy Solution for Strikes?

Before following Senator Kennedy at a brisk gallop across this New Frontier, many Americans would like to know more about his attitude on unwarranted strikes and stoppages, which do as much as any other influence to curb the "growth" which the senator finds so important. During this campaign the country's largest railway system, the Pennsylvania, ground to a halt because the irresponsible leader of a relatively small union in the vast complex of the Pennsylvania's labor force was able to compel thousands of members of other unions to leave their jobs. The enormous damage to the American economy resulting from this exercise in arrogance remains to be assessed.

The No. 1 reason for this strike was that Mike Quill's union, a relative newcomer in the railroad setup, needed a reputation as a tough negotiator, capable of bringing the bosses to their knees. The admitted reason for the strike was "job security" which, looked into, adds up to a demand that the Pennsylvania Railroad accept "featherbedding" in its contract with the Quill union. The union also insisted upon deciding which union should be assigned to which kind of work, and that no shopwork be given to outside contractors, regardless of savings.

Granting every sympathy for workers in industries where employment is shrinking, this is a narrow conception of "job security." The nation's railroads are operating on a thin financial margin; some of them are chronically in the red. Several, including the Baltimore and Ohio and the Maine Central, have curtailed or suspended passenger traffic. Job opportunities shrink as the financial position of the railroads does likewise. Could there be a less favorable time for a union leader to call a strike for no better reason than to prevent railroad management from taking what means are available under existing contracts to reduce costs and increase efficiency?

The futility of the strike from the point of view of the workers is underscored by the fact that, after twelve days of disastrous interruption of wide segments of the economy, Mr. Quill's followers got no more than they could have got without striking! Indeed, they got less! The company, which reports a loss of revenue amounting to $40,000,000 due to the strike, has been forced to lay off 3000 men in all categories.

Recently Senator Kennedy told union members that "the goals of the labor movement are the goals for all Americans, and their enemies are the enemies of progress." But some of labor's top advisers, including those most influential in the Kennedy campaign, interpret "progress" as the right of a small number of ambitious men to bring a mighty railroad to a full stop, shut down whole industries, including those vital to our defense, and insist upon unjustifiable restrictions on the ability of management to manage.

It is certain to occur to many members of Congress that Virginia's statute outlawing strikes against public utilities might become a model for national imitation. After all, the railroads are compelled by law to give service even when, like the New Haven, they do so at an annual loss. They enjoy no "right to strike." Why isn't it reasonable to insist that no labor dispute shall deprive the public of service?

Instead of badgering Senator Kennedy with repetitious and ridiculous questions about his religious affiliation, why not ask him: "Have you a solution for such needless disasters as the strike against the Pennsylvania Railroad? Would you favor a Federal statute outlawing strikes against public utilities and providing for compulsory arbitration?" The right answer to such a question might pain some of Senator Kennedy's most conspicuous supporters, but it would do him no harm with the voters at large.

In California the Major Issue Is Where to Get More Water and How to Pay for It

By TEMPLETON PECK

California's internal politics are frequently so complicated as to defy comprehension by strangers. Yet even a stranger acquainted only through television with the desert vistas and water feuds of the West can hope to understand the issue that is dividing and embittering the citizens of the Golden State: The Great North-South Water Battle.

Southern California is a desert and coastal plain insufficiently provided with water to support its exploding population, now more than 9,000,000. It is parching and thirsting for the surplus waters of the Northern California river system in the San Joaquin and Sacramento valleys. Together these form the Great Valley of California, a 450-mile-long bowl of enormously abundant agricultural wealth lying between the Coast Range and the snow-covered Sierra Nevada.

In November the people of California are to vote on a proposition to siphon off up to 5,500,000 acre-feet of this water annually and pump it southward over a 195-mile aqueduct to the farms of the lower San Joaquin Valley. From there other aqueducts and pump lifts will take water to the Santa Barbara coastal plain and into the Metropolitan Water District's distribution mains which supply the Los Angeles area.

The legislature has proposed a bond issue of $1,750,000,000—said to be the largest sum ever put to vote by any state—for the construction of this engineering work, 638 miles in over-all length. This Feather River Project is designed to serve the needs of Southern Californians until A.D. 2020.

However, Gov. Edmund G. (Pat) Brown and his water engineers have not confined their plans to sixty years hence. They have arranged for the state to take 104 years to pay off the principal and interest on the $1,750,000,000.

The governor recognizes that his political future is at stake on this issue. Last year he went all out to force the bitterly opposed Northern and Southern California factions in the legislature to come to terms on the bond issue. The governor's Presidential ambitions got nowhere, but Brown is stuck with his water project.

In San Francisco the nonpartisan and influential Commonwealth Club expressed serious doubts that so huge a bond issue could be sold over the next twenty years, along with normally recurring school and veterans'-home bonds, without impairing the state's credit. Adolph J. Ackerman, a Wisconsin engineer who served on a board of expert consultants, has condemned it as an "unlimited commitment" upon which there had been no evidence of financial feasibility.

Although many California officials, bankers and engineers are reasonably well satisfied with the terms of the Feather River Project, opposition crops out almost daily as the election approaches. Organized labor is dissatisfied with the governor's failure to exclude owners of more than 160 acres of land from using project water. Opinion in the northern part of the state was jolted by an engineering report which maintained that, if the proposed Feather River dam at Oroville were built first, there would not be enough money left to build the aqueducts to the south.

In Los Angeles, which must give an overwhelmingly favorable vote if the bonds are to pass, strong official resentment is expressed over the heavy charges—some $205,000,000 which the city's taxpayers must bear as their share of the project's cost. Los Angeles will get only one sixth as much water as San Diego, but San Diego is to pay only $89,000,000. With contracts for sale of the water still to be negotiated, the public even in Southern California is growing suspicious. Northern Californians, facing the prospect of paying taxes for the delivery of water they won't drink, are understandably disenchanted.

California has good reason to wonder whether the politicians' water plan, a product of Sacramento caucus-room bargains unrelated to hard engineering and financial facts, is a good idea.

Editor's Note: Mr. Peck is director of the editorial page for the San Francisco *Chronicle*.

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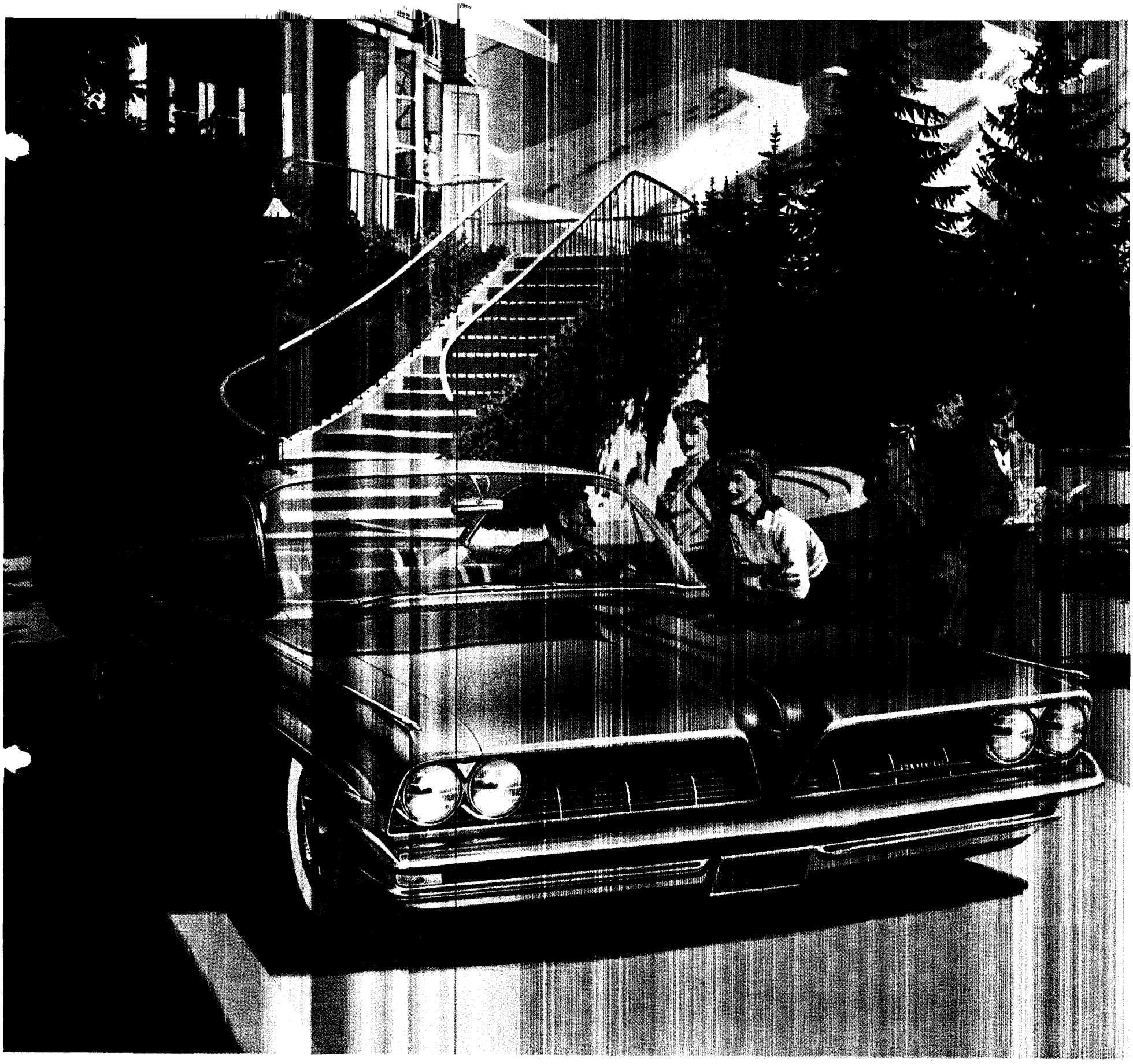

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NEW PRECISION AND ECONOMY IN THE ENGINE ROOM OF THE '61 PONTIAC!

A completely new fuel induction system gives this new free-breathing V-8 more air . . . to save you gas. Closer calibration of this big 389-cubic-inch engine gives you maximum thrust at half throttle without over-carbureting.

We made the engine lighter; mounted it lower for better balance. An oil refill now takes only 4 quarts. Horsepowers range from 215 to 348. (For best economy, specify the Trophy Economy V-8. Its lower compression lets you use regular gas.)

If this sounds a bit technical, just try a new Trophy Engine soon. In one block, it will become clear why we've called this '61 . . . all Pontiac!

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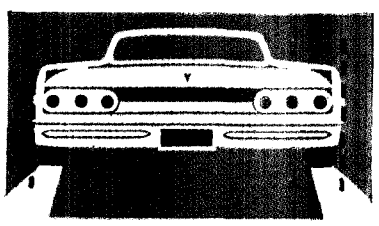

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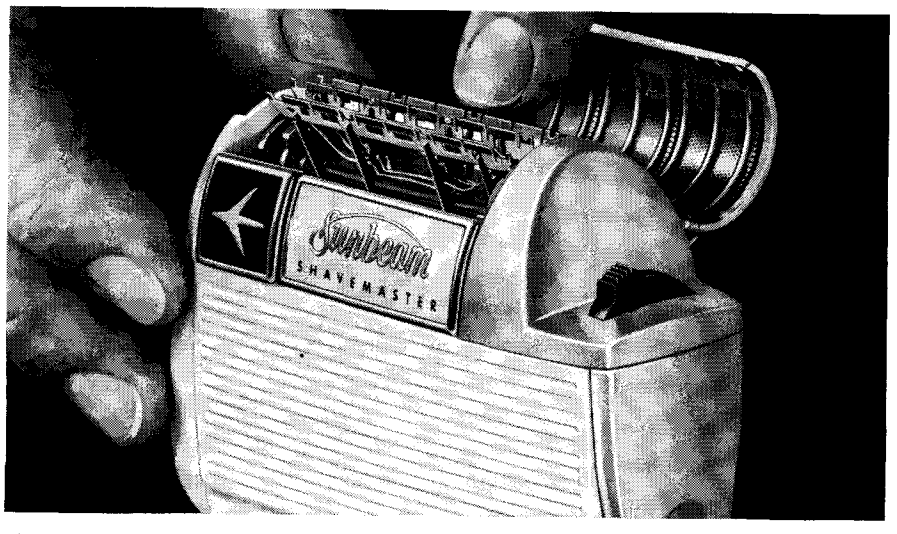
that's why Sunbeam puts 3 real blades in this great new Shavemaster shaver—to give you a closer, smoother, more comfortable shave than any electric ever could before.



1. *Basic new design shaves you with three permanent, self-sharpening blades.*

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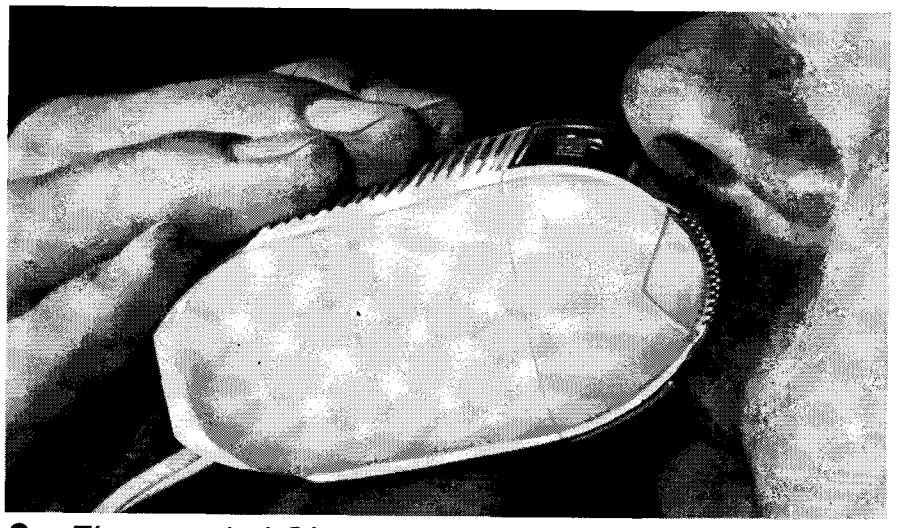

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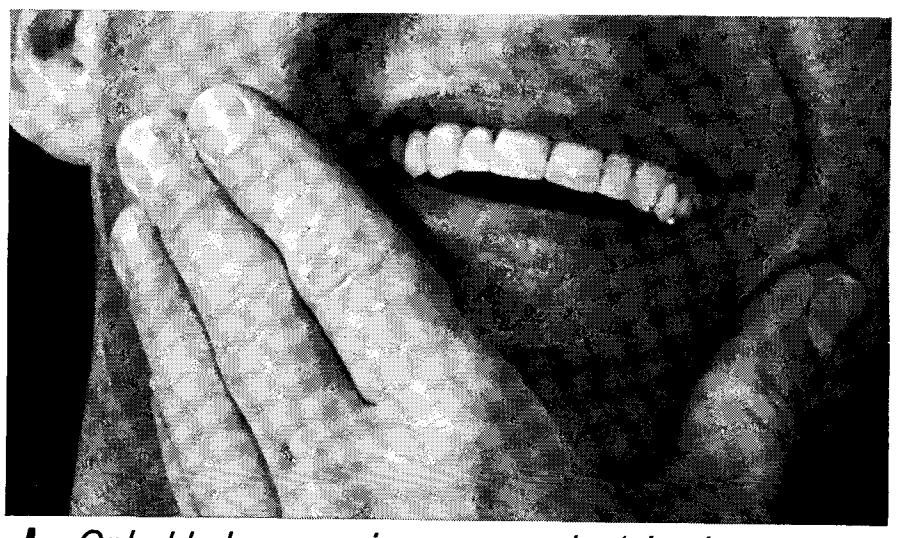

4. *Only blades can give you an electric shave so close, so fast, so comfortable.*

THE new Sunbeam Shavemaster delivers a shave so close, it has to be compared with the results of a straight razor or the sharpest safety blade.

It uses no clippers, no rotaries. Three real blades, locked in place inside the head, shave your beard—however it grows—cleanly, smoothly and fast. No electric could ever shave so close, so comfortably before.

You don't have to spend weeks getting the "hang" of this new shaver! Its rounded head fits easily into every contour of your face. No matter how you hold it, its quick-cutting blades shave you at the right angle.

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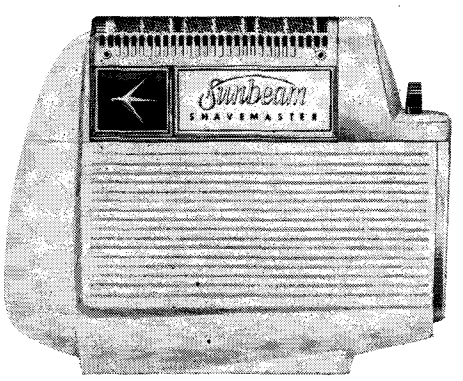
Electric shaving has changed. And this is more than *our* opinion. It is the conviction of every man who uses the new Shavemaster. Dealers have it now, for *you* to try.



See it demonstrated on "What's My Line," "Naked City" and "The Untouchables"

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New B.F. Goodrich '61 Silvertown delivers 25% more mileage—for not a penny more □□□□□□□□□□

BRAND-NEW... STAYS NEWER LONGER—You get extra mileage from the 1961 Silvertown because of a revolutionary new tread. It's different from the tread on our last year's new-car tires in a number of ways. Each way adds a bit more mileage. All together, they add a whopping 25% more mileage. And at no increase in price. That's like getting an extra tire free with every set of '61 Silvertowns. ■ The new broad-shouldered tread is 6% wider to distribute car weight more uniformly and prevent uneven wear. There's more rubber on the outside ribs, where tires wear out fastest. A new herringbone tread pattern gets a better grip on the road and reduces the abrasion that takes thousands of miles off a tire's life. Finally, the new 1961 Silvertown is made with B.F.Goodrich's new "Quiet Rubber"... that takes the squeal out of highways and cushions the jolts of rocks and chuckholes. ■ Because the new tread wears more slowly and more evenly, you enjoy new-tire skid resistance, stopping power and safety for thousands more miles. And you enjoy the more comfortable ride of a new tire far longer, too. ■ Leading car manufacturers use these B.F.Goodrich tires as original equipment on the new '61 cars. Get yourself a set of new '61 Silvertowns, the tire that stays newer longer. Only $4 down puts a whole set on your car at most B.F.Goodrich dealers. They're listed in the Yellow Pages.

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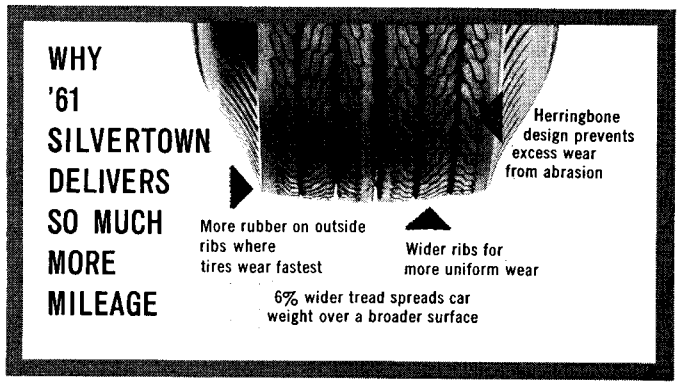
WHY '61 SILVERTOWN DELIVERS SO MUCH MORE MILEAGE
Herringbone design prevents excess wear from abrasion
More rubber on outside ribs where tires wear fastest
Wider ribs for more uniform wear
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What young men should know, now, about retirement

Take it from those who've *already* retired—your happiness when out of harness may well depend on what you do now.

By all means, set up a plan during your earning years that will provide enough retirement income to LIVE on—not merely EXIST on!

Without such a plan, you may be like all too many retired people. Their incomes won't stretch beyond the barest essentials. Somehow they manage to scrimp along. But it means living close to the edge of poverty . . . watching every cent . . . watching their dreams fade . . . denying themselves pleasures . . . growing more discouraged every day.

The difference between this bleak, unhappy kind of retirement and the comfortable kind *you* want is often a matter of money. If you have enough, you'll feel free to spend a little on things that are interesting and fun for you . . . travel, hobbies, sports and entertainment—things that mean a full, happy life.

Guarantee the comfortable income you'll need by starting a Lincoln Life retirement plan *now*. There's no "maybe" about such a plan. It will provide *income for life, starting as early as age 50,* if you wish. It will also provide *insurance protection* during the years before your income starts. And it will build up *cash values*, too. Phone your Lincoln Life agent, or write for details.

THE LINCOLN NATIONAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Its name indicates its character — *Fort Wayne, Indiana*

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Take your choice – and either way, you'll play by Christmas!

1. The Hammond Budget Plan

4 ORGAN LESSONS $8
at your Hammond dealer for only

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Any Hammond Organ in your home for 30 days, with 6 lessons at your dealer, for only $25*

If you start either of the lesson plans right now, you'll be playing the Hammond Organ—by Christmas!

And you'll sound fine, you really will. (The Hammond Organ always makes you sound better than you actually are!)

You don't need any previous musical training—just the desire to play. There's nothing to buy, no obligation. And the cost is modest.

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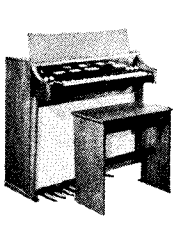
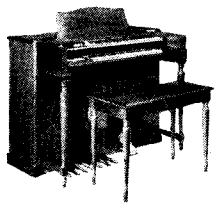
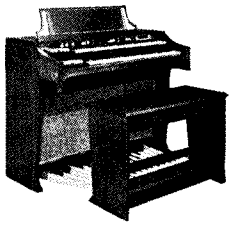
...music's most glorious voice.



The Hammond Extravoice† Organ, $895 (bench extra).



The Hammond Spinet Organ, $1350.



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Santa suggests:
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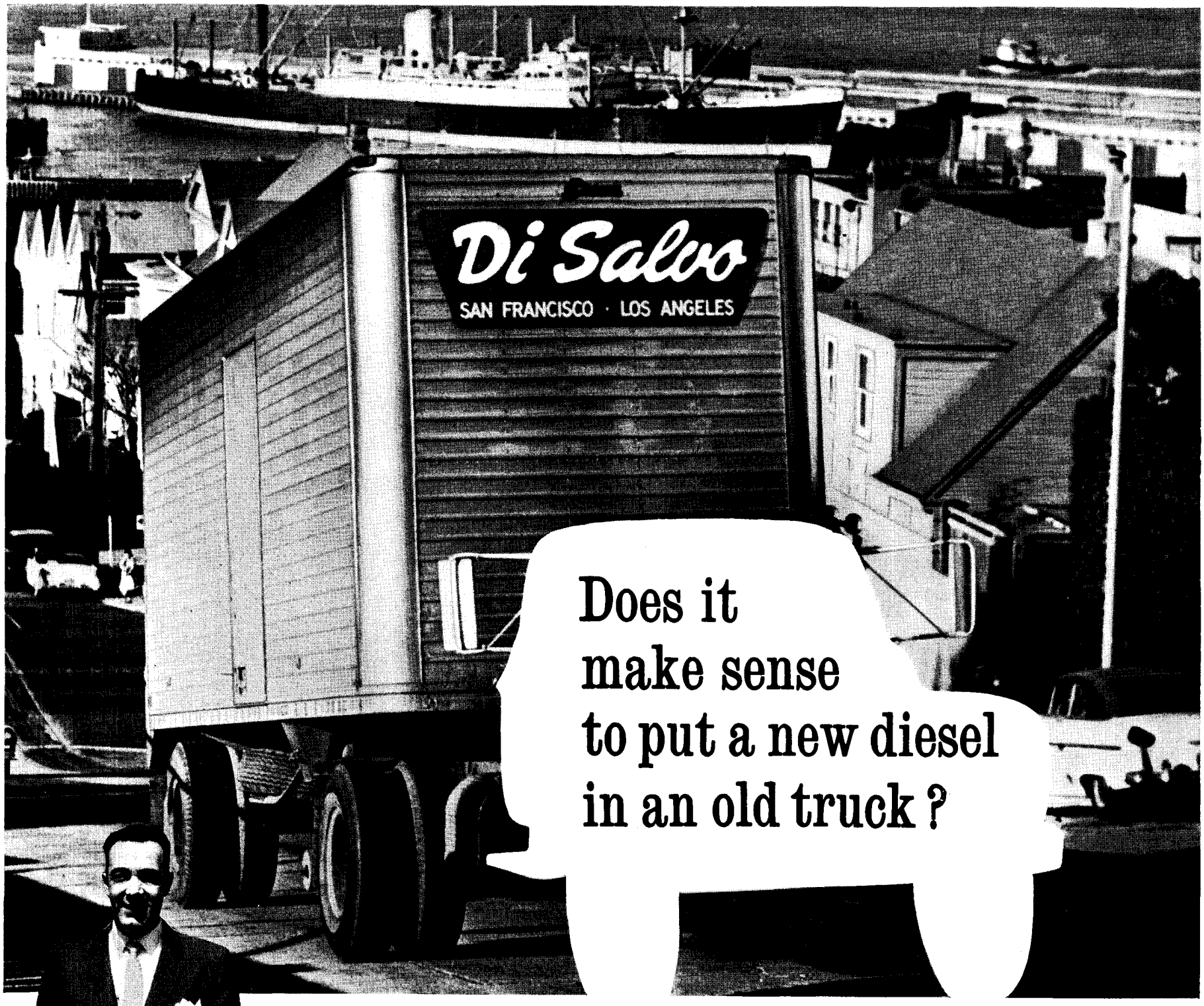


Does it make sense to put a new diesel in an old truck?

"Yes!" *says San Francisco's DiSalvo Trucking Lines...*

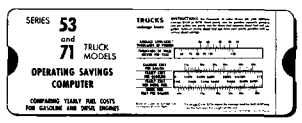
and here's why: One truck now does the work of two—and re-powering the old tractor with a Series 53 Diesel cut fuel, parts and maintenance costs $754 in less than twelve months.

According to President Russ DiSalvo, doing without that extra tractor has also saved them $300 in taxes, license fees, insurance, etc.

Out-of-pocket savings add up to $1,054—capital investment and other savings come to a great deal more in DiSalvo Trucking's particular operation. You can see why President DiSalvo figures putting a new Diesel in an old truck is one of the smartest moves he ever made.

Do you own a gasoline-powered truck rated from 15,000 GVW to 40,000 GCW that covers better than 125 miles a day?

Chances are you can make similar savings and profits. See your GM Diesel Distributor for the whole story—he's part of a coast-to-coast network of "engine people" you'll find in the Yellow Pages under "Engines, Diesel."



For an accurate estimate of the savings you'll make in fuel alone by "going Diesel," write on your letterhead for your Operating Savings Computer today.

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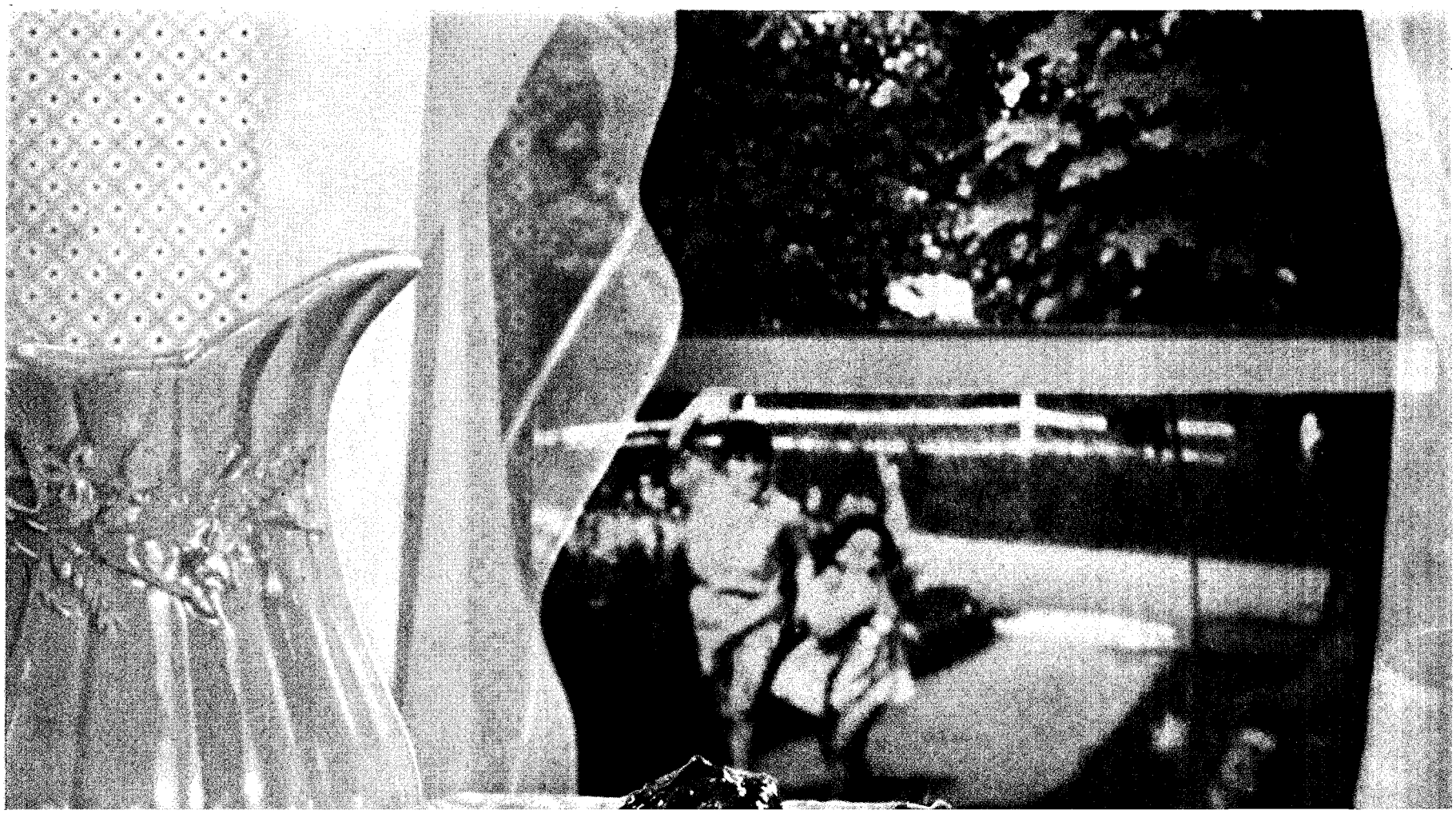

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The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY Benj. Franklin

ARE NEGROES READY FOR EQUALITY?

Does the high rate of crime and delinquency among Negroes mean that too many of them want rights without responsibility? A well-known Negro reporter gives a candid answer to this question.

By CARL T. ROWAN

Several weeks ago the nation's newspapers and television stations told of a young white man in Flint, Michigan, who allegedly had been slain by three Negroes who resented his venturing into "the wrong part of town." A few days later the postman brought me just what I expected—from Detroit, a newspaper clipping about this pathetic crime with these words scrawled across it: "Now do you blame white people for not wanting to associate with you heathens?"; from Indiana, a clipping attached to a crudely mimeographed circular deploring the "high rate of venereal disease among Alabama blacks"; and from Chicago, another clipping with vulgar phrases written across it in red ink. All came from anonymous sources.

I might have dismissed this correspondence as coming from cranks, but I knew that beneath these crude messages was a point that no advocate of Negro equality could ignore. In their way, these anonymous letter writers were asking only what many Americans of far more prestige and power are asking daily—"Are Negroes ready for equality?"

It is not a new question; white Americans have asked it for decades, and on occasion even a Negro has been known to broach the subject. But the question has taken on added significance in recent years because of the increasingly relentless drive for equality that Negroes are waging on so many fronts. In the wake of some major legal victories by the Negro, the public has been offered a steady stream of statistics about "Negro crime," "Negro social diseases," "Negro illegitimacy," "Negro delinquency"—so much so that only a very dense or a very wise white American would not jump to the quick conclusion that since the Negro continues to "behave as an inferior," he must be inferior and as such is not entitled to the rights and privileges of white men.

This spate of publicity about the misbehavior of Negroes—and it is applied to Puerto Ricans, Indians, Mexicans and others in areas where they live in any number—has kept alive and perhaps strengthened the charge of irresponsibility that generally is a minority group's biggest burden.

"Why don't you respectable Negroes do something about all this Negro crime?" is a question that has been fired at just about every Negro known to be free of a prison record.

"Yes, but what are colored people doing to help colored people?" a high-school administrator asked me after I had told a group of principals about New York City's Higher Horizons school program which has (Continued on Page 48)

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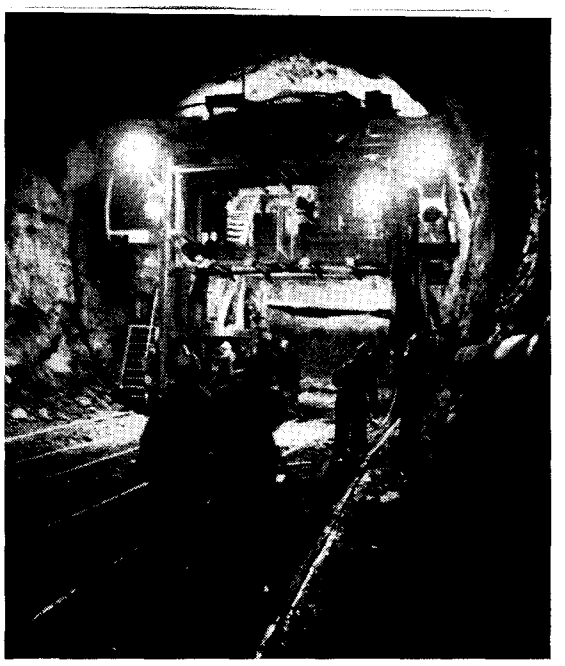
Photographs by Eugene Kammerman



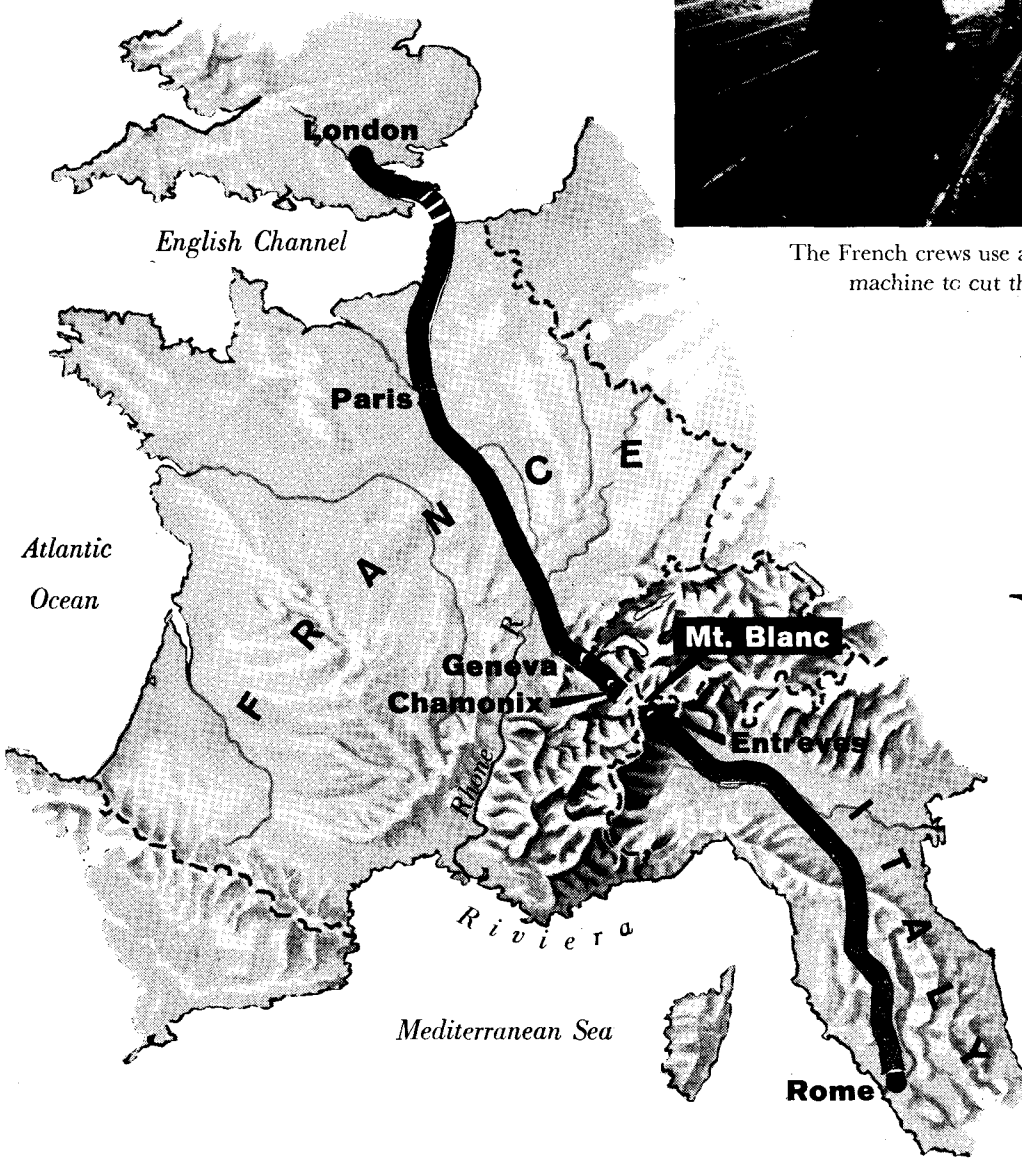
The French crews use an elaborate drilling machine to cut through Mont Blanc.

Soon you will be able
to drive the family
car under the Alps to Italy,
at any time of the year.
A *Post* editor reports on
a historical engineering feat.

By Ernest O. Hauser

The Longest Underground Highway

Below: The Mont Blanc tunnel will shorten the drive between Paris and Rome by 200 miles. The proposed tunnel under the English Channel would extend the route all the way to London.



"Possibly the world's most hair-raising conveyances," says the author of the cabin cars that connect Chamonix with Entrèves.

The Italians, hampered by water seepage, use hand drills on their side of the mountain.

Chamonix, Haute Savoie (France).

Monsieur Raoul Manuel, overseer of works on the French side of the projected tunnel through Mont Blanc, was waiting for me in the rented chalet on the edge of Chamonix that was his temporary headquarters. From the window of his neat, small office we looked across a meadow with some fruit trees at Europe's tallest mountain.

"The hole is over there," he said, pointing to a gray spot in Mont Blanc's dark-green flank, near the edge of a huge, rumpled glacier that seemed poised to come crashing down into the valley.

As the top local representative of the *Société Concessionnaire Française pour la Construction et l'Exploitation du Tunnel Routier sous le Mont-Blanc*—the government-controlled French concession company—Monsieur Manuel had nursed the tunnel from the start. A stocky man in his mid-fifties, whose previous career had been spent with the French state railways, he was as wrapped up in the project as a painter might be in a partly finished canvas. "We've drilled about three quarters of a mile now," he said. "The Italians, who got a head start, have done a mile or so. Its over-all length of 38,050 feet—well over seven miles—will make it the world's longest road tunnel. It will cost about $30,000,000, and the French and Italian concession companies which are putting up the money will operate it jointly as a toll tunnel.

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Above: American students and a gendarme in Chamonix, a village near the French entrance to the tunnel. Mont Blanc, Europe's highest peak, is in the background.

Giovanni Catalano (hand raised), Italian chief engineer, says the Italians probably will reach the center of the mountain first, despite flooding.

If all goes well, we'll send the first automobile through by 1963."

And on that day, he might have added, the barrier of the Alps which through the ages had divided Europe into almost airtight compartments, will have been conquered at long last. The railroads, it is true, had punctured the great wall. Ever since 1871, when the first train steamed through the eight-and-a-half-mile-long tunnel under Mont Cenis, rail tunnels had been driven at strategic points athwart the Alpine range, connecting France, Switzerland, Germany, Austria and Italy with one another. But while those iron links were adequate as long as, to the average European, the automobile remained a luxury, they lost much of their meaning in a world moving on rubber tires.

As every American knows who has ever tried to tour the continent by car, the Alps still have a disconcerting habit of getting in one's way. Most of the sixteen highways that traverse them are closed to traffic through the Alpine winter which lasts, in places, thirty weeks. Along 1000 miles of borders, you'll find no more than four all-weather roads, and only one of them—the Brenner Pass—of more than purely local significance. Drive from Paris to Rome between November and late May and—unless you want to ship your car across by train—you'll find yourself hilariously off course, descending the warm Rhone Valley and detouring the Alps by way of the Riviera. Thoughts of footslogging pilgrims braving the snows of the Great St. Bernard only to be rescued in time by a kind, shaggy canine, may comfort you along the long, stiff drive.

And now an almost straight "White Way"—*la Route Blanche*—will lead from Paris through Mont Blanc to Rome. True, a few short cuts are yet to be constructed, and some existing roads—including the two narrow mountain roads now snaking up to both ends of the tunnel—will have to be widened and adjusted. But there is little doubt that the new throughway, passing under Mont Blanc as if it were an arch of triumph, will supersede Europe's old-fashioned traffic pattern. Lopping 20 per cent off the 1000-mile Paris-Rome run, and shortening distances all over Western Europe, the tunnel will make neighbors out of many regions now far away from one another. And, once that other tunnel, under the English Channel, becomes reality at last, the British Isles will form the White Way's northern terminus.

It was the automobile, Monsieur Manuel observed, that had brought forth the tunnel—that, and the drastic tariff cuts designed to create a European Common Market. A far cry from the luxury of the Orient Express, it was to be a tunnel of the people, for the people. Briefly he reminded me of the essential steps that had led up to Mont Blanc's perforation—the initial Italo-French accord of 1949, the appointment of an intergovernmental study group, the signing of the tunnel convention in 1953, and its approval by the French and Italian parliaments in 1954 and 1957, respectively. Concession companies, both of them government-controlled, had been set up on both sides of the border, a French and an Italian engineering firm had been awarded contracts, work had begun in the spring of 1959, and there we were.

"It's a two-lane affair," Manuel continued, spreading some drawings on his desk. "Later, if traffic warrants, a parallel gallery may be built. Our problem (Continued on Page 75)

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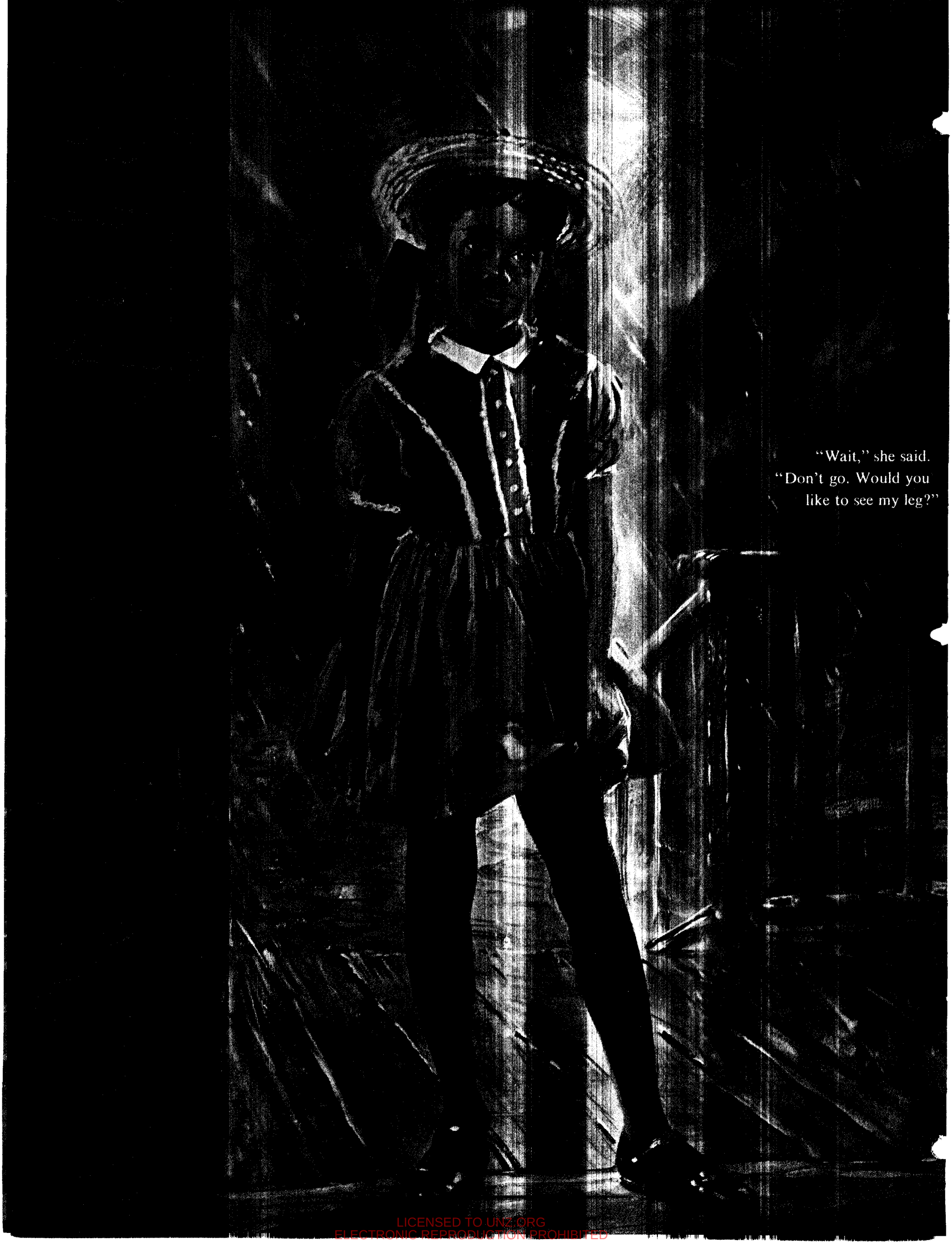

"Wait," she said.
"Don't go. Would you
like to see my leg?"

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What made her so different from the other children?

LITTLE GIRL IN BLACK STOCKINGS

By HUGH B. CAVE

The rain began during the night, and by eight o'clock, when the bell rang, the water in the schoolyard was inches deep. Dr. Grace Jourdan had to wipe the mist from her office window to watch the children pass along the veranda to their classrooms.

It was time to provide Antoine with longer crutches, she observed; the ones he had made him stoop. Little Jeanette was a quick learner—only a week here, and see how she halted when the boy in front of her did, as though she could see him do it. "Good girl," the doctor said.

A station wagon stopped outside the iron gate, under the old wooden sign that said ÉCOLE POUR LES ENFANTS HANDICAPÉS. Martin was on time, trust him for that—but oh, those windows! He had turned them up to keep out the rain, and the inside of the car would be a steam bath. Doctor Jourdan cringed inside her cotton dress.

The dress was white, and the only other concession made to her calling was the white cap on her graying hair. The cap made her seem a little taller than she was, but not much. She was still small enough to be called affectionately by her charges "*la petite directrice.*" Turning from the window, she went briskly along the corridor to the girls' dormitory.

The big room was empty except for a girl of nine, with dark hair and wide dark eyes, who sat on a cot, waiting. She wore a new dress of blue denim, the kind a country girl would wear, and new black shoes—small and brightly polished—and long black stockings, oddly out of place in this Caribbean country where legs were always bare. At sight of Doctor Jourdan she stood up, the attempt quick, but the result a shade less so, with a trace of awkwardness.

"Ready, Melodie?" asked the doctor, smiling.

"Yes, doctor, I'm ready." The child's voice was small and sweet, like the song of a flute. But there was a tremolo in it.

"Have you said all your good-bys?"

"Yes, doctor."

Doctor Jourdan noticed the mist in the child's eyes—she would have been surprised not to see it—and said gently, "Are you sure? There's no hurry, you know." She put out her hand, hardly larger than the child's, and Melodie came forward to clutch it.

"I'm ready, doctor. I'm not scared. Honest."

They went out to the car. The driver, a tall man of thirty, with a scowling face, sprang from the car and opened the door.

"Have we a full gas tank, Martin?" Doctor Jourdan asked when she and Melodie were settled on the back seat.

"Of course, doctor." He was indignant.

"Good. You know that road. We don't want to be stuck miles from nowhere."

At the wheel again, Martin scowled at the water rushing noisily down the street toward the heart of St. Joseph City. "This is a bad day to be going into the mountains."

"I know, but I said we'd come today." *And if I don't keep my word*, Doctor Jourdan thought, *how can I insist they keep theirs?* "We'll be all right. I have great faith in four-wheel drive, Martin—and in you, of course."

Martin made a grunting noise and then, in silence, drove through the city's snarl of morning traffic. It was a more complicated snarl than usual because some streets were flooded this morning. The main highway beyond the city was all but deserted, though, because the city-bound peasants who usually thronged it had sought shelter from the rain.

Doctor Jourdan reached for the hand of the child beside her. "It must be exciting to know you're going home," she said.

"Yes, doctor."

"Just think. It's almost three years since you saw any of the children you grew up with."

"I like the children at school, doctor."

(Continued on Page 128)

Illustrated by Peter Stevens

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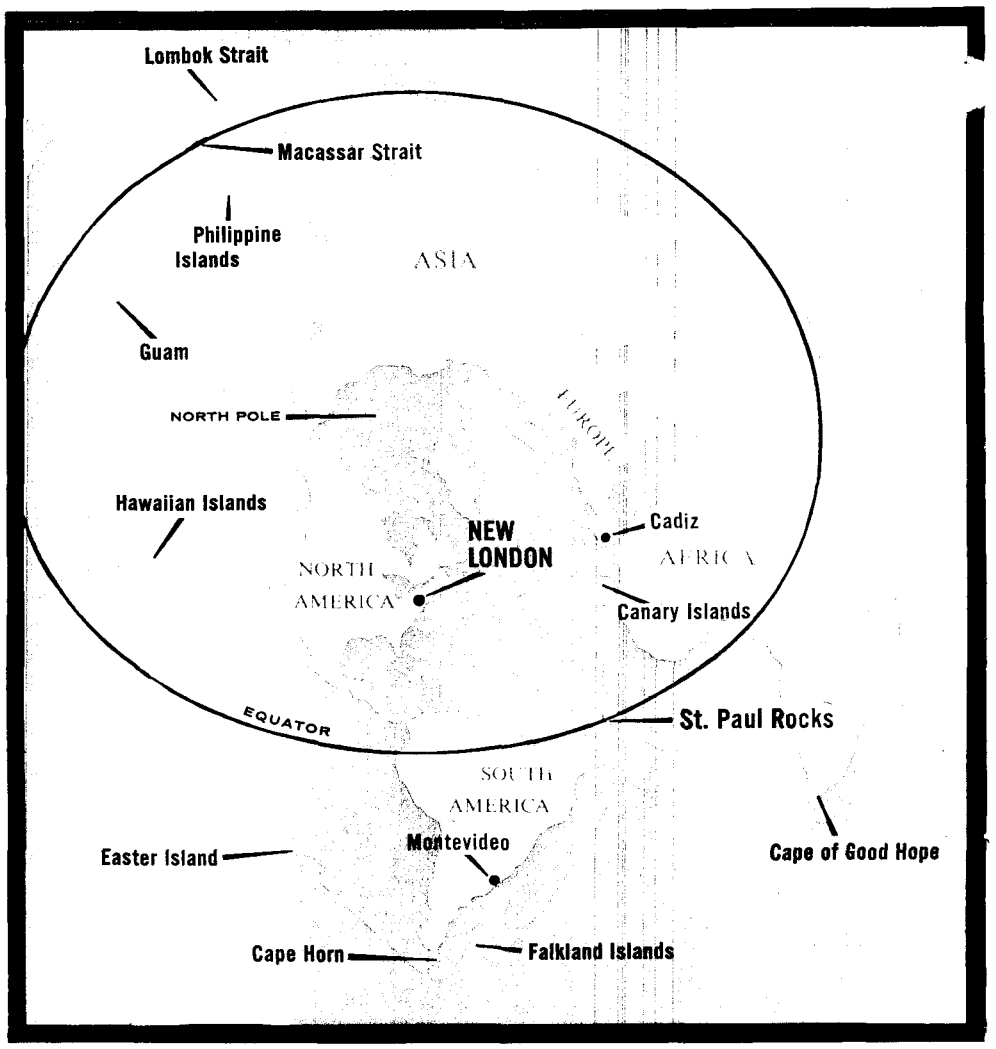
Captain Beach (above) won the Legion of Merit and a Presidential citation for his feat.

Mrs. Ned Beach with Ingrid and Ned Jr., at their Mystic, Conn., home. One of the skipper's main worries about the *Triton*'s tough assignment was the disruption the cruise would bring to the lives of his crew and their families.

Welcome home for the *Triton*'s crew at New London, Conn. Nearly half the crew had grown beards or mustaches, to the mystification of their children.



The historic 41,500-mile voyage. Proceeding southeastward from St. Paul Rocks, the atomic-powered submarine closely followed the course taken by Magellan when his ship made the first circumnavigation of the globe 438 years ago.

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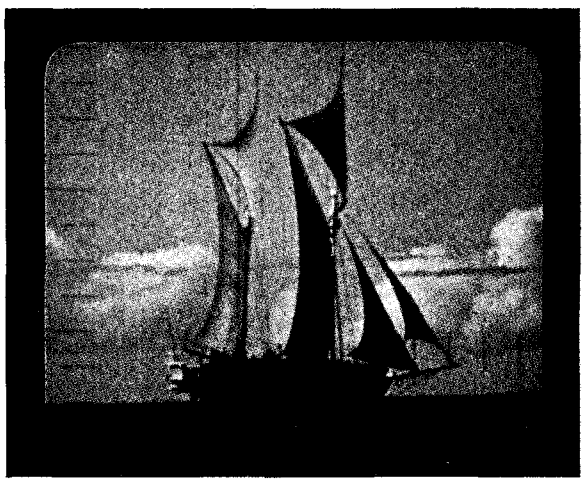
WE CIRCLED THE GLOBE SUBMERGED

The skipper of the *Triton* recounts the adventures of his 181-man crew during their epochal 84-day underwater cruise.

BY EDWARD L. BEACH
Captain, USN

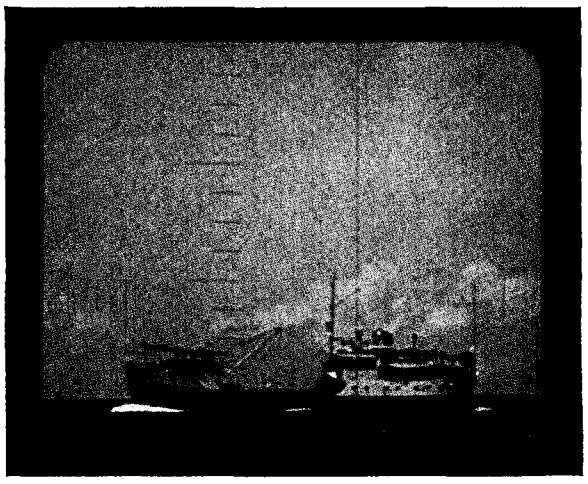
"Periscope liberty": Unable to go ashore, the crew saw such ports as Santa Cruz de Tenerife (above) in the Canary Islands through the periscope.



A schooner in the Macassar Strait, which lies between Celebes and Borneo, south of the Philippines. Borneo was visited by Magellan's ships on their way home to Spain.

South of Hawaii, the crew celebrated the *Triton*'s second crossing of the equator. Morale was generally high, except during a three-day "no smoking" psychological test.

This tanker (below) was sighted through the periscope off the Cape of Good Hope on Easter Sunday. From here the *Triton* sailed to St. Paul Rocks and then to Cadiz, Spain.



The most monotonous stretch of the journey was across the Pacific. Above, Easter Island, about 2000 miles west of South America, as photographed through the periscope.

The speaker was dressed in an ordinary business suit, but he was a vice admiral for all that, and he spoke with the tones of a man used to giving orders. "Beach," he went on, "you're about due to start your shakedown cruise. Can *Triton* go around the world—submerged—instead?"

Around the conference table in the office of the Deputy Chief of Naval Operations for Fleet Operations were grouped two other admirals and a number of captains and commanders. All but one or two also wore civilian dress, as did I. Conferences among the harassed Pentagon hierarchy are hardly out of the ordinary—but rumors fly fast in the Pentagon, with almost as much embellishment along the way as in the great midshipman dormitory, Bancroft Hall, at Annapolis, when I knew it of yore. Hence the "civvies"—donned that morning by most of us in deference to the Top Secret nature of the proceedings.

Three days previously Rear Admiral Daspit, operational boss of Atlantic Fleet submarines, had told me to be in Washington this day, and had added the briefest sort of notice as to the reason. But Vice Adm. Wallace M. Beakley had not allowed me time to get set for his sixty-four-dollar question. Everyone in the room was looking at me while I swallowed and cleared my throat. Not nearly loud enough I answered, "Yes, sir!" My voice seemed to have none of Admiral Beakley's commanding timbre.

"When can you get under way?" The admiral's verbal broadsides were worthy of U.S.S. *Constitution*, but here was the opening for the answer I had been trying to compose. I wanted to quote Admiral Taussig's famous, "We will be ready when fueled," but *Triton*'s dual atomic reactors would probably not need fuel for a couple or three more years. So I said instead, "We'll be ready as soon as we can provision the ship and finish the work now going on."

It didn't sound in the least worthy of the occasion. Thoughts were tumbling through my mind like an avalanche. Idiotically, the most prominent one was, *What in the world will I tell Ingrid?*

The conference, burdened with detailed planning, lasted some time longer, but as I restlessly rode the sleeper back to New London that night, personal matters crowded the forefront of my thoughts.

I couldn't tell my wife a word about our cruise—not under the classification of Top Secret. Yet there was so much she would have to prepare for.

And when I managed to get my mind off my problems, I realized that every man in *Triton*'s crew had his own also. The difference was that they couldn't know what I knew. Even their personal lives thus in a sense became my responsibility. How could I inform them before departure that we would be away considerably longer than expected, that no mail could be sent or received during the entire cruise?

This was more than a matter of morale; all but about forty of our crew were married, and all the officers but one. In one way or another, all the families involved needed the submarine pay which their (Continued on Page 91)

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"Stop, *baas* Hendrik," the Bushman said. "This arrow is poison. Bad, bad poison."

THE SHAPE OF DEATH

No revenge was worth such a horrible price.

By BRIAN CLEEVE

The singing lifted in the darkness: clear and cool and easy as water springing from a rock—from beside the thorn trees by the dry river bed, a quarter of a mile outside the little dorp—stealing on the night wind, soft as a ghost, a thief, a lover—into the little houses with their corrugated iron roofs and raw, heavy furniture.

In the whitewashed police post Sergeant du Toit heard, and his square block of a head came up and his hard mouth tightened. In van Niekerk's store Hendrik the storekeeper heard, his hands half lifted to the shelves that he was checking. Very slowly he lowered them, tightened them into fists like two stones. Down the street old Jan de Wet stiffened in his creaking basket chair on the stoep of his shabby, crumbling house and plucked at his thin beard.

"Marijke!" he called. "Marijke!" But there was no answer. Only the light sound of running feet as a girl flung herself into the shadows of the night, panting, her face wet with tears.

"He's come for me!" she whispered. "He's come back for me!"

And others ran. Karel Brandt and Bikke Malan and Dol Pereira, the wastrels, the ones who sang instead of working, and lay in the sun, and gambled and poached game, and had even stolen a sheep one time when they wanted a feast. And Abraham ran, the little Bushman, who followed the wastrel white men like a brown, wrinkled shadow. He ran half sideways, crablike, his hunting bow across his stooped, naked shoulders, a scoured tin hanging at his belt line, a fur cap on his head like the lifted scalp of a hare. And he too was crying.

"My *baas*," he whispered, "*baas* Andries is back."

Andries van Cilliers, who sang as clear and cool as crystal water, his fingers dreaming on the strings of his guitar; Andries with his strand of soft black hair that always fell across his white forehead when he was singing; Andries was back from jail.

The poaching had begun it. And the stolen sheep had finished it. For sheep are property. "A boy of your (Continued on Page 137)

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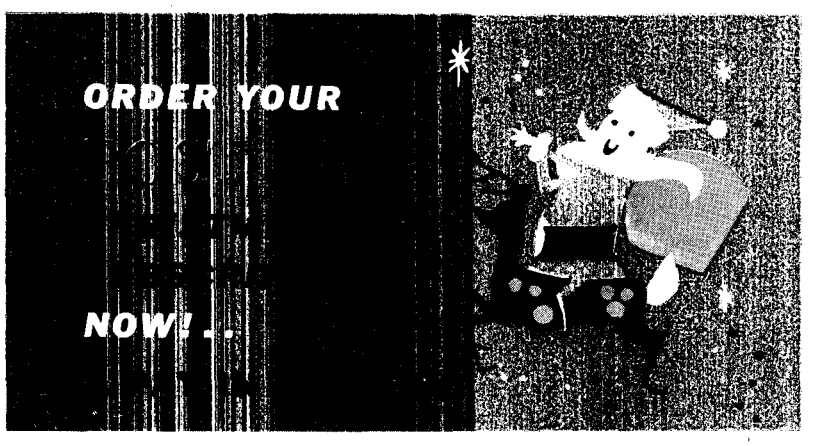
THE EVOLUTION OF CABOT LODGE

A *Post* editor's review of the surprising—and little known—background of the Republican candidate for the Vice Presidency.



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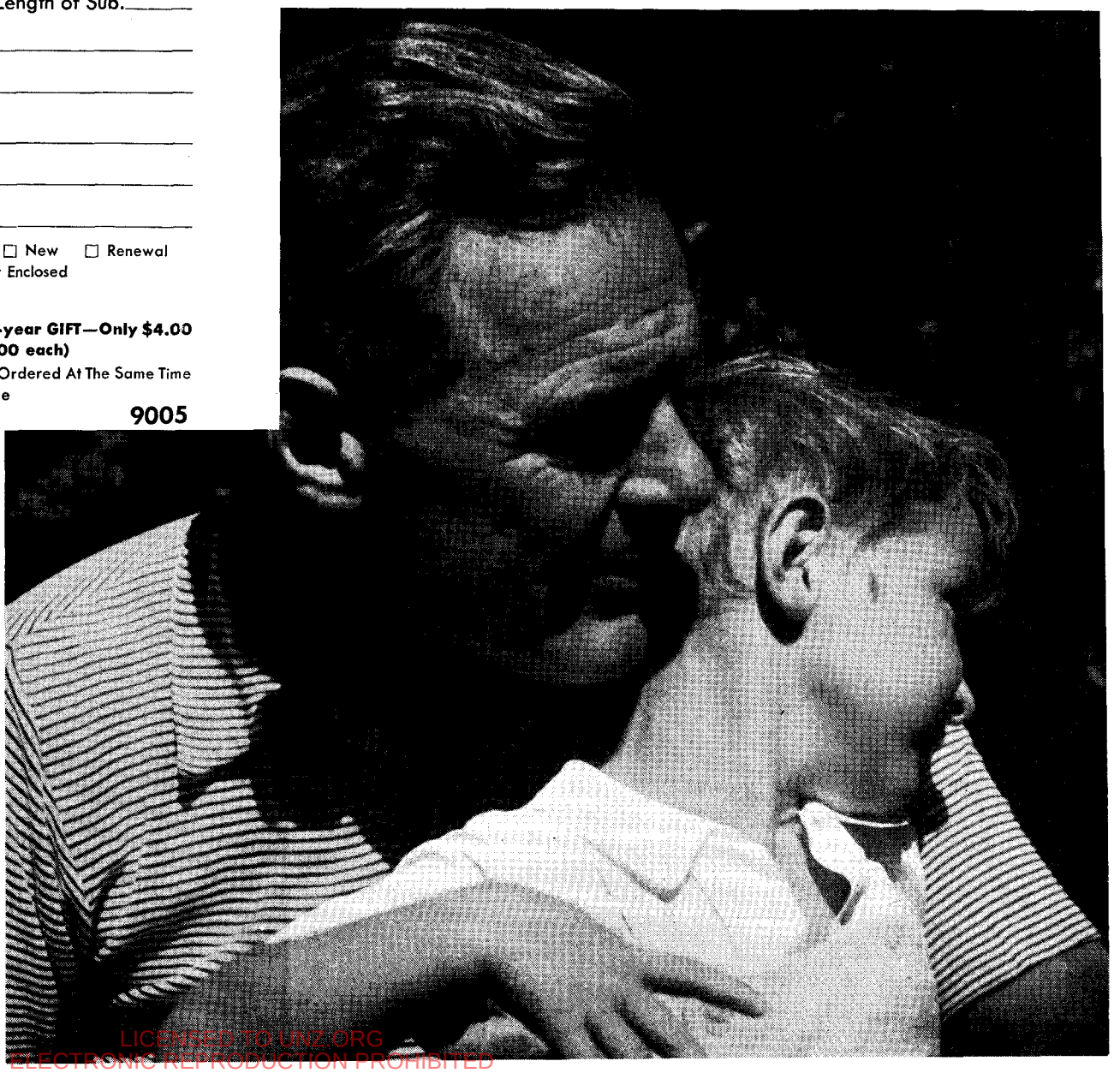
IR Jr.

ant Mr. Lodge, once voted one of America's best-dressed men, shed coat abor Day tour of Long Island beaches with Governor Rockefeller (right).

ght times a grandfather. With him here is grandson and namesake Cabot, 4.



Lodge, a former senator considered politically dead in 1952, made his comeback entirely by means of a device of the electronic age. As United States ambassador to the United Nations during the Eisenhower Administration, Lodge became a big national figure simply by repeated display on television. Third, Lodge's real value to the Republican ticket is a big question mark. He is considered much too liberal by many conservatives and much too conservative by many liberals, and few men have evoked as much heated support and condemnation from as many disparate political factions as has Lodge. A fourth and most fascinating aspect of Lodge is that no one really knows anything about the man.

I caught up with Lodge at the United Nations during his last few days as ambassador there. Then I rode (Continued on Page 113)

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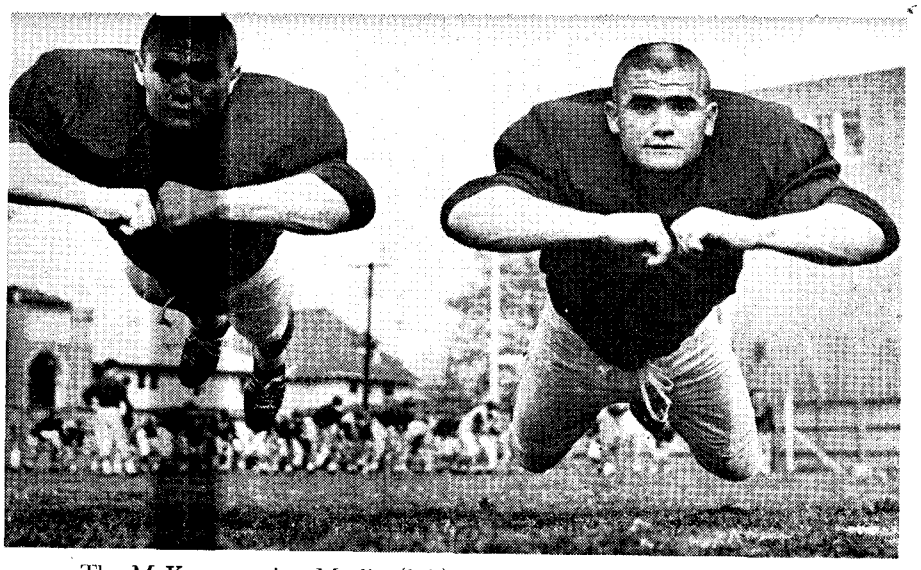
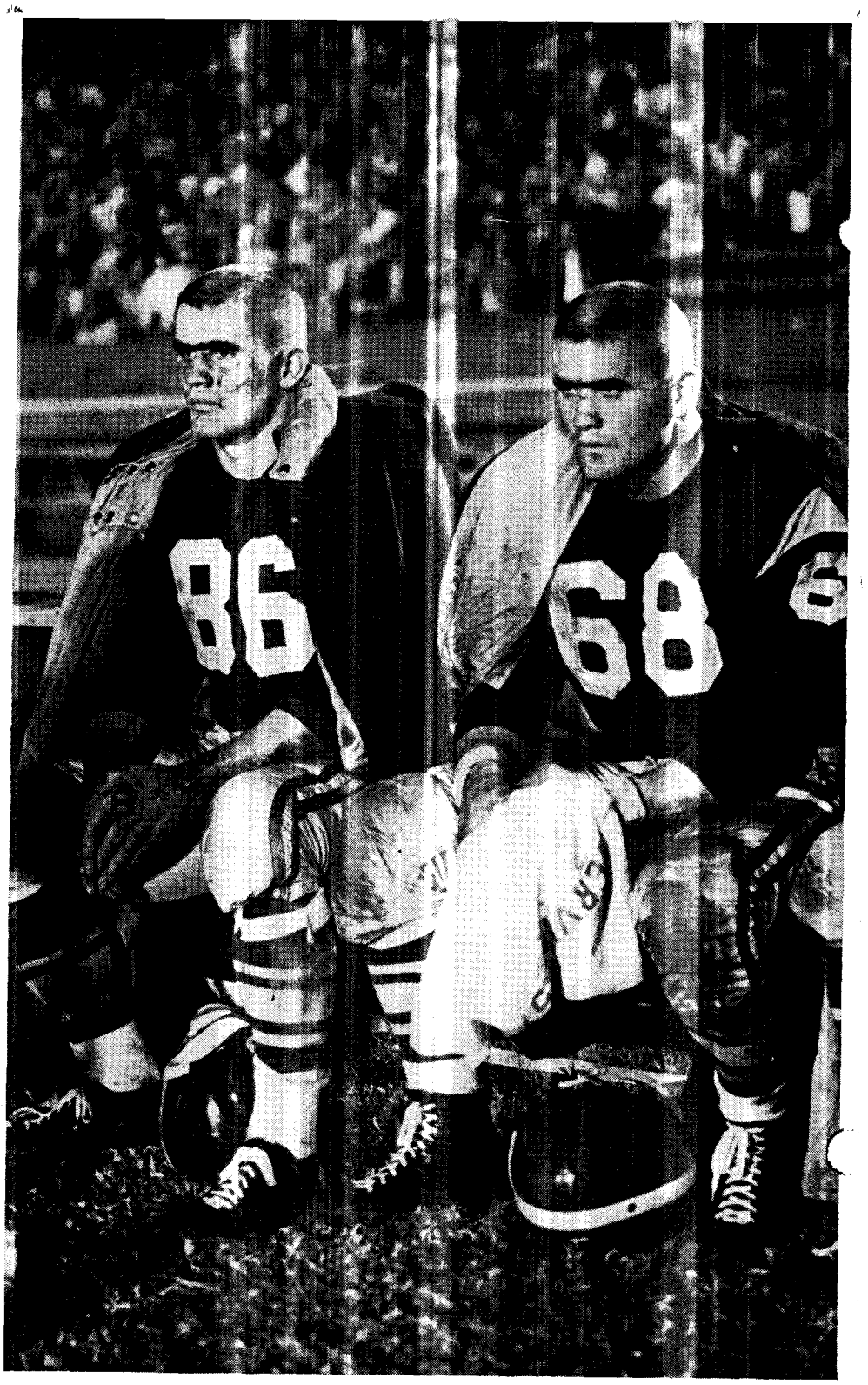


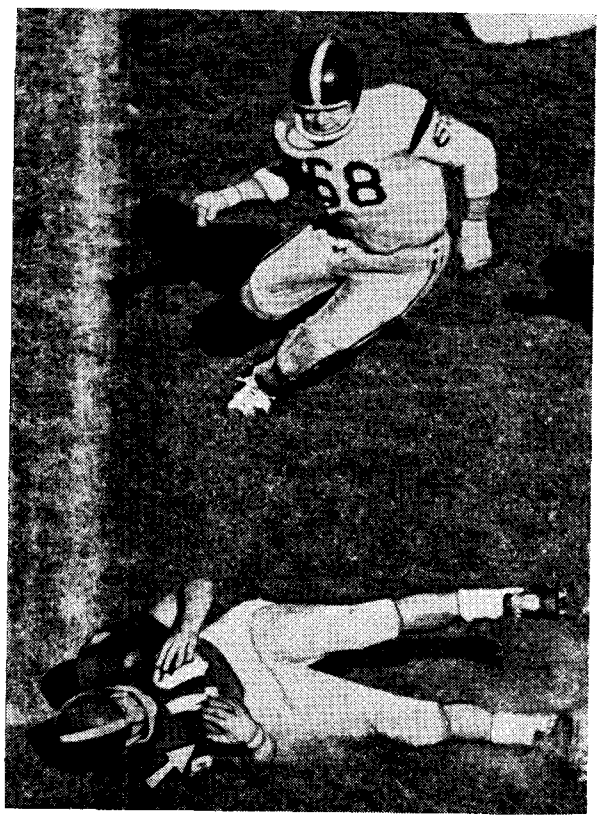
The McKeever twins, Marlin (left) and Mike, are tireless workers on the practice field. They are also tireless performers for publicity photographs, such as this.

Tough Twins at U.S.C.

By MELVIN DURSLAG



Marlin (left) and Mike watch glumly as Oregon State upsets U.S.C., 14–0, in the 1960 opener.



Berkeley, Calif., 1959: Mike (No. 68) was charged with deliberately "piling on" halfback Steve Bates of California. Bates suffered a broken nose and a fractured cheekbone.

The story of the extraordinary McKeevers, 460 pounds of fast, fierce, identical linemen, sometimes participants in wild affrays.

In the first place, the McKeever twins shouldn't have been two boys at all. They should have been one girl named Mary Ann. That they managed to be otherwise came as a mild shock to the attending doctor in Cheyenne, Wyoming, who had gone out in a fierce blizzard on New Year's Day in 1940 to make the delivery.

The doctor had deduced from a rapid fetal heartbeat that a girl baby was due—an assumption obstetricians generally no longer make. Anyway, "Mary Ann" was the handle the expectant parents had selected. Thus, when two young gentlemen showed up, there had to be a swift readjustment in the family thinking.

Mike and Marlin McKeever have been surprising people ever since. The football-playing twins of the University of Southern California have shown unusual talent in a wide variety of fields. On the gridiron, for instance, they are rated two of the finest linemen ever to play on the West Coast. One or both drew votes for almost every All-American team last year.

In the field of public speaking, where the average college athlete tightens up, the McKeevers are cheerful extroverts who represent their university on the creamed-chicken circuit as often as five times a week. They work as extras in Hollywood. They are budding financiers who have already begun to speculate in real estate on a miniature scale. They are good students. And, finally, they are experts in the art of procuring publicity. They seek it unabashedly, and often read favorable

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The brothers assume this heads-together pose to symbolize the fierce competition that exists between them.

notices aloud with exaggerated gestures, savoring every line.

Last year, however, they got some publicity they didn't appreciate. Mike injured a University of California halfback in a game at Berkeley. The upshot was perhaps the loudest sports rhubarb to hit the state. Southern Cal was urged by California officials and hundreds of outraged fans to suspend Mike McKeever. Even the governor got into the act. However, the McKeevers rode out the storm.

Dark-eyed and ruggedly handsome, Mike and Marlin, now seniors at U.S.C., have started every game from the beginning of their sophomore season. They are ironlike in construction—six-feet-one and 230 pounds, up ten pounds from last year. Mike plays guard and wears number sixty-eight. Marlin, an end, is eighty-six. Their measurements, as well as their looks, are almost identical. Marlin is forty-eight inches at the chest, while Mike is forty-seven and a half. This, they claim, is the widest disparity in their physical dimensions.

In a football game the twins are defensive terrors who rout blockers and harass passers; each makes more tackles than anyone else on the team. The Associated Press, which names a Lineman of the Week during the football season, departed from its usual custom after Southern Cal's game with Baylor last year and divided the honor between the twins. Mike had broken through five times to nail the Baylor passer for losses and had been credited with a total of thirteen tackles. Marlin had made twelve.

The speed of these hefty twins is flabbergasting to football people. Mike has run 100 yards in 10.2 seconds, most unusual for a man of his bulk. Marlin has been clocked in 10.3. It is a sore point with Marlin that he, a pass-catching end, isn't able to trim a guard in a foot race. United against outside forces, the two are fiercely competitive between themselves.

Big things were predicted for the McKeevers this year. The high (Continued on Page 117)

The twins and their coed *fiancées*. From the left: Marlin, Susan Blackman, Judy Primrose and Mike. They plan to be married in a double ceremony.

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WALLED GARDEN

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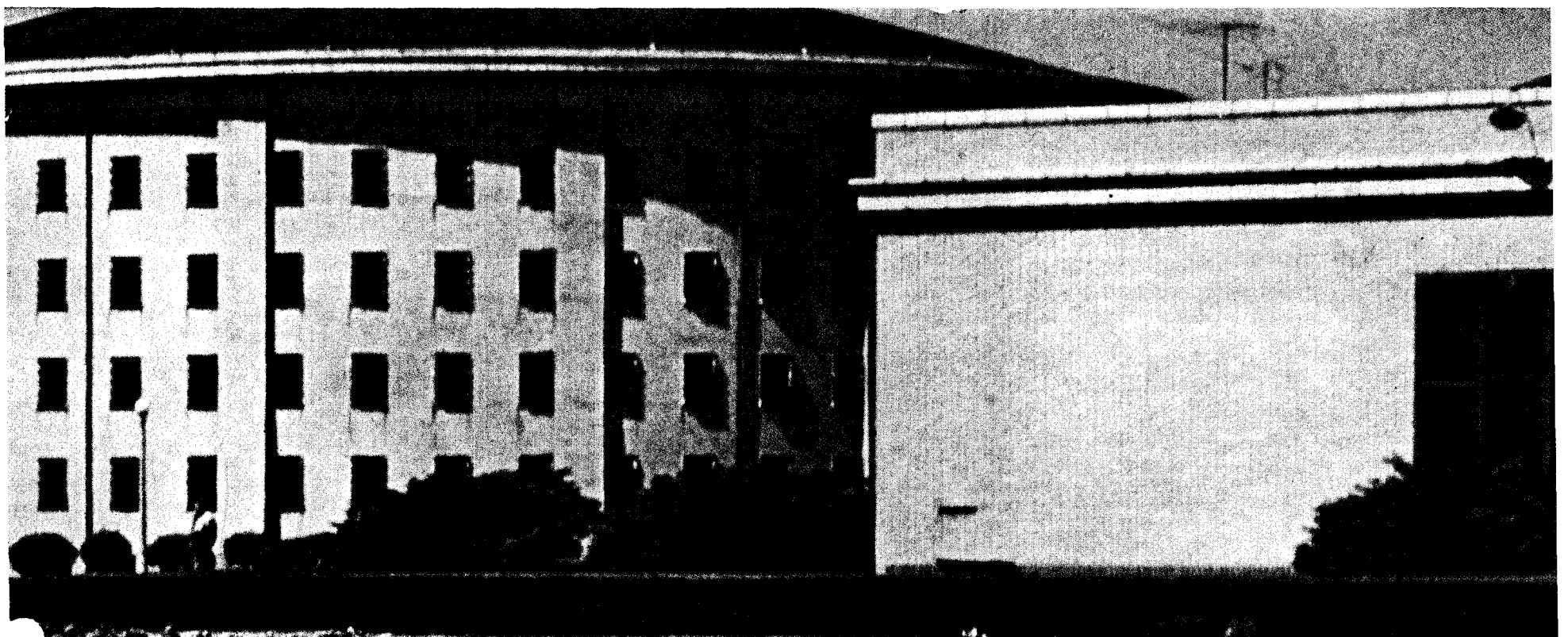
There is no shortage of labor for Warden Joe Ragen's big, beautiful garden within the walls of Stateville Prison, Joliet, Illinois. Convict gardeners—about 200 of them—maintain twenty green and flowering acres in meticulous condition throughout the growing season. Moreover, they manicure the lawns and trim the several miles of privet hedge without power equipment of any kind. The prison keeps nearly 100 lawn mowers on hand, plus many dozens of hedge clippers and pruning shears—tools which must be carefully counted at least twice each working day, for sharp instruments and convicts can be a dangerous combination. Standing at right below is William J. O'Neil, the prison official in charge of greenhouses and parks. The vista he faces is known as South Park, a sunken garden where well-behaved working inmates can learn the arts of horticulture and also enjoy a great deal more of the firmament than the traditional "little tent of blue which prisoners call the sky."

• Photograph by Larry Keighley



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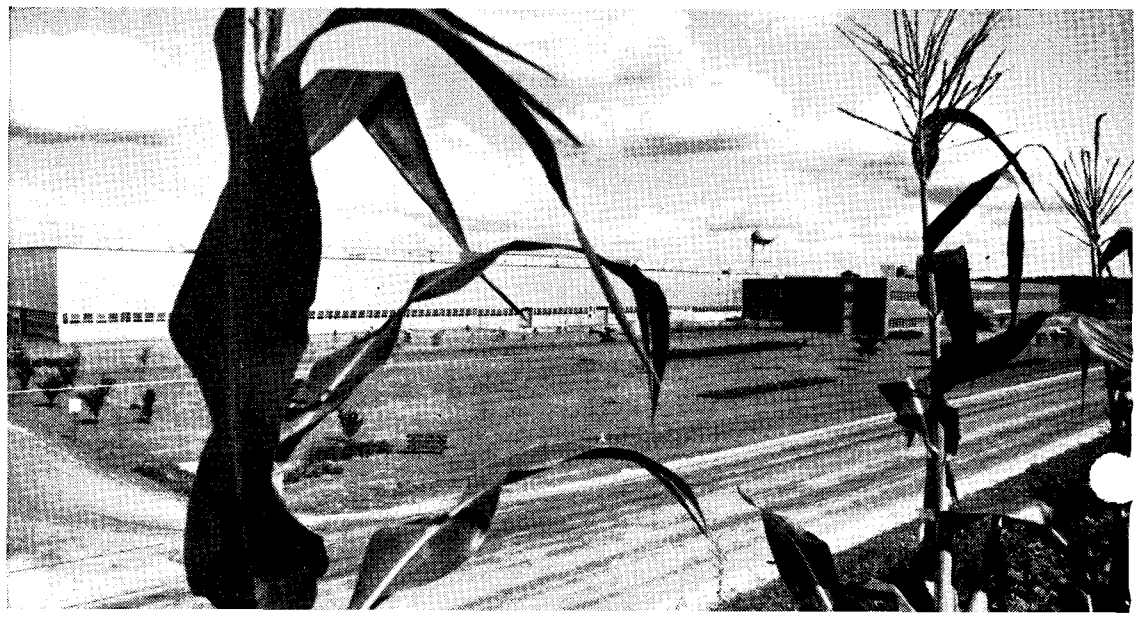
Roanoke, Va.: A talk with construction workers helps Leonard Yaseen, a factory-locating expert, to determine the attitude of local labor toward new industry.

Lunch hour at a Yaseen-placed factory in Lexington, Ky. Experts have found that women workers will not stick to a job unless the neighborhood is pleasant. And there must be a shopping center nearby.

No town is too small to bid for a share of the thirteen billion dollars that American industry spends annually for new plants and equipment. Here's how the prizes are allotted.



Two thousand jobs were created by three factories Yaseen placed in Athens, Ga. Retail sales in the community have increased 75 per cent in six years. Above, the new Westinghouse plant in Athens.

The Great Factory Sweepstakes

By STANLEY FRANK

Celebrities visit Hillsboro, Ohio, so infrequently the 5400 residents had not given a V.I.P. the red-carpet treatment since the 1956 Presidential campaign, but they reacted like veteran civic boosters when Leonard Yaseen arrived in town last February. Everyone knew that Yaseen, a specialist in selecting new factory sites, had come to investigate local facilities for a metal-plating plant employing 400 people, a project that would almost double the community's industrial jobs. Long experience with quaint native customs braced Yaseen for a relentless barrage of hospitality Hillsboro was certain to shower on him to make a more favorable impression than the seven other towns competing for the plum.

The schedule followed a ritual as fixed as the protocol for presenting diplomatic credentials at the Court of St. James's. First there was a guided tour of the town and the lovely countryside blanketed under three inches of snow, then a round of social functions sponsored by leading citizens. Finally the Committee for Industrial Development made its big pitch, fortified with charts and statistics plugging the unique advantages Hillsboro offered new business. After listening to a Niagara of fervent adjectives for an hour, Yaseen casually asked a committee member, "How many days were you permitted to water your lawns last summer?"

The man bolted with surprise. "As often as we pleased," he answered. "There were no restrictions." He looked at Yaseen quizzically. "That's an odd question to ask in the dead of winter."

"My client must have an unlimited supply of water, and I want to make sure your resources are adequate even at the lowest ebb," Yaseen said. "You've just told me more about the water situation here than all the fancy statistics whipped up by your group." On June twenty-third the Moore Drop Forging Company awarded its new plant to Hillsboro.

During the last quarter century disarming questions asked by Yaseen, an urbane, forty-eight-year-old Chicagoan, and his staff have been instrumental in determining where more than 1,000,000 industrial workers earn livings and rear families. Astronomical figures are bandied so indiscriminately nowadays that a reference to an army of 1,000,000 workers makes merely a glancing impact on the eye. Expressed in more concrete terms, it is equivalent to the combined factory personnel of Pittsburgh, St. Louis, Baltimore and Houston—but Yaseen's Fantus Factory Locating Service never has recommended an installation in those four great industrial complexes.

In fact, Yaseen consistently has advised his 1800 clients to (Continued on Page 142)

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A SLIGHT CASE of EXPOSURE

Their date was innocent enough—but how were they going to explain things when they got home?

By JACK DANIELS

Lying in bed, I had rehearsed what I should say, savoring the triple surprise it would bring; but now, as I stood at the breakfast table, saying it was something else again.

My father was already dressed for the coal pits. His first pipe of the day was in his mouth, and his big hand smothered a cup of coffee as he leaned against the pitcher pump by the kitchen sink. "Hop to it, lad, lest we be late," he said through clenched teeth. He reached with his free hand and prodded Rhys, my baby brother. "Up straight now, my little Welshman. No slumping at the table, mind?"

I took a hard grip on the back of my chair. My eyes ran down the oval cherry table where Glynnis and Caries, my teenage sisters, and my younger brothers, Dai and Rhys, were making short work of the fried eggs with bacon and hash-brown potatoes and the ever-present plate of melted cheese, sharp and hot.

"Father," I said, "in four days it will be the Army and off to war for me. I enlisted yesterday. Tell Mr. Iestyn Evans I will not be back today or hereafter to his coal pit. Tell him it is my feeling that, after three years there, having to fight the German Army will seem small inconvenience."

It was fortunate I said so much all in a rush, because in the next few minutes no one could have heard me between my brothers' whooping and squealing and my sisters' shooting questions at me a mile to the minute and my mother's sniffling as she turned and turned the potatoes in the skillet with deft, angry motions. I put out my hand and touched her arm. She shook it away, and I stood watching, helpless, lashed with the quick (Continued on Page 119)

He froze as the blanket caught on a rosebush and began revealing Olwen's unclad figure.

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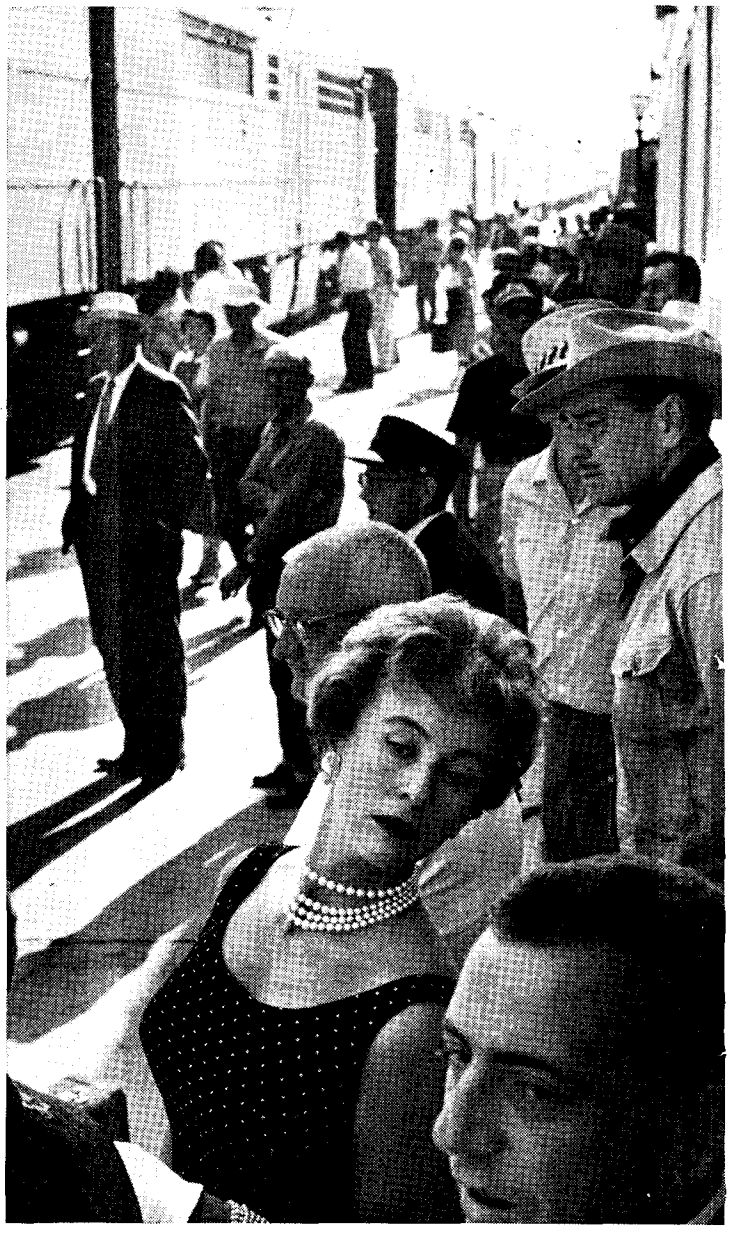

Marietta in the movies. Clark Gable (just behind her), acting as part-time talent scout, chose her for a small part in his new film, *The Misfits*.

Marietta Tree has beauty, money and powerful connections. She belongs to the upper classes, but cultivates the masses too. She is

The Democrats' Golden Girl

By INEZ ROBB

Three days after the Democratic National Convention closed in Los Angeles, a green-eyed blonde kissed Clark Gable with enthusiasm—how else?—at the railroad station in Reno.

It's nice work, and to the surprise of no one who knows her, Marietta Tree got it. Marietta, the living doll of the Democratic Party's hierarchy, had stopped in Reno on her way home from the Democratic convention at the invitation of an old friend, John Huston, one of Hollywood's elite. Huston was directing *The Misfits*, a film play written by Arthur Miller for his wife, Marilyn Monroe. The movie also stars Gable, Montgomery Clift, Thelma Ritter and Eli Wallach.

Marietta, who presides over one of the few genuine political *salons* ever organized in this country, arrived in Reno while Huston and Gable were scouting the territory for a local woman to play the opening scene with Gable. The search ended when Gable suddenly pointed a finger at tall, slim, patrician Mrs. Tree and said, "You!"

Huston did a double take and said, "Of course!"

The guest, confronted with an opportunity to buss Gable in her movie debut, said "Yes." Once the scene was shot, Marietta was on her way home to New York. When Huston saw the rushes, he phoned Marietta. She had been spectacular in the brief scene, and he wanted more. He finally convinced her he had written a second scene just for her, and she returned to Reno to play it.

The second scene was as good as the first. Thus the world will eventually see in the movies a woman who is an aristocratic beauty, wife of a multimillionaire, a member of international society and mistress of a New York town house in which Democratic history has been made continuously since 1952.

Marietta returned to New York from Reno just in time to repack her bags and fly with her husband to Barbados, where they have a year-round residence. She was hardly inside Heron Bay, the Barbados home, when the phone rang. The call was from Anthony B. Akers, New York City lawyer, who had just been appointed executive director of the Citizens for Kennedy-Johnson Committee. The first reaction of Akers was to call Marietta, who had comanaged his own attempts to win a seat in the House of Representatives.

"I asked her to work as my assistant in a top-level role," Akers said later. "She said 'yes' at once, as I knew she would. Marietta is a wonderful girl, a wonderful Democrat and a wonderful organizer. I count on her as my good right arm."

For the last eight years the party hierarchy has come to count more and more on Marietta. In that time she has worked hard, brilliantly and often anonymously for the party. A convinced liberal, to the left of her friend and political idol, Adlai Ewing Stevenson, she is known as an inspired organizer and fund raiser.

Although she is well known to leaders of her party, she is not nearly as widely known—in or out of the party—as Mme. Frances Perkins, or Anna Rosenberg, or Mrs. India Edwards, the fiery woman who was vice-chairman of the Democratic National Committee in the Truman Administration; or as Mrs. Katie Louchheim, who succeeded Mrs. Edwards; or Margaret Price, who has recently succeeded Mrs. Louchheim.

Marietta Tree's name is not to be found in *Who's Who*. Her only national role in the party to which she devotes so much time is as a member of the Advisory Council of the Democratic National Committee. On this committee is an assortment of top Democrats, ranging from Presidential candidate Kennedy through Jake Arvey to Gov. Foster Furcolo, Paul M. Butler, Gov. Orville L. Freeman, ex-Gov. W. Averell Harriman, Sen. Hubert H. Humphrey, Sen. Estes Kefauver, Gov. David L. Lawrence, ex-Sen. Herbert H. Lehman, Adlai Stevenson, Sen. Stuart Symington, ex-Pres. Harry S. Truman, Gov. G. Mennen Williams and Paul Ziffren—which is a heap of chiefs.

Marietta is a member of the Advisory Council's civil rights committee, of which Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt is chairman, and she was a member of the drafting committee that framed the civil-rights plank in the Democratic platform.

Granted that Marietta exerts leverage on the party through the Advisory Council, it is not at this point that she is of greatest value to the Democrats. Even her role as State Committeewoman from the Ninth Assembly District, dominated by the largest reform

1939: Marietta on the day she married lawyer Desmond FitzGerald. Kept apart by war—and later by political views—the couple eventually separated.

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Marietta with Gov. G. Mennen Williams at this year's Democratic Convention. An ultraliberal, she is a member of the party's Advisory Council and belongs to the committee that framed the Democrats' civil-rights plank.

Here she stumps with William Heuvel (center), candidate for Congress from New York's 17th District. The last candidate she supported here lost the election.

group in New York City, is less noteworthy than her gift for creating a political *salon*.

Marietta's greatest contribution to her party is a spacious home in which the elite and the beat of the Democratic Party meet to exchange ideas, launch trial balloons and stimulate action. Her drawing room, the focus of one of the most exquisite private homes in New York, can accommodate as many as 200 of the faithful at suffocation point. Here Marietta brings together presidential possibilities and precinct workers from coast to coast. Here she mixes obscure candidates for city and state offices with rich Democrats who give large sums to support their party. At Marietta's ingatherings the benefactors and the candidates on the lower thresholds are mutually surprised and pleased to meet one another.

It is through this political *salon* that Marietta does most for her party. It has seen the national political debut of Democrats from every section of the nation. Many candidates meet there for the first time such party chiefs and *salon* regulars as Stevenson, Harriman, *et al*, as well as the "Harvard Consistory" of Democratic advisers. The Consistory is headed by John Kenneth Galbraith, distinguished economist and author, and Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr., the Pulitzer-prize historian. Schlesinger is a family friend of the Trees and is regarded as Marietta's court chamberlain.

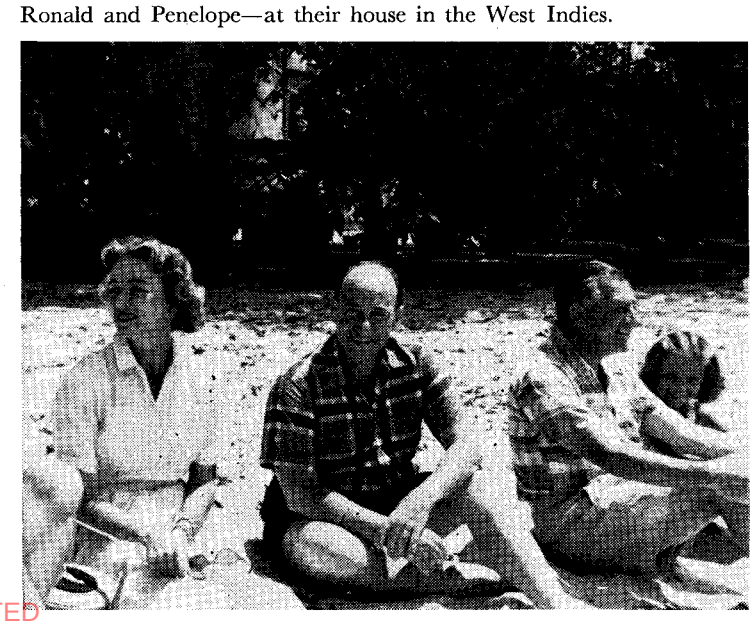
The *salon* started more or less accidentally in 1952 with a party for Adlai Stevenson when he came to New York as Democratic presidential candidate to address a rally in Madison Square Garden. Stevenson's staff and principal advisers, including Schlesinger, were present that night in the flower-filled Tree home.

(Continued on Page 84)

1947: Marietta (right) after winning a Reno divorce from FitzGerald. At left, her friend, Mrs. William S. Paley (now Mrs. Walter Hirshon), was divorced the same day.

"It beats the back rooms by a block," says one friend in describing the political *salon* she maintains in her elegant town house.

"Marietta gives the party status," says her old friend, Adlai Stevenson. He is shown here with the Trees—Marietta, Ronald and Penelope—at their house in the West Indies.



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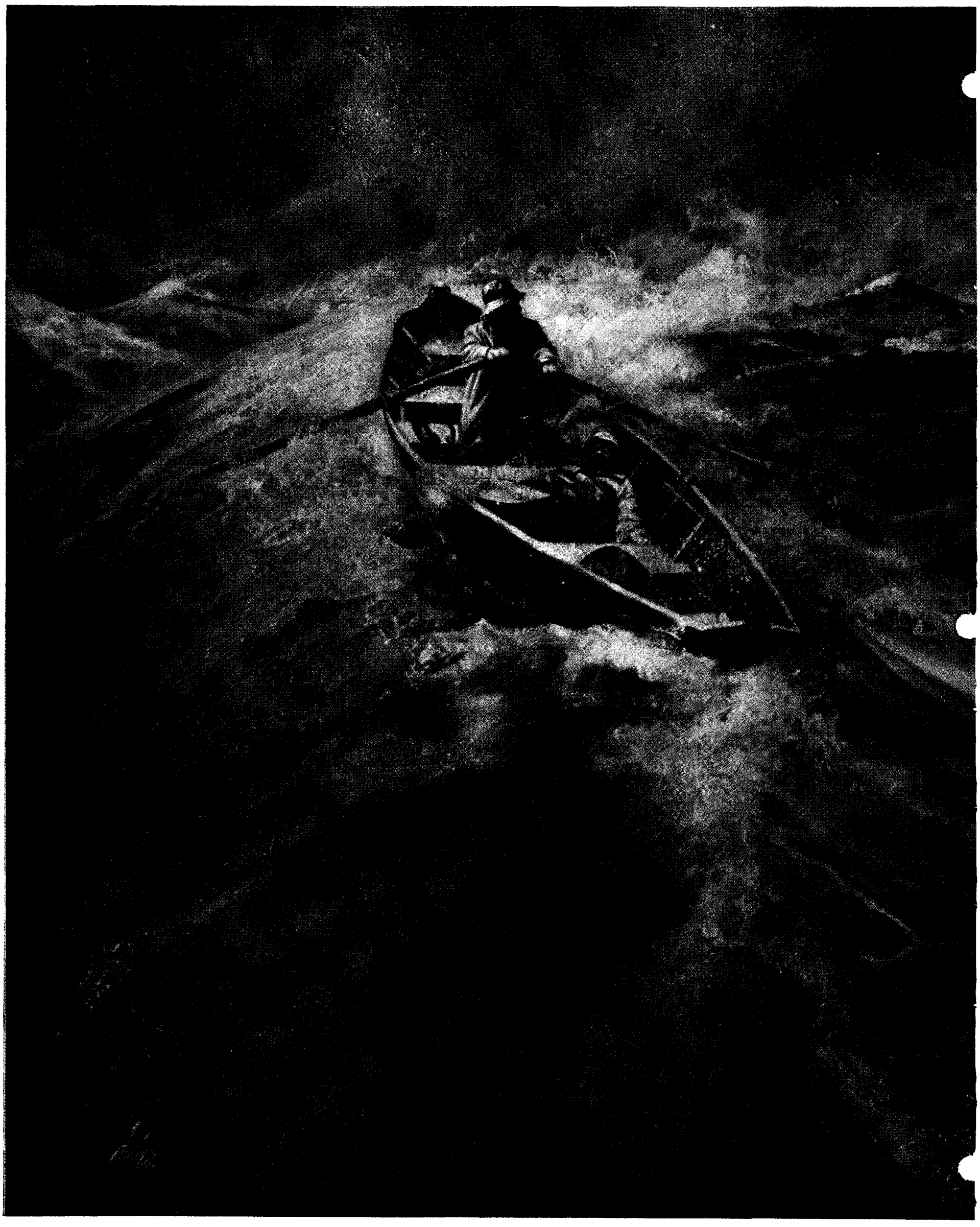

He rowed on. Through the snow and hail, he turned out the sharp, deep strokes.

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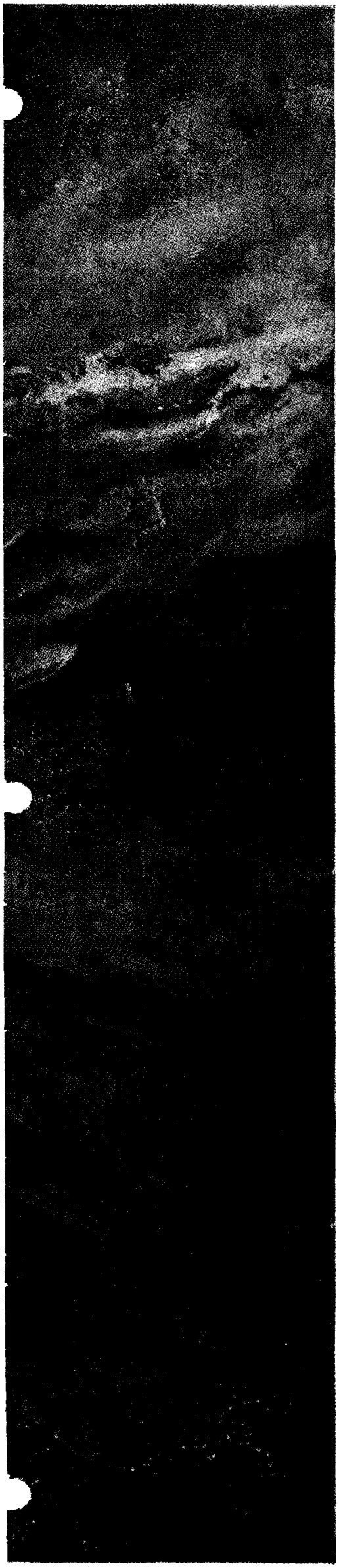

A PAIR OF BRAVE HANDS

The story of two dorymen and their struggle against the Atlantic.

By EDMUND GILLIGAN

Soon after the October night swept over the sea, the schooner *Eliza* of Gloucester glided under foresails to her position on Banquereau, the halibut ground, east of Sable Island. On her sailing out of the Roseway River in Nova Scotia, where she had bought herring to bait her hooks, the *Eliza* had found the wind fair for her, a brisk northwesterly. Once it had blown over her a snowfall from the mainland. The flakes had whitened her briefly. Now the wind had gentled, and the winter stars, ascending into a dark-blue sky, foretold a calm night. She tucked herself away for a sleep before the hard fishing began.

"Snow is no surprise to me," said Matt Devlin, her skipper, where he sat over his final mug of tea in the forecastle. "I just don't like tarrying. I don't like the notion of losing even an hour this time of year."

He had been her skipper for twenty years. He showed it in the gauntness of long cheeks, the nets of wrinkles near his eyes and in the severe, colorless lips that seemed to grudge even the slightest movement for his few words. He was four or five years younger than his vessel, now finishing her fiftieth year on the Grand Banks. In recent seasons she had become a trial to him because she, too, showed that she had become weary of never-ending toil.

"The watch is set?" He glanced down the double row of bunks on either side, each with its doryman asleep or close to sleep. A man in a peak bunk answered, "Aye, captain! Billy and Jock have the watch."

The cook came out of his galley to swing the table up. The captain helped him and asked, "The moon's full tonight? Or near it? Filling up?"

"All filled up, captain." It was the cook that gave this answer. He was a smart man at almanacs and a skilled seaman too. "Long Charles" they called him because there was such a remarkable distance from his sea-green eyes to his boots. When the captain turned to the companionway, the cook asked, "Bait up after breakfast, captain?"

"Either before or after, Charley." This wasn't said in the way of rebuke. It was a slip on the captain's part. The cook pretended not to notice it.

On his way aft to his cabin, Captain Devlin stopped to speak to the watch. He found Billy Parsons in the lee of the foremast and well bundled against the cold, which was increasing. This Billy Parsons was an inch or two taller than the skipper, who was tall enough. Billy was a good man in a dory, so they said that had gone dorymates with him or had worked with him. There was no higher praise for a man, for it signified most of all that he stayed loyal to his dorymate. He had been dorymates with Jock Curley for ten years. They had been through some harsh days and nights on that deck and in their dory, *No. 1*. Their hearts and brawn and skills were bound together by such hard times.

Somewhat obscured by shadows out of sails and shrouds, Billy stood silent awhile before he greeted the skipper. When he spoke, his voice by its deepness showed the bulk and strength of his lithe body. He asked, "You hear anything strange, skipper? On our way up?"

"No, Billy, nothing at all."

The moon had just pushed up out of the black waves. The rim of the moon burned far off like a hulk on fire. Jock Curley came up the weather rail and crossed. Not noticing the skipper at first, he said to his dorymate, "Hear it again, did you, chum? Now I know what it is—wild geese out there by the thousands. There! See them troop down the moon? They're resting."

The skipper said, "Geese? Aye, that's so. Well, there's something going on ashore that drives them this far out to rest. Never saw it before." He said good night and went below.

The dorymates kept the silence, which was broken now and then by the greeting cries of geese to other flights coming down the moonlight. The men exchanged an interested glance now and then, but they (Continued on Page 57)

Illustrated by Paul Lehr

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By following the crayon lines with her sensitive finger tips, Helen Marchisio is able to "look" at her daughter Rosemary's drawings.

When the children are outdoors, they respond immediately to Helen's frequent calls, assuring her that they are safe in their play.

Aldo and Helen Marchisio, with their offspring (top to bottom): Alison, 13; Carolyn, 11; Peter, 10; Paul, 7; and Rosemary, 5. Aldo is a piano tuner and travels throughout Massachusetts in his work.

They Never See Their Children

Helen and Aldo Marchisio are blind. They are also the parents of five sighted children. But they have proved that in bringing up kids, love counts more than seeing.

By Al Hirshberg

A chubby, blue-eyed girl of five, clutching a crude drawing, ran into the gray frame house where she lives on Fairmount Avenue in the Boston suburb of Hyde Park, kissed her mother and cried, "Mommy, look what I made."

"Let's get your coat off first."

The child stood, impatient but still, while her mother helped her off with the coat. Then the two sat side by side at the kitchen table, the mother smiling expectantly, the daughter giggling while she squirmed in her chair.

"Look, mommy." The little girl took her mother's hand and placed it over the drawing.

The older woman carefully traced the crayoned lines with her fingers before asking, "What is it, Rosemary?"

"A bird. Isn't it pretty?"

"Beautiful," her mother agreed.

Rosemary stood up and went off to put her treasure away. As her footsteps sounded on the stairs, Helen Marchisio remarked casually,

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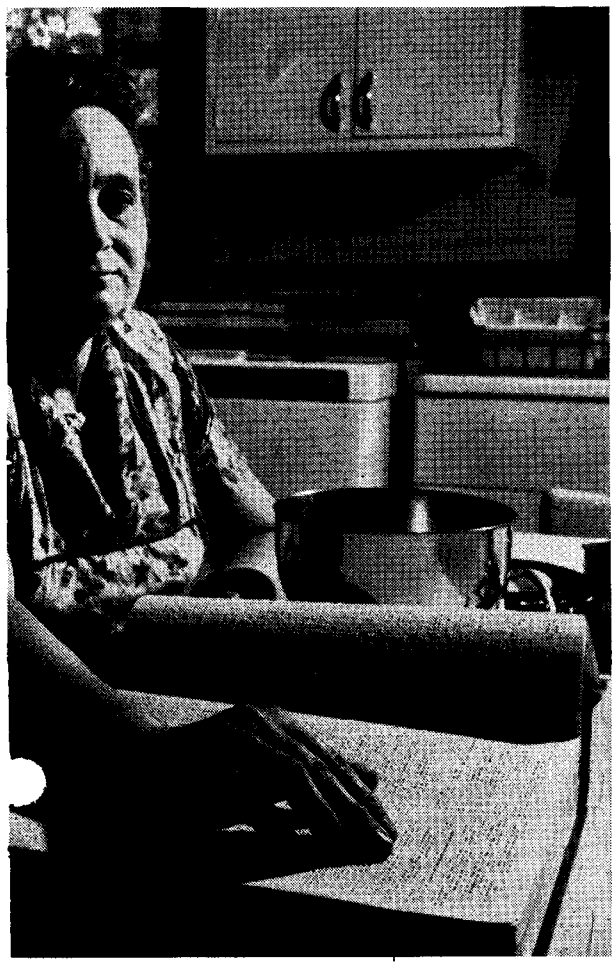
Family jam session. Helen, who studied at the Boston Conservatory of Music, often acts as musical director for school and church shows.



At left, Helen consults her Braille cookbook before baking a cake. She does most of the family cooking and housework.

"She's satisfied that I've 'seen' it. Her brothers and sisters were the same way at that age. All the kids have accepted our blindness as a matter of course."

There are five Marchisio children, ranging in age from five to thirteen, and Helen has never seen any of them, for she has been totally blind since birth. Her husband, Aldo, has never had more than a dim view of his three daughters and two sons. He is an albino, and albinos suffer from a pigmentation deficiency which causes varying degrees of visual weakness. Aldo has only about 10 per cent vision. This is just enough to permit him to travel about with minimum safety, but he is legally blind, able to read only with a magnifying glass and unable to see much of anything in bright light.

The Marchisios, both graduates of Boston's famous Perkins School for the Blind, were married in 1942, when Helen was twenty-nine and Aldo thirty-two, in the face of objections by many of their friends, relatives and former teachers. Both had gone to Perkins during an era when marriage between the blind was universally frowned upon. There were usually serious economic problems, as job opportunities were more limited then than now. An erroneous impression that all blindness is hereditary was still widespread at the time. Some experts also felt that blind parents might place too heavy a burden on a sighted child.

Helen and Aldo were quite aware of all these arguments, but were convinced they could enjoy a full and happy marriage. Both were making a living. Aldo, as a piano tuner, Helen as a professional pianist. She had studied composition at the Boston Conservatory of Music and was an accomplished musician. They could save money by living with Helen's grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Hardy, who had reared her. The possibility of having blind children didn't concern them. Both were certain their blindness was not hereditary.

They were in no hurry to have children, because they first wanted to save enough money to buy a home of their own. It was not until the latter part of 1946 that Helen became pregnant. Her aunt, Caroline Hardy, who was a nurse at the Boston City Hospital, taught her the fundamentals of baby care with the help of a life-sized doll. (Continued on Page 66)

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the Quality of Mercy

A Short Story Complete on These Two Pages

By H. Barrett Pennell Jr.

The sky began to brighten in the north on that early-March day, as the roiled, greasy-gray clouds of the all-night storm began their retreat to the south and west.

We sloshed our way along the bank of the creek, "our creek" to us, a pair of ten-year-old males. We had decided on a tour of inspection of our holdings to see what damage the storm had wrought. And the creek was still there, still wandering its earnest, four-foot-wide way through the meadow, which was spongy under foot with the gray-green, dead-alive promise of what would soon be grass. The rocks had not been harmed, we noted with satisfaction, and the pool beside the willow was still a pool, despite what must have been a temptation to go and join the sea. But the grass along the edges, and along the upper bank—the tough, fibrous evergreen grass that seemed to defy everything in its turn—was lying flat in its place, all tips pointed regimentally after the departing waters. So we were somewhat angry with the water, as a bully who destroys a myth.

But the over-all loss was slight, and our creek was still alive and our plaything, and there were no other little boys to take it, and claim it, and mother it, and dam it with clods of tough, worm-filled sod and its own rocks. And there were none to pelt its muskrats and scare its minnows and trap its crawdads and capture its tadpoles. So we inspected—hermetically sealed in parkas and overshoes—sloshing through the drowned grass and rat-furred moss with the utter confidence of proprietorship.

We worked our way slowly on our tour of inspection, examining every inch for change, the way one does for hurt to valued property, while the excited air buffeted us with the first live messages of coming spring.

George found two marbles just below the gravelly spot beyond the willow pool, one chipped a little and the other polished by the sand and water to a better-than-new luster. I found a small earthenware jar, shaped like a laboratory flask, with a clear, glazed finish and a kiln burn on the bottom side. I told George the jar was a remnant of the days when Indians used to camp along the banks of the creek. (I almost believed this to be true, and I wanted to.) George wondered who had lost the marbles. And great was our excitement and wonder that the creek was still as it had been, yet giving us new treasures, saved for years for some such special day as this.

And in the spot where the stream curved, and ate its way into the bank, where the red slash of clay towered upward for six feet above the trotting water and looked like red Swiss cheese: There were the muskrats, hiding in their daytime holes, and with joyous whoops we attacked their sanctuary, hurling small rocks and stones toward the holes, around which the missiles of our last attack stuck in the mud like stone pickets. The savage satisfaction of the attack and the power, welling in our blood like rare narcotic, to do destruction to these small creatures, always sank a little in our hearts, when a stone would dart into the depths of one of the holes. Then there was no satisfying smack of rock on mud, but only an echo, which could have been the sound of murder, and bright-gem eyes in the dark narrowing in pain and going out without the sight of another dawn. So, saddened by the ultimate outcome, we broke off the attack until the next time, not knowing if we were murderers or not, but hoping not, with all the desire that serious doubt can bring.

Then we were explorers along our new-old creek—La Salle, De Soto, Lewis and Clark, *voyageurs* with muskrat hides stalking the banks of the Mississippi and other, lesser streams, seeking cautious trade with Indians.

Until George discovered the fish, swimming weakly in the stream.

We squatted on our heels in the creek-bed gravel, watching the fish struggle in our mighty, six-inch-deep Mississippi, as it tried to make its way upstream. It floundered on the shoals of flattened boulders, its back appearing above the water in its struggle. It was a carp, about ten inches long, and far too large for our stream. Evidently it had been washed down in the torrential night from a safe pool somewhere

Illustrated by Don Almquist

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far away, perhaps beyond where the stream goes under the railroad tracks and disappears into the earth. Now it was trying to get home, upstream, from where it had come so easily the night before.

The tail that beat feebly upon the shallow water was split and ragged; scales were missing from its battered side, and somewhere in the middle of the fish there was a wound, where pinkish flesh hung tattered out beyond the skin. It rested now, in sheer exhaustion, every slight movement crying out that it was one more movement too many beyond the range of life's endurance.

We watched without a word as the tired fish learned of our presence and tried instinctively to dart away, but only wrenched its way into the shallows, where it fell on its side and was carried back by the stream into the pool by which we knelt.

Great was our concern for the trapped fish fighting hard for present life, mindless of a further soul, with the instinctive courage that man admires in himself, but tends to call bestial in the beast, and we searched about for means of rescue.

George found the bottom of a milk bottle, but that was too small; and I discovered a small coffee can near the willow pool, but the bottom had rusted out; so we used my waterproof parka hood instead, bulging it full of muddy water, carefully scooping out the failing fish and dropping it into the sodden hood. We began our march of mercy down the length of the creek and across the road, headed for the big pool in the bird sanctuary, where the water was five feet deep and twenty across. And as we walked, fast but gingerly, holding the water-filled hood like a suspended binnacle and staggering somewhat with the weight, some of the water slopped out and dampened our clothes; it began to leak slowly through the waterproof hood, leaving a damp trail along the paving as we hurried along the road toward the deep hole. And every spilled drop was blood, and every step nearer, life.

At last we came to the sanctuary and slipped past the chain-link fence where the fence had to stop for the bridge of the creek, and we slid down the worn trail to the bank of the pool. The fish was almost dead, and his back was above water again in the hood.

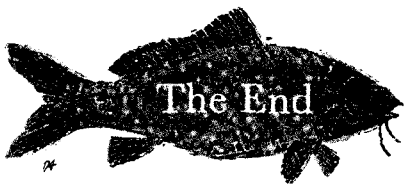
I lowered the hood into the shallow water at the edge of the pool, and as the edge of the hood fell away, the fish drifted out into the water, his fins moving feebly, but fast, lying on his side on the surface. We stood mutely in the mud and watched the fish fight for life again.

His tail moved convulsively, and he moved forward several inches, turning almost upright with the motion. Several more times he did this, nearly turning upright every time until, at length, he was successful. Then, with his mouth taking great gulps of air from the surface and his gills moving in convulsions, the fish slowly swam around the pool, merely moving, for there was still no strength or purpose in him. And still we didn't speak, as the fish seemed to grow new strength before our eyes. It gulped and thrashed its gills for five full minutes, as if cleansing out the putrefaction of near death with the new, oxygen-full water.

George flipped a small stone into the water, a few feet from where the fish rested. With a small swirl, the fish disappeared, and the eddies made by the stone and the fish rocked one another into submission in the small, wooded pool.

As we stared after our success, glowing inwardly in our Samaritanism, George knew why I had snapped at him when he had asked, back when we first put the fish in the hood, if I were going to feed the fish to my cat.

At home, the soggy parka hood was hung up to dry by my mother, who thanked me with her voice for the gift of the earthenware jar, and wondered in her mind just what it was that made boys do senseless things like throwing the tops of their parkas into the stream.



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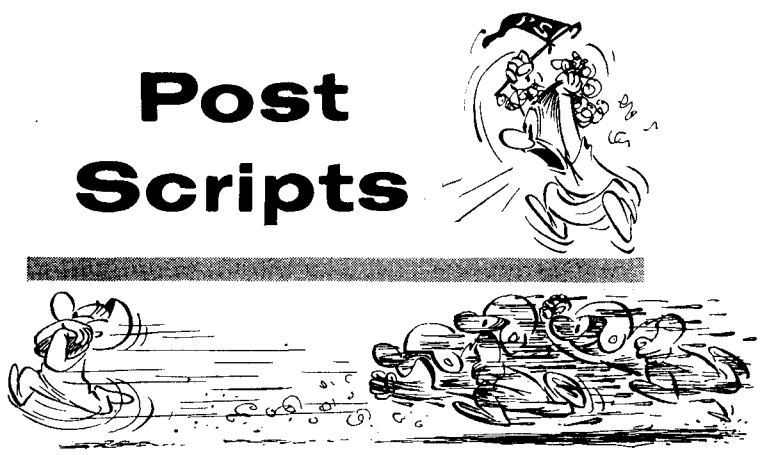
Post Scripts



The Homely Philosopher

(Sports Division)

Once in a while I like to drop in and pass the time with my old friend Selwyn P. Selwyn. Selwyn retired to a road by the side of the house a few years ago, but he's still interested in the old jute mill; and I find that his quick, keen insights often give me a new understanding of our company's problems.

Yesterday I found him crouched on a small mound of dirt out back, wearing his cap backward, hefting a resin bag and eating a hot dog.

"Good to see you, Selwyn," I said. I settled myself on a neighboring mound. "Just thought I'd give you the rundown on the new Midwest manager."

"Play ball," said Selwyn.

"What?" I said. "Oh. Sure. Well, here's the situation. A few months ago old J. W. finally woke up to the fact that Midwest sales were way off and he wasn't doing anything about it."

Selwyn nodded. "Sometimes you gotta work out in the battin' cage."

"H'm? Oh. That's right, Selwyn. But the thing is, he didn't have anybody to put in there."

"Weak bench, hey?" Selwyn said.

"What? Oh. Yes, I guess you could put it that way. So ——"

"Nothin' in the bull pen," Selwyn muttered.

"Nothin' in the wha —— Oh. That's for sure, Selwyn," I said. "After all, our competition was clobbering us, and ——"

"It's cool in the cellar but it ain't profitable," Selwyn said.

"It's—that's right, Selwyn. Well, what J. W. finally did was, last month he hired this fellow, this Marv Tooley, out of a plant in a little town nobody ever heard of—East Fester, New Jersey. So we're all wondering how he'll pan out."

Selwyn raised a shrewd eyebrow. "You can take a boy out of the bush leagues but you can't take the bush leagues out of the b ——"

"Right, Selwyn," I said. "Though I hear Tooley did some big things back in East Fester, and ——"

"Any fly ball's a homer in a pint-size park," Selwyn said.

"Any what? Oh. Sure thing, Selwyn. So I guess all we can do is wait and —— I mean, one ball game don't make a series. I mean, the game ain't over till the last man's out."

Selwyn nodded approvingly. "Now you're finding the plate. Slow though. Hot dog?" He tossed one my way, with a nice easy windup and beautiful control.

"Say, hey!" I said and caught it, and the mustard came next, for the sharpest double play you ever saw.

PEG BRACKEN

False Start

Dancing's a difficult pastime,
And that's why my girl friend demurs:
We got off on the wrong foot the last time ——
Hers.

NORMAN R. JAFFRAY

"Our most dependable employee—hasn't missed a day in years."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

I'm Glad You Asked Me That Question

(Or, Why I Keep My Dog at the Kennel)

"Talk about bird dogs! Old Doc is the best I ever had. Raised him from a pup. Trained him myself too. Sure wish you could see him. He ——

"Oh, I've got him out at Wallace's kennel. Fine place for ——

"Well, I did keep him at home. Built a pen for him. See, out there by the garage. It ——

"Yes, I suppose you could say it cuts up Evelyn's flower garden, but the rambling roses will hide it pretty well in another year or ——

"Naturally she tried it then; the trouble was, Doc ate them. Darndest thing you ever saw. He'd sniff one and then ——

"Oh, no. She thought it was cute. In fact, she made a point of calling it to my attention. She was really fond of that dog. Even if she did take Anne's part about the sorority party. A mother has to be sympathetic. Young girls need ——

"The sorority party? Didn't you hear? It was formal—sort of a garden party, you know. Unfortunately the ground was a trifle damp—well, pretty muddy—and Doc got excited with all the activity and came right out through the gate. Now, you take forty girls in formals, a seventy-pound dog, plenty of mud and you've got a little trouble. The kids didn't seem to realize he only wanted to play. Evelyn was mighty reasonable about it, at that. The fact that she had no further worries about entertaining the sorority helped some.

"Of course, she was a bit upset when the neighbors took to calling so much—at night, that is. Doc barked now and then, I guess. But the thing that really worried her was my having to trudge out there twice a day to feed him. Rain, snow, sleet, it had to be done. That's why she suggested we put him in the kennel. Great idea too. Sure is a lot easier for me these days."

JACK SWEZEY

"Isaac Newton, I hate you!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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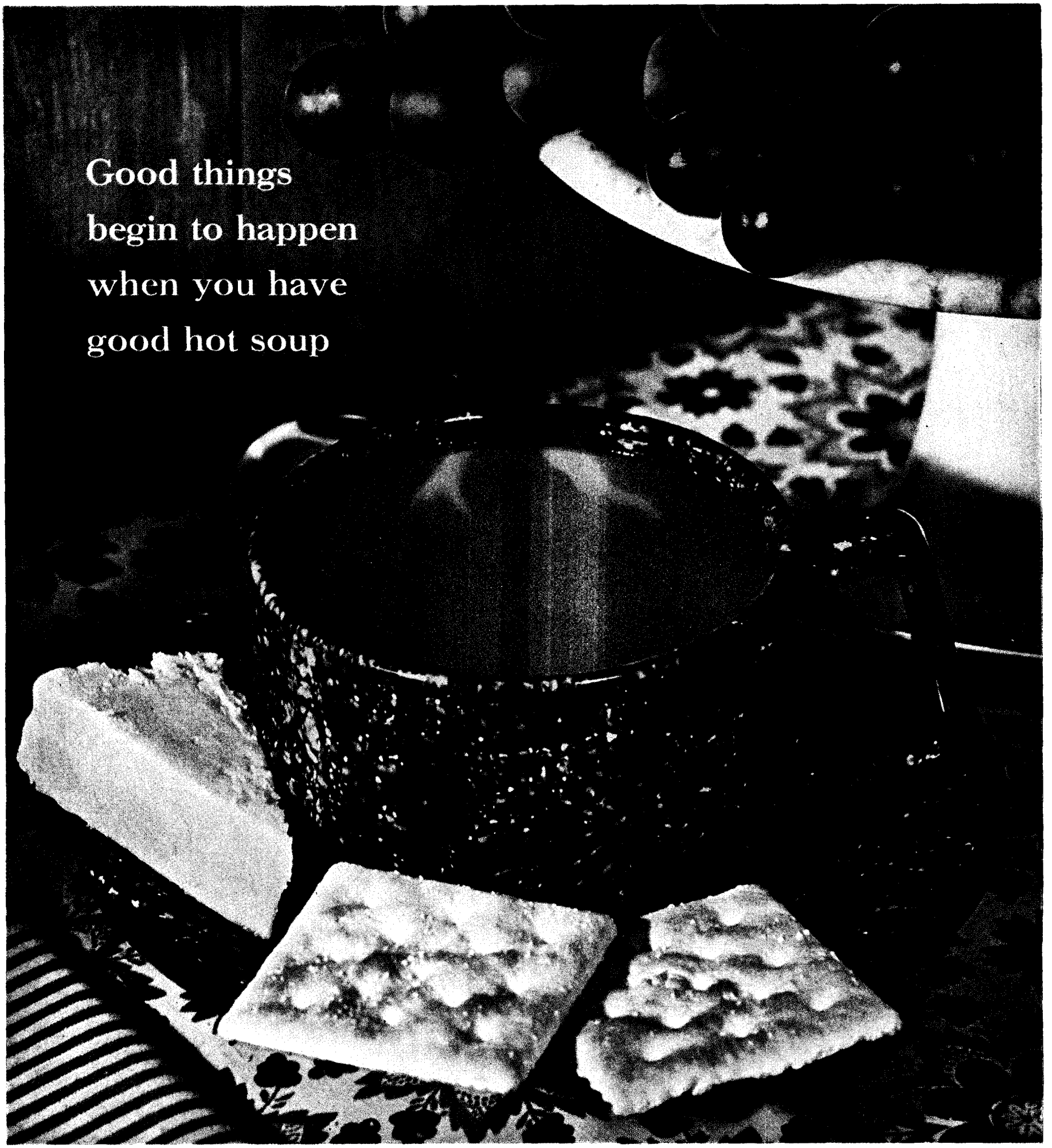

It makes you feel good all over – a big, appetizing cupful of good hot soup. For soup smells good. Soup tastes good. And soup gives you healthy energy and wholesome nourishment in a warming, gentle way. Next time you're feeling hungry, have a cup of soup – Campbell's Tomato Soup, for instance. Soup is good for you between meals. And soup makes any meal a better meal.

Have you had your soup today? *Campbell's* (M'm! M'm! Good!)

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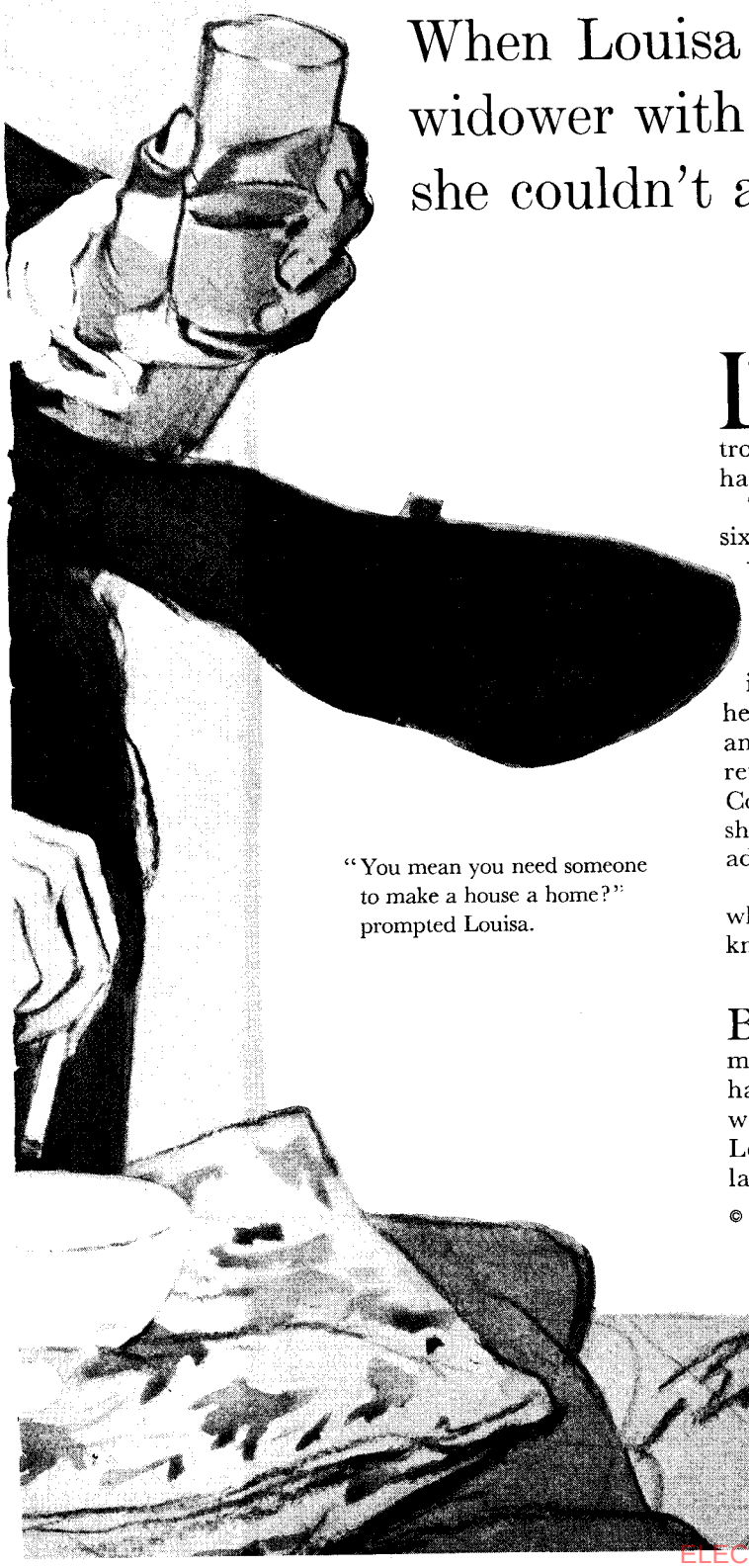
SOMETHING LIGHT

By

MARGERY SHARP

Illustrated by Lynn Buckham



"You mean you need someone to make a house a home?" prompted Louisa.

When Louisa found a wealthy widower with three children, she couldn't ask for more.

Louisa Datchett, photographer of dogs, was thirty, good-looking and very fond of men. She liked to help out a man in trouble. She was also a self-sufficient girl who had never thought much about marriage.

Then she met Freddy Pennon, who was sixty, but rich, and she suddenly became tired of being self-sufficient. But he didn't need her to take care of him. She turned down his marriage proposal.

So she looked up a childhood sweetheart in her home town of Broydon to find out if he was the man for her. Meanwhile she found another man she could help: Admiral Colley, retired, one of the residents of Broydon Court, her hotel. During a party at the hotel she persuaded Freddy to take the lovable old admiral into the Pennon household.

During the same party someone kissed her when the lights went out. But Louisa didn't know who it was.

III

Breakfast next day was a rather subdued meal at Broydon Court. Mr. McAndrew, who had left the party early, was the only guest who showed any appetite except, of course, Louisa. Like the two survivors of a rough Atlantic crossing, they ate in competitive silence.

© 1960 by Margery Sharp

Louisa won hands down, if only because Mr. McAndrew's client came to pick him up; but she would probably have done so in any case, since nothing gave her such an appetite as having done good.

For once a morning-after brought no regrets, no misgivings. The more Louisa considered it, the more the shanghaiing of Admiral Colley rejoiced her. A villa at Bournemouth was the very place for him, a setting appropriate and congenial—good quarters, first-rate messing, and an air-sea rescue base at Poole.

And for old Freddy, too, what a break! Admiral Colley was a man after Freddy's own heart. What sessions they'd have together, thought Louisa gladly, over the claret!—while after dinner Enid, in pretty profile, listened to the tale of the little woman at Malta, agreeably conscious of a transferred devotion.

They'll be snug as bugs in a rug, thought Louisa a bit vulgarly, and finished up with a banana off Mr. Wray's empty table.

Quiet and still lay Broydon Court, nursing its hang-over. Louisa had a fine time with Ivor and Ivan Cracorovitch.

For the first time in her career, after a morning of cautious stalking, she believed she'd got it—the shot she'd promised Mrs. Brent, the one shot every photographer of dogs dreams of: of two animals romping together. Louisa at the crucial moment was almost flat in the grass, at the very best angle of all. Through the lens of her camera Ivan and Ivor leaped to the firmament. Louisa was so excited she almost nipped back to Soho to develop at once, but instead—what a day it was to be!—spent the afternoon washing and setting her hair and thinking about Jimmy Brown.

It was time to plan the evening's campaign. How would Enid, that experienced trapper, handle the evening's engagement?

Well, of course, she'd flutter down like a helpless moth, thought Louisa.

But if there was one thing Jimmy knew about her, it was that she wasn't helpless. Also he'd seen her eat like a horse.

She was relieved. Sitting with her head toward the hair drier, about seventeen hairpins under the net, Louisa recognized with relief that Mrs. Anstruther's teaching wasn't going to be of the slightest use.

Perhaps I won't even try to catch him at all, thought Louisa. Eager as she was to get married and fully confident that Jimmy was the ideal husband for her, when it came to the point, Louisa didn't want him trapped. Mentally Louisa dismantled the trap altogether. She wasn't a natural trapper, as some women are.

As things turned out, it seemed that she had no need to be. Lucky Louisa, to find honesty so undetrimental to her prospects! From the very first moment of that evening it was apparent that (Continued on Page 97)

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Are Negroes Ready for Equality?

(Continued from Page 21)

produced amazing results in lifting the vocational outlooks of, and reducing misbehavior among, youngsters from economically and culturally deprived areas.

"Colored people are awfully busy filing suits, carrying pickets [sic] and making speeches, but I don't see where any of them are painting any of their shacks or closing any of these crime joints," one woman wrote me.

These and many other such remarks carry the implication that the Negro is overly concerned about his "rights" even while running away from the responsibilities of good citizenship.

Perhaps the most ticklish area in which this charge of irresponsibility is made is that of "Negro crime," a problem about which many Negro leaders concede that they have done very little. Negro intellectuals long have contended that mere assumption of responsibility "to do something about Negro crime" would be tantamount to admitting that Negroes constitute a special law-enforcement problem because they are Negroes, and that there is a special racial factor in criminality.

As much as I respect the sociological and moral logic of this position, I have an increasingly strong feeling that the price the Negro is paying for the right to cling to it is more than he can afford. I believe an increasing number of Negroes share my conviction that all the intellectual arguments and sociological explanations in the world do not meet fully the need to do something about the fact that people are being killed and maimed, street gangs are spreading terror in big cities, young girls are bearing an increasing number of illegitimate children, and dope and gin mills are flourishing in our urban centers.

And, all too often, almost nothing is being done to change these situations because white citizens are saying, "Why don't you Negroes do something?" and Negroes are replying, "Society is to blame, not us."

There is an important reason why thousands of Negro leaders refuse to assume any special responsibility in this area. They feel that the people talking most about crime and immorality in the Negro community are less concerned about improving the situation than they are in proving the Negro unfit for first-class citizenship. Without the Negro rapist, the murderer, the street-gang member and the unwed mother, the white supremacists would be robbed of their prime justification for racial segregation and discrimination.

> A vacation, given enough time, can become a pleasant memory.
>
> MYRAM TUNNICLIFF

The success of this propaganda disturbs me. North or South, the cry that wins the most sympathy for white supremacists is, "Would you want your child sitting next to a dirty, retarded, immoral hoodlum?"—a very loaded question that prompts the reply that a Negro doesn't want his child next to one either. I am even more disturbed by the fact that these social problems have become so tangled in demagogic propaganda that responsible Negro and white citizens are afraid to discuss them—and quite often in the very cities where solutions are most urgently needed.

It is silly to expect Negroes to work some special magic and erase "Negro crime" when whites have been trying without success for centuries to find a way to erase "white crime." Nevertheless, I believe that Negroes jeopardize their movement toward first-class citizenship when they make no bold, open effort to deal with problems that are particularly acute among Negroes and when they make no real effort to assist the majority group to a better understanding of the efforts Negroes *are* making and of the reasons why they cannot do more.

Negroes contend almost unanimously that Negro responsibility will rise as Negro opportunities and freedoms rise. The nation's history supports this contention. But events of the last few years suggest that in order to win complete equality, the Negro is going to have to show more responsibility than his opportunities and freedoms normally would warrant. Negro leadership is beginning to realize that it is not enough to blame every Negro misdeed on segregation, or to pretend that integration will be a cure-all for every social problem in sight.

Dr. Martin Luther King, the young Baptist minister who is giving dramatic leadership to the fight against segregation, told me recently, "We have not done all that we could do. It is possible that we have become so involved in trying to wipe out the institution of segregation, which certainly is a major cause of social problems among Negroes, that we have neglected to push programs to raise the moral and cultural climate in our Negro neighborhoods."

Doctor King suggested a nationwide conference of Negro leaders and of the nation's top social scientists to spell out the problems and their causes and to draft a program to combat them. Anticipating Negro opposition to any Negro attempt to spotlight Negro crime and delinquency, Doctor King said, "I am aware that once Negro leaders admit that excessive crime or illegitimacy is a problem among Negroes, racists and reactionaries in both the North and South will cry, 'We told you so!' and will attempt to damn us with our own admission. Despite this, we must face up to the problem and see if we can convince the nation that poverty and ignorance breed crime whatever the race of the people involved, and ask the nation's help in erasing these factors within the Negro communities."

Like Doctor King, I feel that the time has come for some plain talk. The issues involved are too crucial, not just to Negroes but to the entire nation, to remain beclouded in propaganda. So, as a start toward the kind of frank discussion that the nation needs, let us explore a few of the questions that inevitably arise wherever Negro equality is discussed.

ONE—Is it a fact that Negroes, Puerto Ricans, Mexicans and other colored groups constitute the nation's major crime problem?

Beyond any reasonable doubt, these groups do commit crimes out of proportion to their numbers in the population, and a first step toward any alleviation of the problem is for the groups involved to admit this. But a second, and absolutely essential, requirement is that the white power structure realize that the picture is not nearly as appalling, nor as meaningful racially, as "statistics" suggest.

What distresses educated, law-abiding Negroes is the apparent willingness of

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white citizens to take at face value statistics which may be dangerously deceiving. To cite one example of statistics that help to poison the race-relations scene while solving nothing, some months ago an FBI report was widely quoted that in 1477 United States cities where Negroes average 11 per cent of the population, they accounted for 35 per cent of the arrests for major crimes and 57 per cent of the arrests for minor crimes. These statistics are as significant for what they do not tell as for what they tell.

This report actually dealt with the number of Negroes arrested, not the number of convictions. As *Ebony* magazine, the nation's leading Negro publication, said recently, "Arrests only imply guilt. For every crime committed by a Negro, dozens of 'suspicious' black men are hauled off to jail."

Beyond this, these FBI figures tell nothing about the number of individuals involved. Scores of studies show that in any big city a small percentage of repeaters is responsible for most of the crime—in fact, most of the general burden on society. It is only where a well-identified minority group is involved—people with dark skin, for instance—that the whole group becomes tainted by the misdeeds of few.

But even when one allows for some malice aforethought, for a great deal of carelessness in evaluating statistics and for the fact that many innocent Negroes are arrested and convicted because of ignorance and poverty, no informed Negro should deny that the amount of crime within the Negro community is disturbingly large.

TWO—Is race a factor in this situation?

More Negroes certainly would assume responsibility for dealing with Negro lawbreakers if they were convinced that influential whites either understood or could accept the answer to that question. The answer, if we are to believe our scientists, is "No."

About a year ago, after a wave of publicity about crimes committed by Puerto Ricans, when New York City was astir with proposals to ban Puerto Rican immigration, Police Commissioner Stephen Kennedy said, "Public hysteria is the counterpart of public apathy. Don't give aid and comfort to those who would set group against group. Crimes are committed by individuals, not by groups. Just as you cannot evade personal acts, you cannot stigmatize groups, racial, religious or ethnic, because of crimes committed by individuals."

THREE—If race is not to blame, then why do minority-group members commit so much of the crime?

Clarence Senior, an official in the Migration Division of the Labor Department of the Puerto Rican government and a nationally recognized authority in this field, points out that the minority-group member, particularly the newcomer, is an "outsider" and is generally more conspicuous, especially to the police. Senior says crime statistics also reflect poverty and a lack of economic and political power. "There is a great difference between what happens to a drunk on the Bowery and to one on Fifth Avenue," Senior explains. "A shoplifting Negro is a shoplifter; a shoplifter from high society is a kleptomaniac."

To carry his point further, there is not a major city in the nation where the police department does not pad the crime statistics through periodic forays into low-income communities where they arrest scores of individuals in crap and poker games. These same policemen would be considered insane if they rapped on the door of a residence in a more prominent section of the city, or invaded a country club, with the intention of arresting the participants in a game of poker or gin rummy.

Even the most ignorant citizen is aware of this double standard, and the result is his brooding contempt for the law, which certainly is the generating force for much minority-group crime. For the same reason, minority-group members shout "discrimination" or "brutality" on almost any pretense, often rendering effective law enforcement impossible. Police Commissioner Kennedy tells of one situation where twenty-seven Harlem Negroes had been killed by poison whisky. When the police finally caught the Negro bootlegger, he began to scream "brutality"—and the large gathering mob created so much consternation that the bootlegger got away.

On the other hand, enough bona fide cases of police brutality and unfairness continue to occur to make such accusations believable. It all adds up to the fact that there will be no appreciable improvement in the crime situation among minority groups in our big cities until there is fairer and more effective enforcement of, and thus greater respect for, the law.

This does not require the naming of top Negro police administrators just for the sake of naming Negroes, but it ought to fall within reason that there will be less respect and enthusiasm for the law among Negroes in communities that discriminate against Negroes in the hiring of policemen and other law-enforcement officials.

FOUR—Well, how do you explain the "lack of enthusiasm" shown by Negro leaders in facing up to the problem of illegitimacy? Is not this a particularly severe problem among colored people?

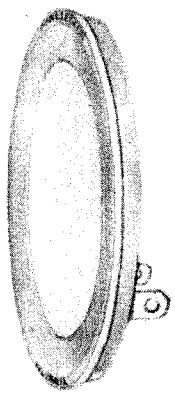
One man who asked me this question sent along a copy of an article from *U.S. News and World Report* showing that during one seven-month period, 185 Washington, D.C., school girls under sixteen became pregnant, and that 169 were Negroes, as against only sixteen whites.

It is true beyond any doubt that nonwhite women and girls bear a disproportionate percentage of illegitimate children, but the problem of births out of wedlock has become more acute for the nation as a whole, with no racial group exempted. In 1938 the National Office of Vital Statistics of the Public Health Service recorded seven illegitimate births in the United States for every 1000 unmarried women—including divorcees and widows—between the ages of fifteen and forty-four. In 1957 the ratio of illegitimate births had risen almost threefold to 20.9. Similarly, the United States Department of Health, Education and Welfare reports that between 1947 and 1957 the number of babies born out of wedlock to girls less than eighteen years old rose 49 per cent, from 29,500 to 44,000.

Anyone who thinks that this sharp increase has been restricted to colored people is deceiving himself. A Catholic welfare agency in a Minnesota community where the nonwhite population is almost negligible told me that there has been a startling increase in the number of youthful pregnancies within the last few years. In 1951 the agency assisted two fourteen-year-olds and five fifteen-year-olds; in 1958 it served two thirteen-year-olds, three fourteen-year-olds and eighteen fifteen-year-olds. At this agency the unwed mothers fifteen or younger had more than tripled in seven years.

Yet it must be noted that few social problems are of greater concern to thinking Negroes (*Continued on Page 51*)

..Light from a new source



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(*Continued from Page 49*) than the excessively high rate of illegitimacy. The Office of Vital Statistics reports that in 1957, 206.7 of every thousand nonwhite live births were illegitimate compared with 19.6 for every thousand white births.

Do not these statistics show that Negro families are less moral than whites and that white parents have a justifiable reason for insisting on separate schools?

The statistics prove nothing about basic or inherent morality. The Office of Vital Statistics itself points out that because white families are more inclined to misrepresent the legitimacy of the child, are more able to conceal an illegitimate birth and are economically more able to have the unwed mother leave the community before the birth of the child, the statistics "operate in the direction of a proportionately greater understatement of illegitimacy in the white group than in the non-white." In addition, it is a well-documented fact that for financial and other reasons, the vast majority of the estimated 750,000 abortions performed in this country every year are performed on white women. This also distorts the statistics.

Reports from the Office of Vital Statistics show that wherever there is a minority group educationally and economically depressed, the illegitimacy rate is exceedingly high. In the Dakotas, for example, where Indians make up most of the nonwhite population, out-of-wedlock births average more than 130 per 1000—or ten times as great as for the white population. Washington State, where the Negro population is relatively advanced educationally and economically, reported a ratio of 81.7 illegitimate births per 1000 nonwhite births in 1956—whereas Alabama, where the Negro's status is much less desirable, reported a ratio of 255.

Yet, making all these allowances, no reasonable Negro will argue that births out of wedlock do not constitute an especially distressing problem among Negroes. Illegitimacy obviously reflects some serious social dislocations which operate with more force within the Negro community than in the white.

We know that for all human beings morality has a somewhat direct relationship to the amount of temptation faced. Thus a Negro girl who grows up in a two-room apartment with a family of eight and is exposed to sex at an early age, and who lives in a teeming slum area where boasts of sexual prowess are a status symbol for the street-gang hierarchy, faces infinitely more temptation than a girl who grows up in the relatively sheltered atmosphere of a middle-class family in a decent neighborhood.

We assume also that moral behavior is directly related to the amount of wise supervision afforded youngsters. When the percentage of Negro women living apart from their husbands is four times as great as for whites, and when the still great disparity in family incomes means that Negro mothers with small children are three times as likely to find it necessary to work as white mothers, there is an obvious lack of supervision in a great many Negro homes.

A Virginia commission to study the illegitimacy problem made this forthright summary in 1959 in its report to the governor and the General Assembly: "... The lower-class Negro suffers from many lacks which cannot but help affect the illegitimacy rate. Living in overcrowded slums, often sleeping in the same room or even bed as their parents, lacking even rudimentary recreational facilities, lacking in many areas the opportunity for a decent education and experiencing dietary deficiencies which affect their health and their energies so necessary to strive to improve their lot, it is small wonder that these children as teen-agers and young adults turn to illicit sexual activities in their drive for some satisfactions and recognition. . . ."

What the leaders of all groups in our communities must face up to is the fact that a vast number of minority-group youngsters live in environments where the moral level is appallingly low. It is far more important to find ways to alter this situation than to try to use it to prove or disprove the moral superiority of one race or another.

FIVE—But don't Negroes have to take some initiative in moving their communities toward proper solutions? Are Negroes doing anything to help newcomers to adjust to their new environments? Are they trying to remove any of these causes of illegitimacy?

Perhaps the most serious and valid charge against Negro leaders is that they have been too "hush hush" where embarrassing problems like crime and delinquency are concerned, acting almost as though they expect time to provide a solution.

Embarrassed by propaganda about Negro misbehavior, many Negroes seem to assume that if Negroes say and do nothing, the propagandists will get tired and go away.

Fortunately there is a movement away from this attitude. In Atlanta what began as a group of housewives and nurses is now a large-scale volunteer group called Door of Hope, which is building a clinic for unmarried pregnant girls. The plan is not only to provide medical care but to rehabilitate the mother, to help her find employment and to help get the child adopted.

More important, unprecedented activity is under way within Negro communities to strengthen family life. This is an exceedingly complex and difficult task, for it involves remedying such problems as the relative lack of economic security and the lower level of education among Negro families. For instance—a few months ago the principal of a Minneapolis school telephoned Robert Williams, executive director of the Minneapolis Urban League, for (*Continued on Page 54*)

Apology Near Fireplace

By Margaret Evelyn Singleton

A squirrel scolding the old
pear tree
Sounds like your last words
to me
And mine to you: mean,
hard and small
As the pears, no succulence
at all
To savor on the sorry
tongue.
Suddenly my tears are
sprung,
Your arms enfold my salty
shame
As tears drown all the
who's-to-blame
In what-if-you-had-gone-
for-good—
Instead of only out for
wood.

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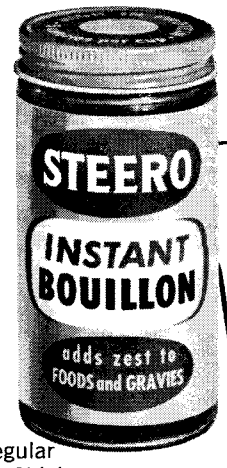
"Instant bouillon for flavor may never catch on in Thruppington. But American women—well, that's another cup of soup—if you know what I mean. So you there, get a jar of Steero Instant Bouillon. It won't make you rich, but it jolly well can make your reputation . . . as a cook, that is."



Regular or Chicken

Meat Balls STEERO Sauce

1 lb. beef, ground
¼ lb. pork, ground
¼ cup soft bread crumbs
1 tbsp. minced onion
¼ cup tomato catsup
1 egg or 2 egg yolks
salt and pepper
flour
fat

Combine meats, crumbs, onion, catsup, egg and seasoning and mix thoroughly. Shape into small balls. Roll in flour and sauté in fat. Remove and keep hot. To drippings in pan add 3 onions thinly sliced and keep hot. To drippings in pan add 3 onions cup hot water. Simmer until onions are tender and golden. Reheat meat balls, pour over sauce, and serve immediately. Garnish with parsley.

Write for Steero Instant Recipe Booklets

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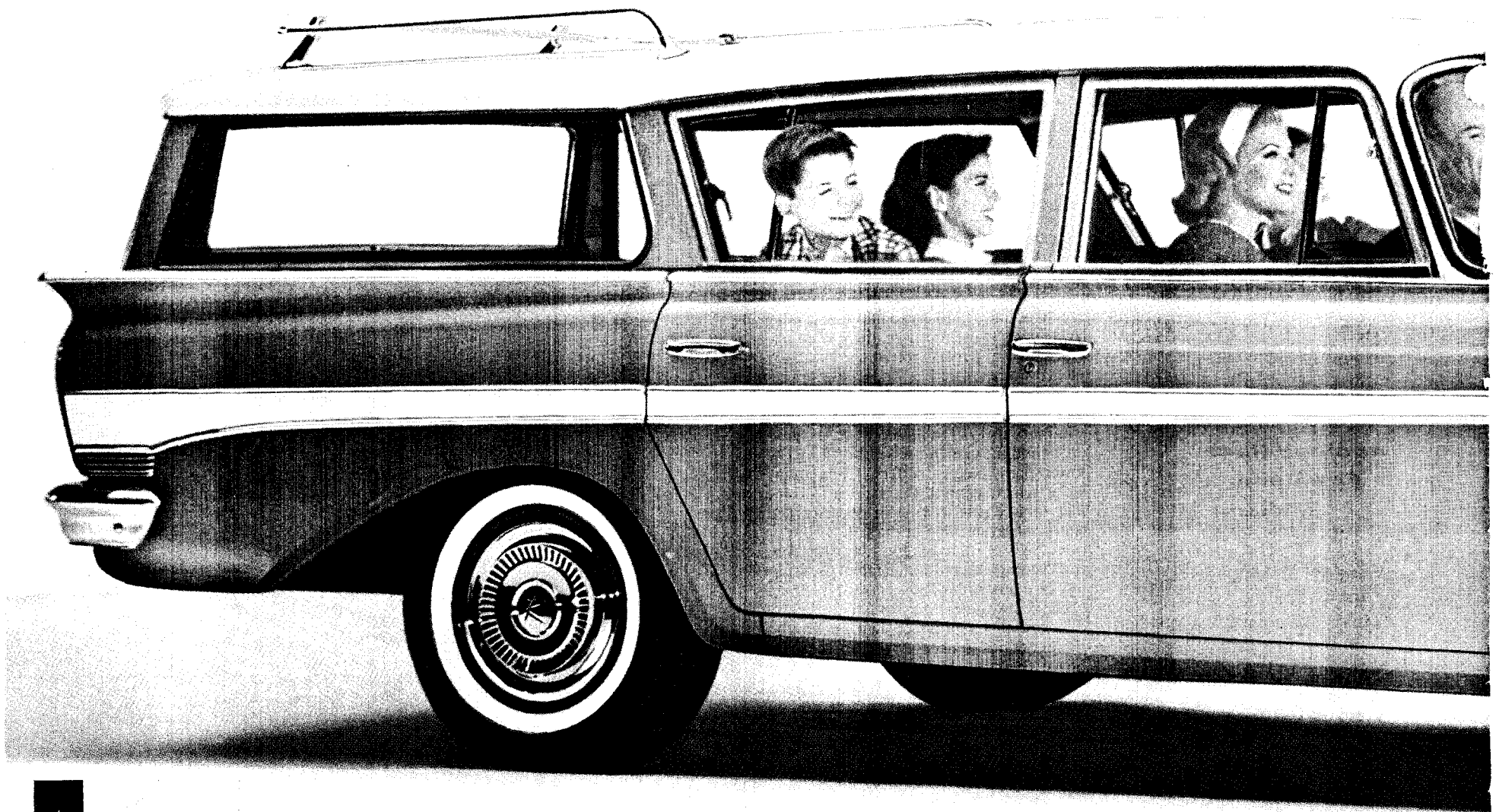

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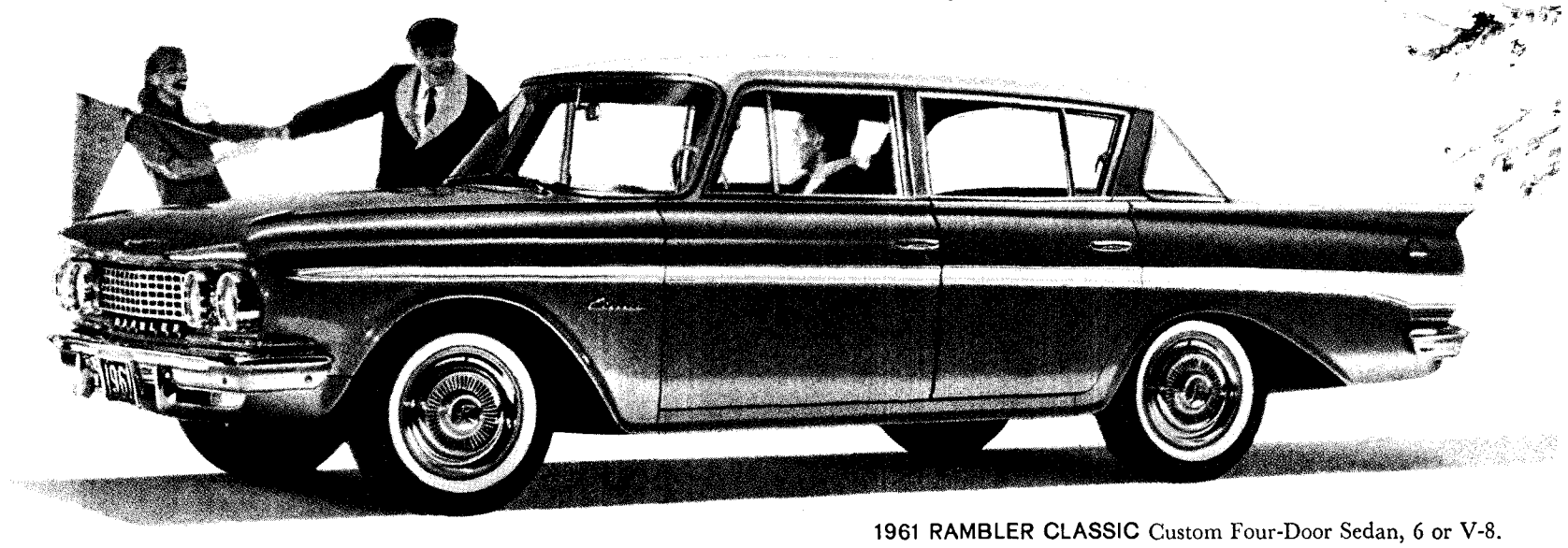
Ceramic-Armored Muffler... New! First acoustical ceiling of molded fiber glass



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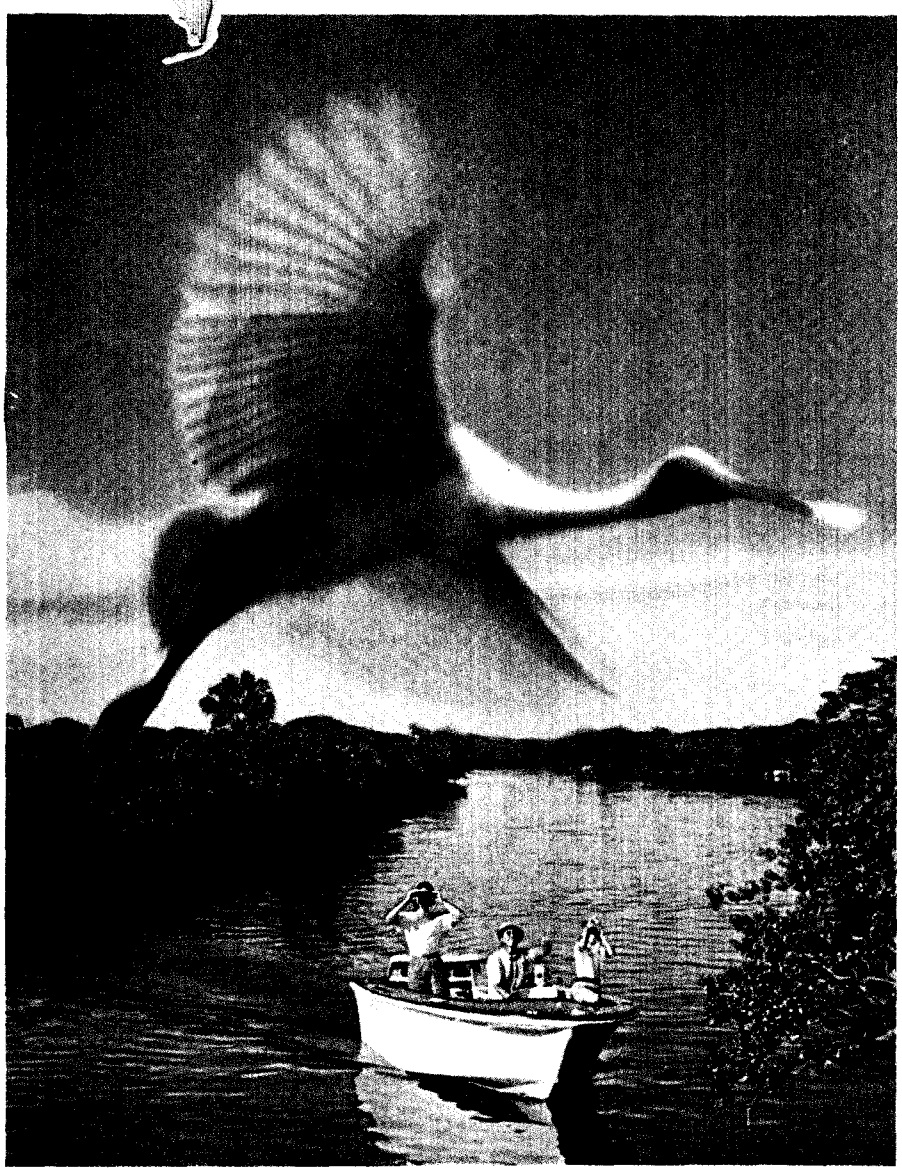

The roseate spoonbill is one of the spectacular birds seen in the Everglades.

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(*Continued from Page 51*) help. Three Negro youngsters were attending school with so much body odor that other youngsters refused to sit beside them. Their clothing was so inadequate that the school had to provide for them from its emergency supply, and the youngsters were so frustrated that they didn't want to attend school.

Williams found that these children and three more, too young for school, were living with their parents and a grandmother in a wretched dwelling. Bathing was unpopular in this household because there was no hot water and the bathtub was broken, so bathing meant boiling water on the stove and pouring it into a tin tub. Disorganization was increased in this family, which had moved to Minneapolis from Arkansas in 1950, because the father had driven a car after his license was suspended and had been sent to the workhouse for ten days, thereby losing his job. This family of nine was living on the thirty-four-dollars-per-week pay of the mother—who left for her job as a cook at six A.M. and had no opportunity to get the youngsters off to school—and the old-age-assistance check of the grandmother. The grandmother's supervision of the youngsters consisted primarily of grouping them around her chair in a semicircle after school and whipping any child who moved during the rest of the day.

The Urban League advised the family that it was eligible for public housing at a cost far below what it was paying. Both parents expressed astonishment that such housing might be available. The league helped the father to find a fifty-dollar-a-week job.

A later check showed that the family failed to apply for public housing, but did find another house with two bedrooms and a bathroom with hot and cold water.

It would be the worst kind of naïvete to assume that this family has ceased to be a problem. Two bedrooms for three adults and six children is hardly ideal—nor is the discipline system used by the grandmother. More guidance and perhaps some prodding is going to be needed if it is to cease to be a community burden.

This would not be alarming if it were not for the fact that in the immediate neighborhood in which this family lives there are perhaps 100 other families in need of similar help. Neither the Minneapolis Urban League nor any other league has the staff or the financial resources necessary to meet even the most glaring needs. The Minneapolis league receives about $26,000 of the roughly $3,000,000 collected annually by the Community Chest—which may be an eminently fair share in view of the much larger clientele and fund needs of many other worthy organizations. But this does not remedy the fact that a token amount of the community's resources is being applied to a tough and distressing problem.

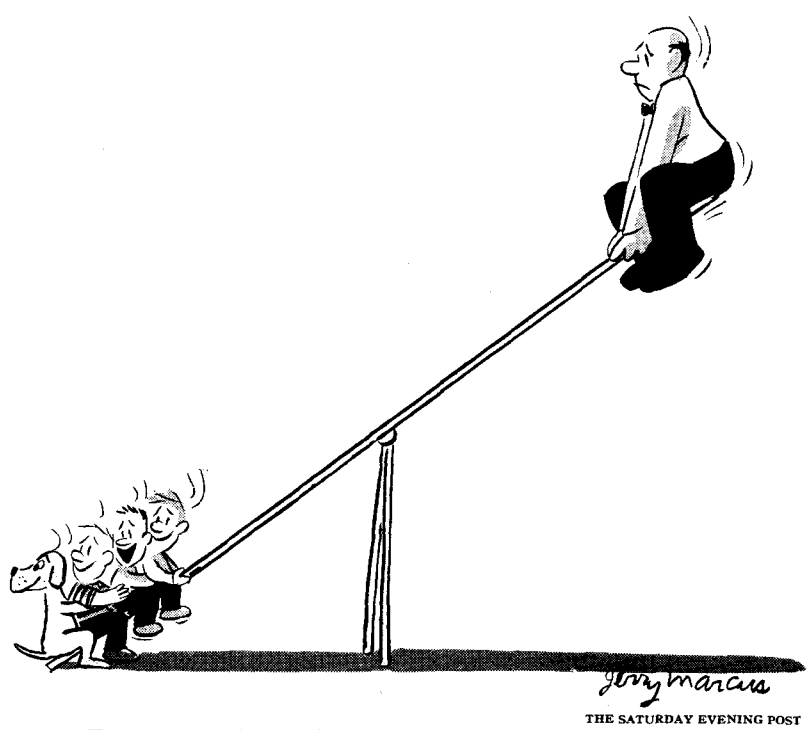
Perhaps the Baltimore Urban League has pointed a way out of this dilemma. During a national conference on human rights in 1958, when officials of the United Steelworkers of America, AFL-CIO, expressed concern about social upheaval in big cities like Philadelphia and Baltimore, Furman Templeton, executive director of the Baltimore league, challenged the union to help. In April, 1959, the Steelworkers made a grant of $12,000 for a two-year project to strengthen family life among Negroes.

Templeton and project director Cortez M. Puryear, seeking co-ordination and co-operation that is lacking in most cities, led churches that previously were concerned with little other than preaching, praying and passing the collection plate to assume more responsibility to meet the needs of human beings in *this* world. In May, 100 Negro churches in Baltimore conducted family-life projects. In some small churches this meant only that the minister devoted his sermon to problems of the family, but for some of the larger churches it meant programs of an unprecedented scope and magnitude. Union Baptist Church conducted a six-week series of lectures and workshops on such subjects as family budgeting, parent-child relationships, marriage relationships and the role of religion in the family. Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Baptists and Catholics provided leaders for the union series, and six community agencies also participated.

In May and June, Negro youth in the Baltimore area met in six Saturday workshops on such subjects as boy-girl relations, juvenile delinquency and higher religious and moral standards for youth.

Templeton says that the league has no idea where it will get funds to continue the project.

"We consider it highly significant that the Steelworkers should decide to spend their civil-rights money on this kind of project," he explains, "and we are going back to the Steelworkers to ask for a further grant. Our major hope, however, is to convince Community Chests across the nation that (*Continued on Page 56*)



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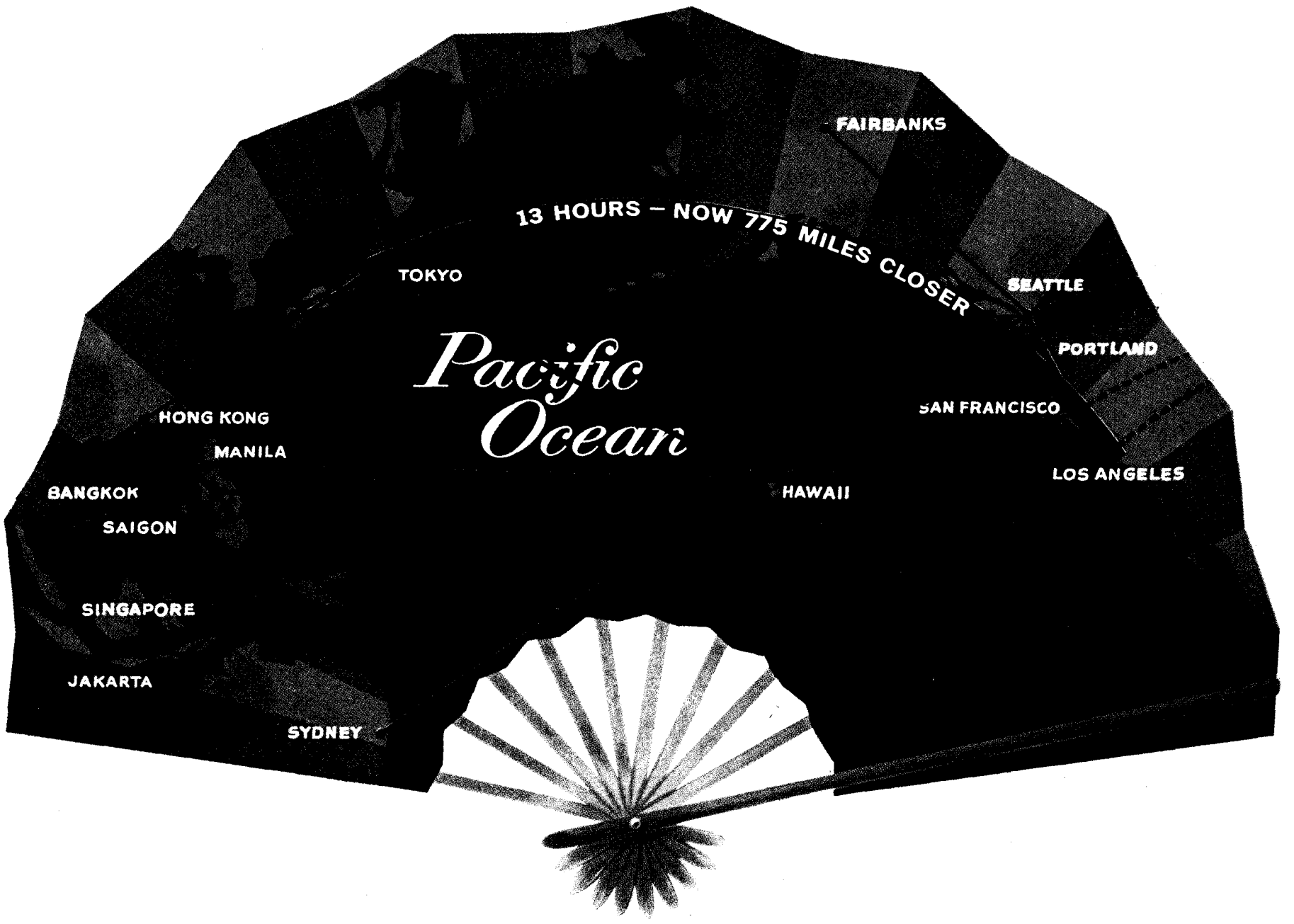

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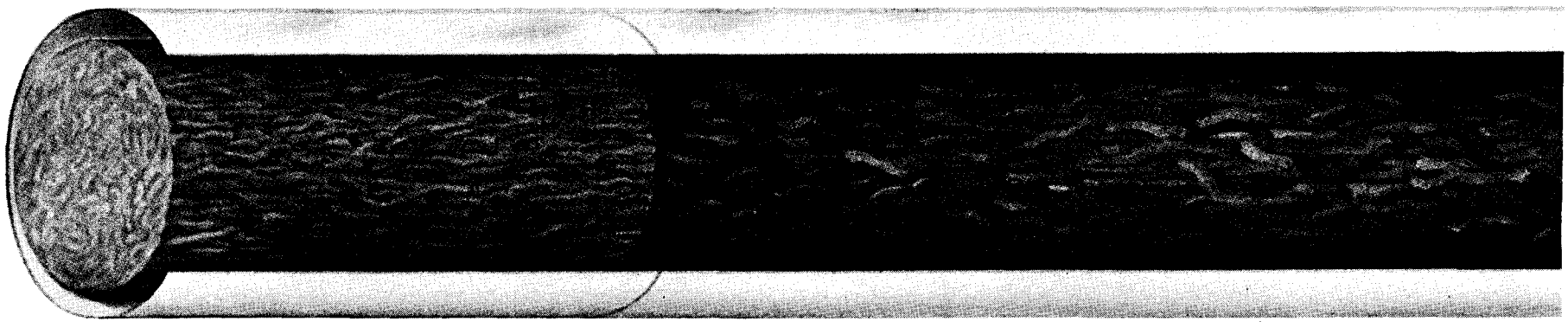


All-Tobacco Taste

(*Continued from Page 54*) they ought to support such strengthen-the-family projects as regular parts of the Urban League program."

Meanwhile, the sixty-two Urban Leagues across the nation are moving into areas where volunteers can do the job, and where almost no funds are required. They are asking young Negro scientists and technicians to serve as "big brothers" for talented youngsters in a program called Tomorrow's Scientists and Technicians (TST).

Charles Johnson, a young mathematician for Minneapolis-Honeywell, speaks with enthusiasm of the warm welcome he and others in the Minneapolis TST group have received from parents of the youngsters being helped. "The parents with the least education and the least ability to advise their youngsters have said in many ways that they really do care about the welfare of their children, that they really do want to see their youngsters rise to professional heights the parents never dreamed of," Johnson says.

"I've been an active worker in Boy Scouts and YMCA work, but there is better parent participation in this TST program than in any project I have ever been involved in."

The greatest transition of all, however, seems to be taking place within the Negro churches. The better-educated ministers are assuming a responsibility to do what Doctor King says needs to be done—lift the moral and intellectual level of the Negro community. These churchmen know that much of the crime within the Negro community stems directly from the Negro's economic plight. Whites who see only the Negro driving the long pastel Cadillac and thus assume that economics cannot be a real problem must understand that despite the economic gains made by the Negro during the 1940's, the gap between the income of the average white family and the average Negro family still is very great.

Credit is far more important to the average Negro family than to the white. Negroes with the added handicap of less education are more at the mercy of peddlers who prey upon the lower-class neighborhoods, offering refrigerators, sewing machines, automobiles and the like to people who obviously cannot afford them, on terms that stretch the limit of the law and often are just plain usurious. To counteract this, the larger Negro churches have embarked on ambitious programs to teach their members thrift, to help young couples to learn to budget.

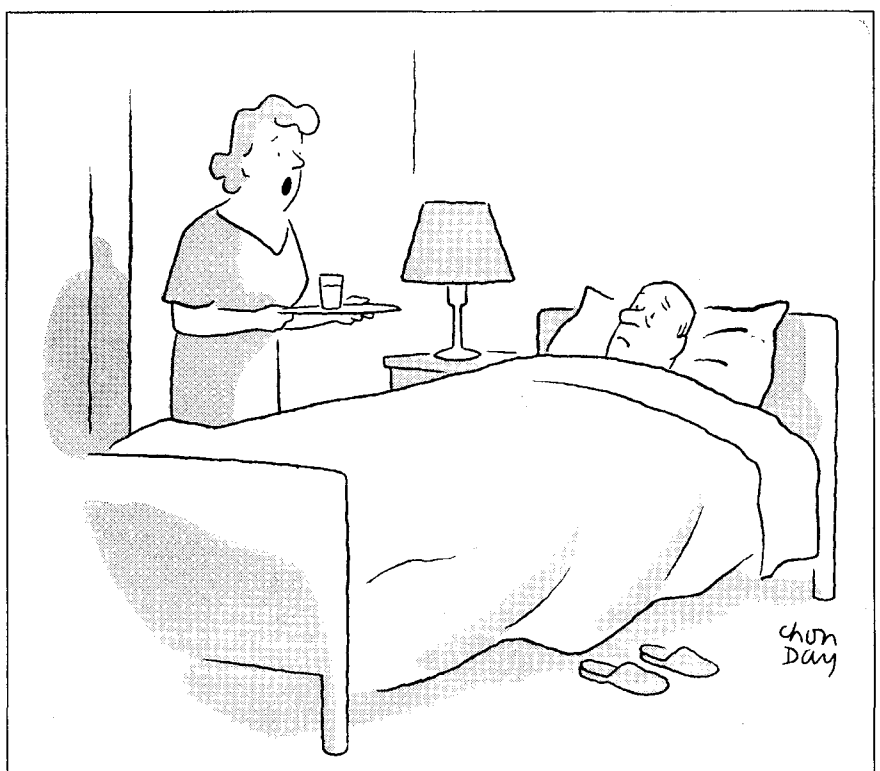
Not only are these churches warning their members to avoid the loan sharks and peddlers with their fancy merchandise, but such institutions as the Second Baptist churches of Detroit and Los Angeles, Wheat Street Baptist Church in Atlanta and Abyssinian Baptist Church in New York, have established credit unions in which Negroes can pool their resources in order to finance the projects that must be financed.

In other churches, such as Doctor King's Ebenezer Baptist Church in Atlanta, institutes on marriage and family relations have become a standard part of a church program based on the assumption that more stable Negro families are an essential part of the Negro's march toward complete equality.

In Philadelphia, Judge Raymond Pace Alexander got a speedy positive response when he asked churches of the city to join in a spiritual-rehabilitation program in which members of the various churches took over the supervision and rehabilitation of youngsters just breaking the bounds of lawlessness.

How effective are all these programs? The evidence offers little reason for glee, or for assuming that such problems as crime and illegitimacy will cease to be a wearisome problem among Negroes within the foreseeable future. Too many things over which Negroes have no control must be changed before Negroes can even talk of "solutions." But at least the Negro has become acutely aware of the fact that he has been trapped in a vicious circle—he has given a second-class performance in many areas because of second-class training and opportunities, yet he has seen his second-class performance cited as a reason why first-class training and opportunities should not be given to him.

The Negro is moving today on the assumption that, vicious as the circle may be, it must be broken, and that if the Negro does not break it no one else will. Not only the Negro's but the nation's future is involved in the question of how soon and effectively that circle can be broken. THE END



"I phoned your boss you wouldn't be in and he said 'Good.'"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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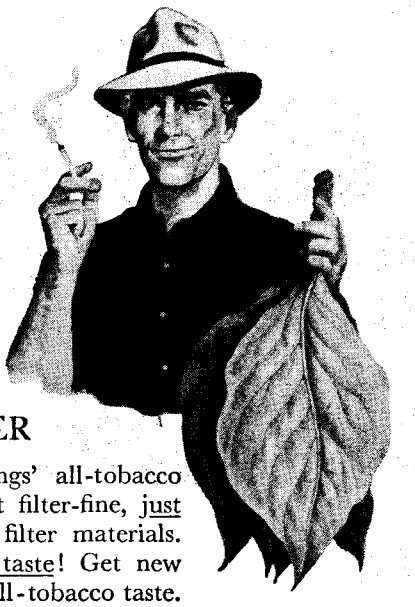

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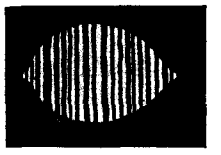

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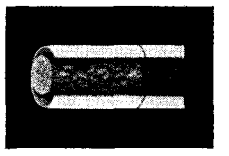

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A Pair of Brave Hands

(Continued from Page 39)

were too tired and too cold for talk. At times the swinging of the vessel left them hidden in her shadows; at other times the moonlight brought them into clearness. There wasn't much difference between them in width of shoulder and of great arms in pea-jacket sleeves. There was a difference in height—a great one. When Jock left the foremast and returned to the lashed helm, he seemed not much more than a boy compared to his dorymate.

By the next afternoon, again calm and the sea still a flat, the *Eliza* had ten thousand pounds of halibut iced down in her pens. The Roseway herring were taking fish in good style. Money was being made. In the middle of the afternoon, having dropped off the last dory, Captain Devlin waited until all the long trawl lines had been set and the baited hooks, hanging by hundreds from the main trawl, were down among the hungry halibut.

The dories had tied up to the black ball buoys that marked the farther anchorage of the trawls. All the dorymen lay down on the bottom boards to keep out of the wind. They were waiting for the signal—three shouts of the vessel's horn—to set them to work at the hauling of the fish.

The fishing signal never came. The schooner had moved off, under the same headsails—which was all that could be handled by the skipper and the cook, the only men left aboard. The dorymen paid little attention to her sailing. That wasn't part of their job. It was the skipper's part to keep a clever eye on his dories, particularly in October, a true winter month on the Grand Banks and a poor time to be killing halibut on Banquereau.

The sunlight began to grow dim. At once the best of the dorymen—Billy and Jock in *No. 1*—came out of their rest and sat up uneasy. Jock stood up, thus to gain a larger view to the northwest, where the *Eliza* had gone.

"Now, Billy, what do you suppose has happened to her?"

Billy made no reply. He kept looking out for the nearest dory, about half a mile away. After a time he saw it rise on a sea. Its men were in the same positions—one on a thwart, one standing.

"Want that I should sing out, Jock?"

"Aye, chum. Give them a tune off it."

Billy reached down into a box near the food box and took out his conch horn, a grand amber-hued shell with a silver mouthpiece. Into this he blew his breath gently. The shell uttered a cry of much beauty, four notes of horn music—a *Loo! la-loo-la!* rising to a clear question by a repeated *Loo-ah? Loo-ah?* By its own expressiveness and by a sort of code understood more by tradition than by exact training, the conch horn sang out Jock's question, "What has happened to her?"

At once an extraordinary clamor of conch horns sent the inquiry along to *No. 10* dory, last to be dropped off and now three miles nearer the vanished *Eliza*. In answer that dory sent out a long, winding note, almost a howl of woe and grief under the sky, already darkening beyond that quarter. Various horns acknowledged the signal. Then all stayed silent.

After a long watch into the northwest, Jock made the traditional signal of trouble on the Banks—an upended oar. When he saw the rosy sunlight gleam on the blade, he said, "We're to leave the trawls and stand by one another. That it, Billy?"

"Aye, chum. It must be so." Billy blew a second call. Resounding by itself in the twilight, this turned the eye of *No. 2* dory to the uplifted oar. Other blades began to gleam. The dories started to gather.

"Look there, chum!" Billy laid out an arm northward. "That star is early."

Jock at once replied, "No star. See the cloud above her. That's a fire, Billy. I pray to God it isn't her aburning there."

"That can't be, chum! Why do you say that?"

"All things can be, Billy. I say it—ah! I don't say it's her, but I do say it's somebody. Can't you make out the flames under that smoky cloud?"

"Aye, Jock, I can. I do see now."

The fire caused the dories to close up on *No. 1*. The oarsmen laid the ten dories alongside and they tied up together for what comfort there was in it. Among those twenty men not a word was uttered in the hours that they gazed over the sea, watching the fire increase and wane.

A voice called out, "Can it be, Jock, that he is standing by a burning vessel to help her?"

"That can be, lad." Only the Atlantic and the Atlantic night could give the answer. It was long in coming. The fire burst out once in a tall flare. It died away, and soon the luminous cloud vanished too. Other clouds of dark vapor, not of smoke, rolled over the place where the moon had risen. There were no stars visible. The intense cold had lessened.

Now somebody else raised the cry, "Is that a star yonder?"

Three or four men stood up and peered at a tiny light wavering where the fire had been. One of them sang out, "There's a dory under sail—a lantern at her masthead."

"Aye!" whispered Jock to Billy, "and carrying bad news on her thwart."

There wasn't a lantern in the dories. Without a signal, the approaching dory stayed on a direct course. It then changed to an eastward course. The lantern vanished. It soon raised up again, brighter than before, so they judged it had been trimmed. The course changed, and until midnight the dory never veered in its sailing toward the other dories. When Jock gave the word, all the conch horns joined in one prolonged beseechment.

Out of the darkness Captain Devlin shouted, "Ahoy, the dories!"

"Aye, captain!" It was Jock that answered; the other hearts had gone down when they heard the hail.

The skipper drifted nearer before he cried out in a voice almost beyond control, "She's burning to the water's edge. She's gone. Charley's with me. We don't know how it happened. The cabin was in flames before we knew it." He seemed unable to say more.

The cook went on with the story. "Had time to clear out the shack locker and take off two kettles of tea, eight loaves of bread, four pies and some cheese—not much. Come alongside and take shares. Captain's orders."

"What will the captain have us do?" A man in *No. 2* dory sang out the necessary question. The cook gave the captain's answer, one chosen on the way. "Each dory is on her own. The captain's dory will stand by the vessel in the hope the fire will bring help. He doesn't know of a better thing to do, so that's what he'll do."

The captain broke in harshly, his face a pity in the lantern haze. "Four to a dory, two to a thwart—if you like it that way. Any dory not coming?"

Jock sang out, "Sable Island the nearest land?"

"Aye!"

"How far, captain?"

"Three days! Too far!"

"Course?"

"Southwest. You can't miss the lights. But you'll never get there! Never!"

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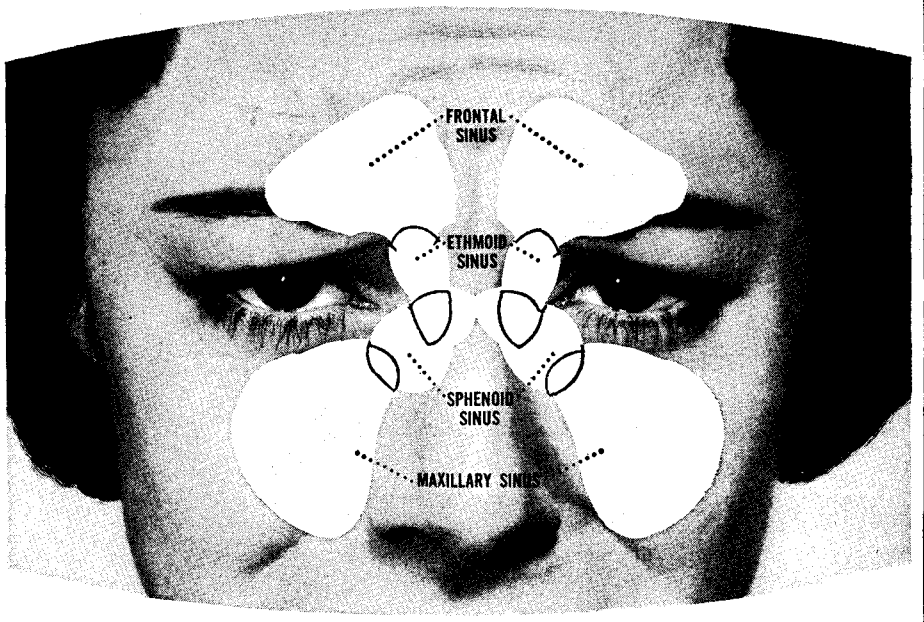

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Something broke into his talk. They heard him say, "Oh, no!" in a despairing tone.

Snowflakes were drifting down his dimly lighted sail, hoisted for his return to the *Eliza*. They all knew what a long snowfall meant to dories waiting for rescue. No other vessel could see far.

Jock took counsel with Billy, then called out, "We'll not tarry in no snowfall or in such a cold blow, waiting on chance. Good-by and good luck, captain and all."

So saying, he sat to the oars and drove the dory away from the others a distance. There he and his dorymate took counsel again. They hoisted the sail, and Billy sat down at the steering oar. Jock lay down on the bottom boards to sleep if he could.

The snow lasted long enough to shut off the other dories. Billy had a last glimpse of the captain's lantern. After that the snow fell so thick that it began to cover Jock, yet he said nothing and didn't stir.

Billy had set his course by a pocket compass. He held to it the first hours, his heart high because the wind blew warm, and the snow had stopped. Three green-hued stars came out directly above him. In looking at them with pleasure, he made out the Pole Star, floating in a bank of its own hazy light. Encouraged, he looked over his shoulder and into the heaving dark, where one day soon the East Light of Sable Island must appear. His longing for that hour seemed to overcome him momentarily. His hunger made him faintly dizzy. He knelt and touched Jock's frosty cheek.

"Spell me, chum! Spell me."

Jock came briskly from his sleep. He shook the snow off his shoulders and struck it from his storm hat. "How long was I out, Billy?"

"Daybreak's not far off, chum. Eat and drink?"

From their single loaf of bread they cut two slices. Out of the water bottle, full of sweetened tea, they drank two mouthfuls each. Billy lay down.

The wind fell off to a little or nothing. Jock furled the sail. He sat to the oars and began a long, sweeping stroke. He kept this up until the sun rose off a murky horizon. He shipped his oars and stood up to scan the sea at all points. He rowed again. A bank of vapor enclosed him. He pushed deeper and deeper into it. The silence grew in there. Only the steady beat of the oar blades sounded. Neither gull nor wild goose cried in that gray place.

Already changed by hunger and danger, Jock kept looking about warily. The vapor made him uneasy. Strangely, it seemed to have become a burden—if not actually to his oars, then to his heart yearning for peace and rest. He glanced frequently at the food box. Had they been aboard the *Eliza*, and all well, they'd have eaten, between them, an entire loaf of that rich bread and a dozen eggs and pancakes and syrup. Aye, and mugs of coffee. He had not had a meal since noontime.

It seemed to him impossible that he had gone such a long time without proper food. He understood that his dorymate, so much bulkier, must be suffering intensely too. He soon rid himself of such thoughts. He drove the dory out of the vapor and once again looked around.

When he sat to the oars he glanced, in an odd show of interest, at his hands. He had a crazy notion that his hands had signaled to him somehow. He had never shown much interest in them before, even when they had labored all day at the trawls. Much scarred by frosts and by fishhooks, his hands had the appearance of metallic hardness. Indeed, their action at the oars stayed smooth, pistonlike. After watching his hands at work, he shipped the oars again and drew out of his oil-clothing pocket a fresh pair of gloves—the white cotton gloves of his trade, not at all a formidable protection, except against salt. They kept the hands working well in cold sea water. Jock drew on the gloves and rowed at a somewhat shorter stroke—shorter, deeper and faster.

He had changed the stroke because of a peculiar action of the wall of vapor—it seemed to be swaying after the dory. Until then the sun had made a glint on the upper streams of vapor. Now gray clouds shut off the sun. The vapor changed at once into a following darkness. It didn't gain on the dory.

At noon or thereabouts Jock made out within the wall a disturbance, rather grand in nature. It seemed that there might be a vessel there, sailing silently toward him.

He shouted, "Ahoy, the schooner!" The wall parted before a thrust. The disturbance turned out to be a fair breeze. It blew hard along the course.

Jock bent down and awakened his dorymate by (*Continued on Page 60*)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Let's take a taxi home—just add it to what I owe you for the movie."

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(*Continued from Page 58*) a blow of his hand. "Billy! Turn out, chum."

It took some time for Billy to break out of his sleep. To escape the cold, he had slept deep, shielding himself from consciousness of all around him. Frost crackled on his hat brim and frost had reached part of the way to his heart, for he sighed piteously when at last his lids lifted, and his eyes blinked dreamily at Jock.

"May God help us, Jock! I could sleep no matter ——"

He broke off. Jock made no reply to him. Indeed, he turned away, as if to hint that the hour for such grave appeals had not yet come. He made a sign toward the mast and sail and shrewdly watched Billy's response. Billy set about making sail. He didn't exactly fumble over it. He worked rather slowly because the frost didn't move out of his blood the way he expected.

Out of that opening in the wall of vapor there came a bellowing and a sort of mighty thrashing. In an instant a squall struck the dory with such force that the sail flew flapping and soaring out of Billy's hampered grasp. In vain he made a long reach and, in doing so, he let the mast carry away. It was no fault of his. Neither of them had ever seen such hail, not in all their born days. Enormous and jagged stones struck sideways and downward too—a granite rain that bowed their heads and rasped screeching in the folds of their clothing.

Ordinarily the hail should have blown itself out in no time. This squall kept battering the dory while the vapor closed over it. A cross sea barged out of the vapor and struck her stern so hard a blow that she began to whirl rapidly, even when Billy fought at the oars to keep her head into the sea. When at last he turned her, she swung into worse circumstances—an icy sea pitched over her gunwale and filled her to the thwarts.

"Bail! Bail, Jock!" Jock gave no answer, except another shrewd look at Billy's contorted face. He took up the bailer and, by the hardest kind of plugging away, he cleared the dory in an hour or so.

In that time, his dorymate's labor at the oars had been even harder. The dory had swerved into a baffling race of tide rips and the flooding tide itself. To make it more difficult, a clockwise current, flowing up out of the east, robbed Billy of his little gains. Whenever he faltered, that current beat the dory around and around.

By midnight Jock relieved him for the second time. They took time out of the battle to divide the crust of the loaf into two pieces, which they ate; and they finished the tea in a mouthful each. By the break of day Billy swayed on the thwart again, his strokes very short and weak; and on the bottom boards, trying to rest, Jock measured the vigor of those strokes.

Precisely at noon of the next day, when the sun shone briefly on them, Billy faltered again. His enormous strength, sapped by famine, gave way. He had not kept the frost out of him and he could not now. It ate up his courage. It lamed him. When a sea lifted him against the whistling sky, he seemed unable to raise his head. At last, groaning with blackened lips, he pitched forward and had barely the vigor and sense to drag the oars along with him.

He'll die soon, and I—I am dying. Jock pushed steadily toward the declining sun. He could not turn his head to look one way or the other because the frost had seized his storm hat and joined it to the hump of frozen hail that burdened his neck. Fresh vines kept climbing up his thighs and grasped at his shoulders. An unbreakable net formed all around him and drove scratching thorns into the stiff oil clothing.

He rowed on. Through snow and hail he turned out the sharp, deep strokes. He tried to measure his gains. He could not. Into his wake squares and splinters of ice swept. These gave him no clue to his speed. He closed his eyes to save the little energy of peering. He put his back into the strokes and made them longer. The increase of darkness pleased him because only in such darkness could he surely make out the flashes from Sable Island, the lighthouses sending their vast candlepower wheeling across the sea.

And yet—oh, my God!—am I steering toward them or away? This doubt, this fear that every stroke carried Billy nearer to death, not nearer to fire and water, started the paralysis of his will. For himself, he had no wish to go on. He had known dorymen to give up the struggle early, if only their own lives depended on the conflict against the Atlantic. For this reason he desired to make sure that Billy lay alive at his feet.

"Billy! Lift your arm, chum! A word, Billy!"

The iciness of the wind, drawn into his lungs, soon put a stop to such pleadings. Yet he had to find out the truth before he broke the trust of dorymates. He shipped the oars, fell to his knees and laid his cheek across Billy's mouth, frost roughened. A long time it took for him to make sure that Billy's seeping breath had warmed his own cheek ever so slightly.

"I'll go on then," he said in a harsh tone, almost one of disappointment.

In a weariness so profound that it, too, made death desirable, he sideways glimpsed the thickening of night, a barely perceptible change in hues. High, indeed, were the seas up which he drove the dory; and deeper, deeper became his steady descents into the troughs.

His hunger became so fierce that in the middle of the night it passed away, passed beyond hunger, beyond thirst. He dreamed no more of drinking tea. He gave up all his dreams except the one he wished to keep by him—the dream of duty done.

"Billy, can't you hear me?" By this time the silence on the bottom boards had no new meaning. One meaning—that he must row on—was all that he could keep in mind. He had enough power in his mind to know that something must give way soon—the loyalty in his heart, his heaving back still straining or ——

My hands! He tried to look at his hands. By bending down the very little allowed by his icy bonds, he saw the hands faithfully pressing forward, drawing back. He sat in judgment over his mind, heart and body. Even in the delirium making up behind his eyes, he perceived that his mind must go, his heart must fail. It seemed clear to him that his hands possessed the true bravery. He even believed that his hands would row on when he died, if only he could keep them clenched to their task, unable to obey his mind or his heart when these should break.

His love of faith revealed to him the only action— (*Continued on Page 65*)

You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

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Dorothea lost. The court said that while unemployed persons are not required to take just any old job, "nonetheless, where a person is reasonably fitted for more than one kind of employment, he is not allowed to refuse one kind merely because he prefers the other."

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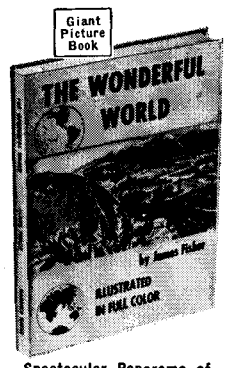

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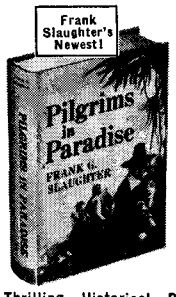

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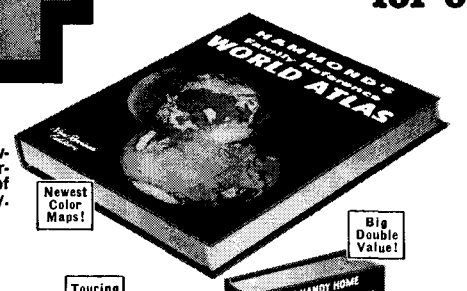

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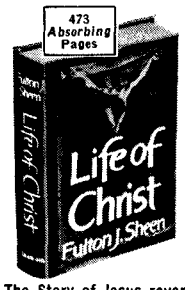

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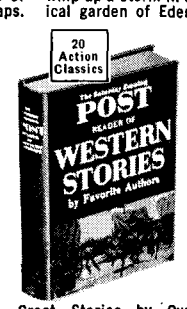

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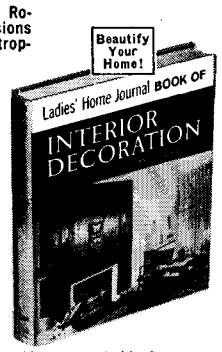

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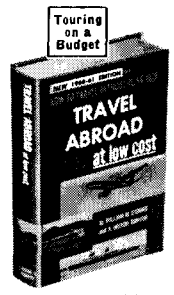

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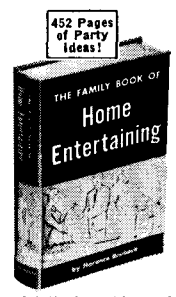

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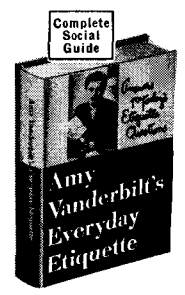

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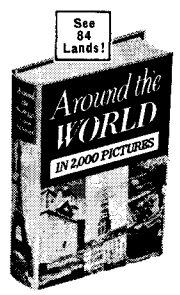

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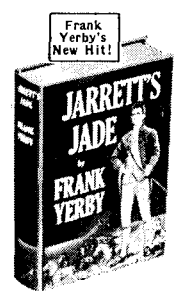

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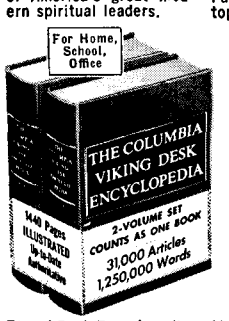

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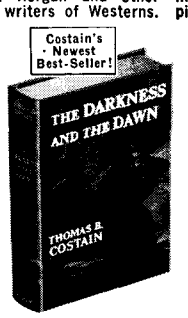

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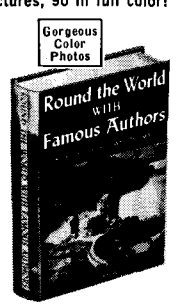

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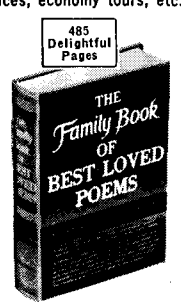

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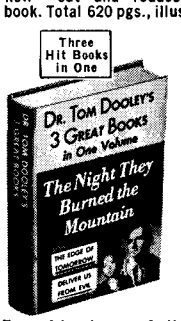

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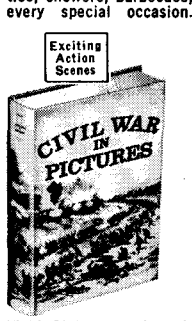

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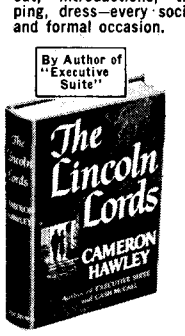

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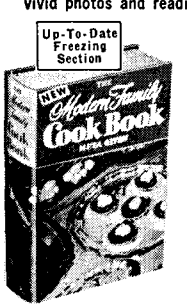

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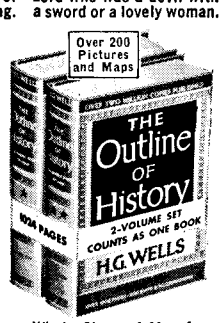

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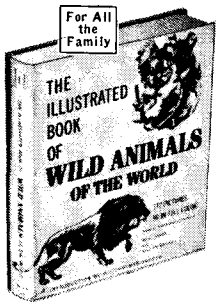

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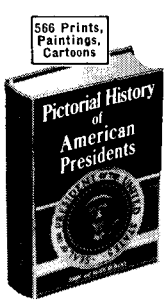

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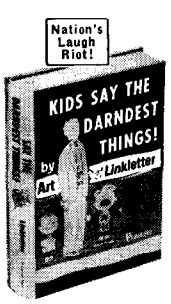

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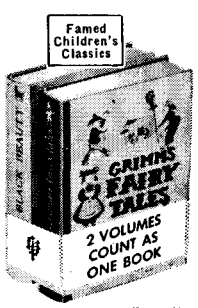

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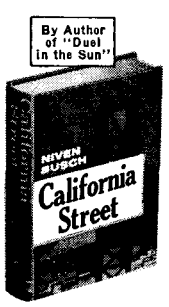

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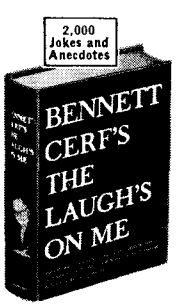

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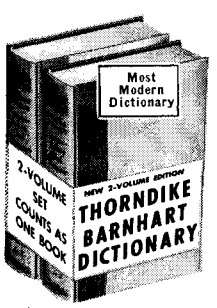

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(*Continued from Page 60*) for the sake of his dorymate's life he must give up his own life as a man. He found himself quite willing to do it. Yet he must make sure. He had wits enough to understand that part of it. He swung the dory around and waited for a sea to heave it high; and there, again on a high, whirling crest, he opened his eyes and wrenched his head upward.

He made out a light far, far away, the shape of a candle. The sea broke under him before he could look again.

"Now I know!"

His mind accurately told him how distant Sable Island lay; and his mind declared it could not last that long. His heart said gently that it could not venture there, not with the cold working down to zero. His hands kept at work. He bent down the best he could and, in the way of a final endearment, whispered, "Good-by to you, right! Good-by, left!"

Thereupon, he drove his right hand into the water below the tholepins. He held it there, watching the white glove sag at the finger tips. He drew it out and saw the frost seize it and stiffen it. He had seen this happen so many times before when they were rowing to the schooner with a full dory and the sun off the water. A thousand times he had beaten the frost off by striking his hands lightly against his knees. Now he would not do so.

He thrust his left hand into the slushy water under the thwart. When he lifted it, the frost instantly whitened all the fingers and, at the tips, formed shreds of ice like tinsel. The glove became brittle.

And yet he waited to do more. He waited until a burst of hail spun into the dory. Stones of hail, quite tiny and fine, streamed over his hands. The intense cold caught the stones and added a thickness to the gloves of ice. Flying spray, freezing as it fell, covered his hands, too; and thus they became gauntlets of ice, clenched irrevocably to the oars, according to his will.

He began to row, easily at first to make sure his hands would not work free. He used a shorter, deeper stroke to restrict his action and to let more ice form on his gauntlets. This he did until at last he knew his hands could not surrender to his heart's demands nor could the hands lose an oar.

Hours later he swung the dory around again. He tried to break the imprisonment of his head. He had to lean far back and gaze out of a mask of ice. He shouted within; this joy became a poor hiss out of his mouth. He had seen the East Light and the West Light too. His course lay between them. Already, in the wail and scream of his delirium, he heard the surf lunging down the eastern shore of Sable, the lee shore of wrecks and ruined hulls.

He could not feel his heart beating nor the hot running of his blood. He didn't know that he had hands at all. They stayed true to themselves. They drove the crystaled dory into the tide rips of the shoal water, over the tumultuous bars and into the breakers. In a last delivery of the deep stroke, his hands forced the dory to the top of a roller that flung her tipping onto the beach.

Jock fell sideways with such violence that the ice about his head and shoulders cracked. One oar broke under the sagging of the dory. He raised the other oar, already cracked, and, by a thrust of his knee, broke it. He lifted up his hands and clattered them down against the gunwale until the ice splintered and the handles worked free. Whatever happened to his fingers at that moment, he knew nothing of it.

He dragged Billy out of the dory and up the shore and across the rift of seaweed at high-water mark. He crawled on hands and knees up a dune and searched the dark hollows until he saw a lighted window shedding an oblong of brassy light upon marsh grass. He knew that the light burned always for such as he—dorymen cast ashore. He dragged Billy to the hut door and kicked it open.

On a rough-hewn table of driftwood he saw a cardboard box with the word MATCHES on it. Taking short steps, he walked swaying to the table. He laid his hands out on the table, first the right and then the left. He gravely sized them up. He found no difference between them. He then stared at the box in the most intense fashion. Since he had come there for fire, the idea of the matches made itself clear at last. He thumped his hands up and down on the table until the matchbox danced. Slivers of ice snapped away: in fact, so much ice had gone from his hands that he could see some of his fingers,

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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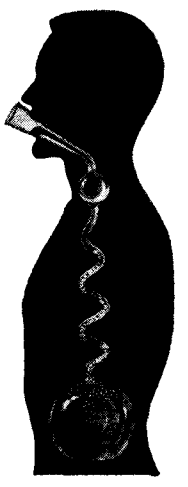

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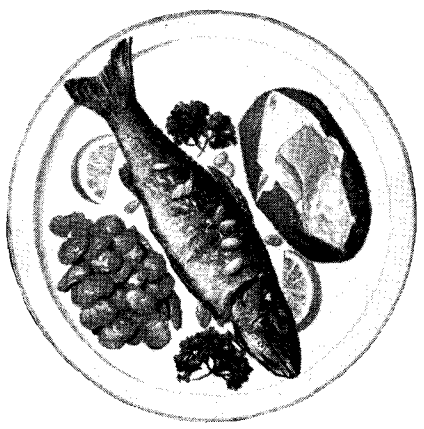

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plum-colored in the inward sheathing of frost, where the cotton of his gloves had been ripped off.

His numbness hampered him. By no means could he pick up a match between thumb and forefinger. This disability annoyed him. He hissed over it, grumbled and once again swayed dangerously—this time back and forth, as if he could not keep his balance. Then, as if to urge himself to the required action, he spoke. "Billy! Ah, there! Fire! Fire!"

After that he held the matchbox down with his left hand and worked out three matches. He tried to pick one up by pressing his thumbs together against it. This failed, and the match became wet. He tried again and succeeded. He held the match to the lantern until the sulphur flamed. He swung heavily toward the stove and dropped the match into the kindling, deftly piled under billets of wood and chunks of coal. The fire sang out.

He kicked a chair away from the fire and set it close to the door. He seated Billy on it. He feared that Billy might lose the frost too quickly, to the ruin of flesh.

He found the buckets of salt water, placed there for a purpose he understood—to draw the frost slowly. He pressed Billy's right hand into one bucket, his left into the other.

"Mind you now, Billy!" He himself began to grow warm, a change that redoubled his fears for his dorymate. He set his eyes on the door and, in the same short step, walked to it and thrust it open to let the cold wind blow in.

The opening of the door sent a shower of lanternlight and firelight upon the dunes. When the beam of the East Light passed over the hut, then the light of the doorway flared clearer, farther. Two mounted men of the beach patrol, resting their horses upon another dune, saw the light. They put their horses to a trot.

Jock heard their shouts. When they entered, spruce and hale in their pea jackets, he twisted his head awkwardly and fell back a pace. He could see only one of the young men. To him he said, "Why, chum, here's Billy." He whispered a cracked sentence about the schooner. After that he fell clinking into their arms.

On Sunday morning, and the bugler blowing church call outside the East Light barracks, Billy entered the sick bay there. The guardsmen had taken the frost out of him, and no harm done. A whole man, he came up to Jock, lying in a narrow bed, his two bandaged hands before him on the blanket. The bed being low, Billy knelt down to be close to him. In silence he stayed there, his hands wide open and his eyes fixed on them, until Jock stirred and spoke.

"All right, are you, Billy?"

"Aye!"

"What news of her?"

"From what you said in the hut, Jock, they sent off a message to a salvage tug out of Canso, and she found them in the lee of her dead hulk. They're all right now. Close call."

"Thank God for that, Billy."

"It's twenty more you saved, Jock."

Jock closed his eyes. When he opened them, he saw Billy's hands embracing his own in a fond grasp. "Well, Billy, they've told you about me, have they? Some fingers gone forever, chum? They tell you that?"

Billy turned his head away because the tears at last had come to his cheeks. "Don't take on so, chum," whispered Jock. "Only—only I can't go dorymates with you, Billy. Never no more."

Billy held up his hands. "These will care for you all the days of your life, Jock. Because you was a good man in a dory. Always "

"Aye, Billy, I was. And you made me so."

They Never See Their Children (Continued from Page 41)

One day Helen's grandmother said, "Keeping house and looking after a baby are two separate jobs. Are you sure you can learn both at once?"

"I hope so," Helen replied, a bit doubtfully.

"Why not stay with us until you're thoroughly used to the baby?" Mrs. Hardy suggested. After talking it over between themselves, the Marchisios agreed that she was right. They decided to remain where they were indefinitely.

Almost until the last minute, Helen looked forward to the birth of her baby with pride and confidence. Then, just before it was due to arrive, she suddenly panicked. "What were we thinking of?" she asked Aldo one night. "How can I take care of a helpless infant? What if it falls and gets hurt? I won't have any way of finding out what's wrong."

"Don't get excited," he said. "There will be plenty of people around to help in emergencies."

"Maybe so. But what are we going to do when we're alone?" she demanded.

"We'll cross that bridge when we come to it," he replied.

Their daughter Alison, blond, blue-eyed and normal in every respect, was born at the City Hospital on July 7, 1947; and the education of Helen Marchisio as a parent began. One of the first lessons she learned after she arrived home was to keep the baby on her lap while feeding and dressing her.

"Other mothers could put their babies on beds or bassinets, but I didn't dare," Helen recalled. "I couldn't take the chance of her falling. I just learned to do everything with one hand while I held her with the other."

Helen made the baby's formula with four-ounce bottles instead of the conventional eight-ounce size. While it took twice as long, it was the only way she could get any degree of accuracy in measuring out the ingredients. Since the blind can measure only by touch, she figures she unsterilized every formula she ever made, but this bothered neither her nor her offspring.

When Alison was ready for solid foods, new problems arose for Helen. It was hard enough to get food from a plate to her own mouth, and now she had to work out a way to steer it into her daughter's. At first she tried making the nipple holes bigger so she could continue to bottle-feed the child, but the holes clogged up, and she knew she'd have to use a spoon.

She finally sat Alison on her lap and put her left arm around the baby's neck. By running the forefinger of her left hand on a line immediately below Alison's lower lip, Helen could use it as a guide and steer the spoon into the child's mouth.

"It was messy, but it worked," she said. "Besides, did you ever hear of anyone spoon-feeding a small baby without being messy?"

Politics is the art of making it sound as if Santa Claus comes in November.

RUSSELL NEWBOLD

Although her relatives could watch Alison if Helen wanted to go anywhere while Aldo was away at work, she rarely took advantage of them. She had given up her job and was concentrating all her attention on the baby. She remained within touching distance of Alison most of the time, and there was never a moment when she didn't know exactly where the child was.

The Marchisios moved into a home of their own in the spring of 1949, just before Carolyn, their second child, was born. Once again, as the time for the baby's arrival neared, Helen had misgivings about her ability to cope with new situations which would arise.

"I just hope the care of two children won't be twice as hard as the care of one," she remarked to her husband.

Aldo helped her with the household duties and the children whenever he was home. He did the heavy cleaning and marketing, while Helen did the cooking and light housekeeping. They acquired a washer, a drier, a freezer and other laborsaving devices, and both learned how to use them. In case they needed the help of a sighted person, they knew they could call on Caroline Hardy, who dropped in regularly to make sure everything was running smoothly.

When Helen came home from the hospital with Carolyn, she found that her most pressing problem was how to watch Alison while taking care of the infant's basic needs. She solved it by keeping Alison close beside her whenever she fed or dressed the baby. With both arms occupied, Helen had to depend entirely on Alison's obedient reactions to her verbal instructions. She usually spoke softly to both her children, but if Alison tried to squirm away, Helen found that a stern "Stay here!" prevented the little girl from going too far.

By the time Peter was about to join the family in August of 1950, the Marchisios were fully prepared for him. This time there were no misgivings on Helen's part, and she also took in stride the arrival of Paul in December of 1952 and Rosemary in June of 1955.

Shortly after Peter was born, she realized that she couldn't keep her children by her side forever. Alison was three and a half and Carolyn two, but neither had ever been out of Helen's reach when she was home alone with them.

If the older children had to be outdoors, she had to go along with the baby. But this meant taking all three back into the house whenever she went there herself. She didn't dare leave her youngsters for a moment except when Aldo or a sighted person was there to watch them. But Aldo worked all day, and Helen didn't want to impose on her friends who could see, or go to the expense of hiring a babysitter.

"There must be some way the kids can play safely outside while I'm alone in the house," she said to Aldo.

"Just tell them to stay in one place," he suggested. "They obey pretty well."

"Yes, they're very good," she agreed. "But you can't expect children not to move around. (*Continued on Page 70*)

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ALL NEW DART PICKUP FROM DODGE THE ONLY TRUCK WITH COMPACT-ECONOMY

EXPLAIN COMPACT-ECONOMY, PLEASE? It means a full half-ton truck with all the virtues of a compact. Compact diet. Compact maintenance costs. Even the handling of a compact, as sort of a bonus. That's what compact-economy means. That's what the all-new Dart Pickup has. A truck that'll keep a close rein on your dollars while doing an all-truck job, all day, all the way.

HOW COMPACT IS ITS DIET? Let's put it this way. We gave our new engine, the 225-cubic-inch, Dart Power Six the only test that's worth a thing. We put it up against Ford and Chevrolet, and it came out ahead every time in actual miles per gallon. Incidentally, this engine is worth an appreciative glance from you. Inclined 30 degrees from the vertical, it has an interesting and highly efficient 12 port manifolding system, an alternator-generator that will charge the battery even at idle (make it last longer). Also there's a barnful of underhood work room. But you'll seldom need it. This new engine of ours is a mighty tough customer.

AND WHAT ELSE IS NEW? Take a look, below. There's nothing there you've ever seen. And a lot there you can't see just by looking. Like new clutching, shifting and handling. There is the obvious, of course. The new body and cab. There is even a new, soft sound that belies this one's ability to do a sleeves up job for you.

WITH SOMETHING CALLED A "SEDAN RIDE"? That describes it. A truck ride with all the "truckiness" taken out. You know how a truck ride used to be. Pitch. Lurch. Jolt. Anything but pleasant. That's all gone from the Dart Pickup. This new suspension system is simplicity itself. No bars, rods, or gimmicks. Almost service free. You'll be pleased to know, too, that the front tires don't pay the penalty for your pleasant ride. You'll get all the mileage you pay for from every tire on your Dart Pickup.

OK, WHAT ABOUT THE OTHER DODGE TRUCKS FOR '61? The only problem: Where to start. There are 1961 Dodge conventional and cab forward models, and a four-wheel-drive series, three door-to-door jobs, and a series of school bus chassis. There's six and V8 gasoline power. And Cummins diesel, too. There are trucks and tractors. Single-axle and tandem models. The weight spread is from 4300 lbs. GVW to 76,800 lbs. GCW. And that's a lot of Dodge truck to talk about, mister—a whole lot!

ONE MORE THING—PRICES? We have just one thing to say about prices, and that's definite. The new Dart Pickup and the 1961 Dodge truck line are priced competitively with any truck coming or going. That's on top of whipping the pants off 'em for muscle, hustle, and money-saving ways. It figures. They all carry the dependable Dodge brand, don't they? **SEE YOUR DODGE DEALER**

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"EVERYTHING STAYS AS CLEAN AS PAIGE'S NEW GOWN" is the way Mrs. Patterson describes their flameless electric house heating. She doesn't worry about young Lindon and Shannon playing on the clean, draft-free floor. And she says: "My furniture stays clean. And so does the upholstery and all the walls." Mr. Patterson reports: "We're getting so much more at a cost comparable to other fuels we've used."

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Patterson, of Silverton Drive, Dallas, Texas, are among 850,000 families who already enjoy the convenience and cleanliness of electric heat in their total electric Gold Medallion Home.

As you see from the pictures on this page, the Patterson family is living a wonderfully new kind of life. They're among the first in their neighborhood to own a home with everything electric. And they're proud of it.

Living in this modern way has brought new happiness, a new sense of freedom to every member of the family.

Mrs. Patterson is especially enthusiastic about her family's health. Colds and sinus attacks are fewer than ever before. Clean, evenly controlled electric heat keeps them all comfortable without drafts.

Another new blessing is that draperies, walls and furniture still look bright as new with little cleaning or dusting. The dishwasher, dryer and other appliances have also helped cut routine tasks to a minimum. So Mrs. Patterson enjoys more time with her children.

In the Patterson home, rooms flow into one another to create a free atmosphere. The kitchen opens onto the dining and living areas. This is now practical because flameless electric cooking is so clean and cool.

Everything is so convenient, so much fun. Young Lindon's electric train, the sewing machine and coffeemaker can all run at the same time and in any room. Outlets and switches are plentiful throughout the house, with power to spare.

Moreover, the Pattersons always have the priceless sense of security that comes from knowing everything is flameless. Youngsters play at will around the water heater, clothes dryer—even practice cooking on the electric range.

If you plan to buy, build or modernize, find out how simple and inexpensive it is to provide your family with this modern way of living in a total electric home. Ask your local electric utility about it.

THIS GOLD MEDALLION identifies the Patterson house as a total electric home. It blends both modern and traditional design. It demonstrates too that anyone can be sure of comfortable living with flameless electric house heating, flameless electric appliances, Full Housepower Wiring and decorative Light for Living. A Gold Medallion Home like this holds its value in your time, and your children's.

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FULL HOUSEPOWER WIRING provides plenty of circuits, convenient outlets and switches—even in unusual places. "It's more fun cooking out here," says Paige, as she broils a snack, perks coffee and plays records in the den—all at once. "We've blown fuses in every house but this one," says Mr. Patterson.

BASKETWEAVE CABINETS STAY CLEAN. That's what Mrs. Patterson likes best about her flameless electric range. Helping Lindon and daughter Shannon get ready for school, she adds: "My kitchen shutters wouldn't be practical if I had to scrub them. Electric cooking makes it wonderfully cool, too. That makes a difference in the summer."

"FLAMELESS WATER HEATING IS SO SAFE," says Mr. Patterson. "And we value this feeling of well being." A flameless water heater can fit in a closet, cellar, or in the attic, without a flue. Food and canned goods can be stored above it in complete safety.

SAFE CLOTHES DRYING is a blessing to Mrs. Patterson, who says: "I'm never concerned about the children around the electric dryer," as five-year-old Shannon helps out. "The dryer takes care of everything, including the nylons and wash-and-wears."

A total electric Gold Medallion Home is so clean

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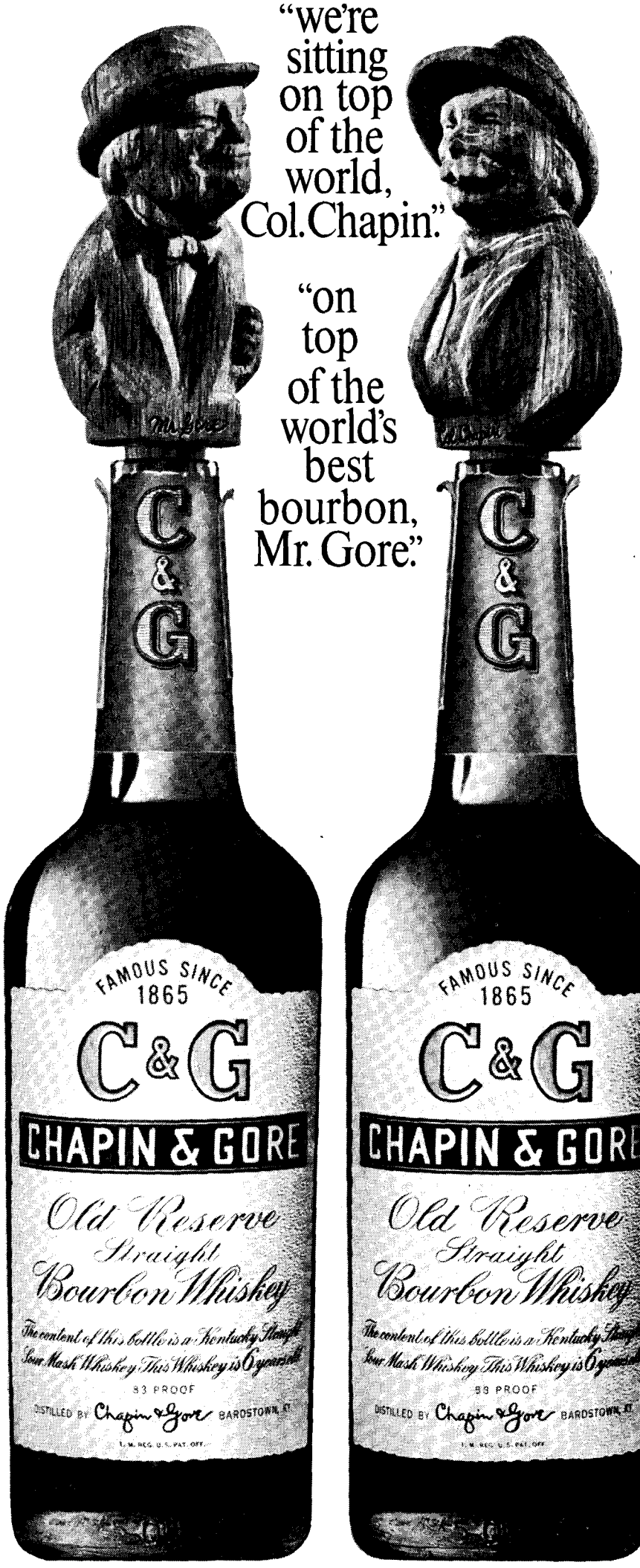
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"on top of the world's best bourbon, Mr. Gore."
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(*Continued from Page 66*) I'm afraid they might run out into the street. How would I ever know if one got hurt?"

After a lengthy discussion they finally figured out a way to handle the situation. It wasn't foolproof, but there seemed no better solution.

The next afternoon Helen told Alison to go out in the yard and play. "I'll call you often," she said, "and you must answer me immediately. If you don't, you'll have to come into the house and sit."

Five minutes later Helen called, and Alison replied from the yard. Helen continued to call and get answers at five-minute intervals until she had time to take the other children outdoors. This went on for several days. Then one afternoon Alison failed to answer her mother. It was a moment Helen had dreaded, even though she knew it would come sooner or later.

"Alison? Alison?"

Helen moved to the door, calling over and over. Just as she was beginning to become really upset, she heard her daughter's voice. Annoyance and relief replaced near panic as Helen demanded, "Alison, where were you?"

"Right here."

"Why didn't you answer me?"

"I didn't hear you," the little girl said. "I was playing."

"Well, you can stop playing and come into the house," her mother snapped. "You must sit here for five minutes. The next time you don't answer my call it will be longer."

Helen continued to use that system of checking on her children as long as they were small. In later years she frequently had to discipline one for not responding quickly enough. She always tried to fit the punishment to the crime, adjusting the length of house confinement to the length of time she had to wait.

She never allowed too much time to elapse before seeking help. If she couldn't find a child for fifteen minutes, she phoned a neighbor, usually Mrs. Madeline Counihan, her closest friend, who lives across the street. If no one was immediately available, Helen called the police, who were always glad to help her. She hasn't had to do that for several years.

Five years ago the body of a small boy was found in the nearby Neponset River, about five blocks from the Marchisios' home. When Helen heard about it, a quick check of her children left Peter, then five, unaccounted for. Helen reached Mrs. Counihan, who found the boy playing in back of a neighbor's house.

"Never in my life did I long so much for sight as during those few minutes when Madeline was trying to find Peter for me," Helen recalls. "I dreaded the worst, yet couldn't do a thing but wait."

Disciplining the children has never been a problem for either of the Marchisios. Both have a firm hold on the situation at all times. The youngsters have a healthy respect for parental authority, and meekly submit to punishment when they know they deserve it.

If one misbehaves while all are within reach, Helen, even though she seems to know instinctively the identity of the culprit, has always had to be careful to chastise the right one. Rather than take a chance of spanking an innocent child, she calls the proper name and waits until the guilty one presents himself for punishment.

"I can't chase my children," she says. "It's too easy for them to get out of the way. So I have to make them come to me."

While the need for discipline arises from time to time, it is rarely for refusing to obey orders. When their parents tell them to do something, the Marchisio children usually mind. Often they can't understand how Helen, in particular, knows that they're doing something they shouldn't or vice versa. Even Alison, who is now thirteen, thinks her mother possesses mystic powers of some kind.

One afternoon Peter came into the house, kissed his mother and started upstairs.

"Peter, come here!" she demanded.

"What's the matter?"

"Your cap—you forgot to take it off in the house."

Without a word the boy removed his cap and went his way.

"How did you know Peter forgot to take his cap off?" Helen was asked.

"He always forgets to take it off," sh replied.

Late one afternoon the children were watching television in the den while Helen was in the living room. After a cou-

... ...

Retouched Photo

By John Robert Quinn

My creases all have been
erased
As though the years were
but a waste.

No single crow's-foot has
been left.
Man's handiwork is much
too deft.

Someone has tampered with
the thin
And graying temples, firmed
the chin.

The smile seems empty now
to me.
They should have simply
let me be!

The past is precious. Life is
much
Too dear for someone to
retouch.

... ...

ple of commercials, the first notes of background music sounded for a new program.

"Alison, turn that off," Helen commanded. "That's not a show for children."

After Alison had switched to another channel a visitor inquired, "How could you tell what kind of a show that was?"

"By the music," Helen explained. "I can always tell by the music if it's a show that features horror or sex or anything else the children shouldn't be exposed to."

While she lets her children do what they like in their own den, a huge room on the first floor which always looks as if a cyclone had struck it, she is very strict about the appearance of the bedrooms. Each child is expected to keep his own room neat. Helen makes wholesale inspections every day. She sweeps whatever is left on the floor into a pile in the middle of the room. As soon as he gets home from school, the offending child must sort everything out and see that it is in its proper place before doing anything else.

Both Helen and Aldo are very careful not to ask their children to take any responsibilities beyond those asked of the children of sighted parents. No child is expected to drop everything in order to lead Helen (*Continued on Page 72*)

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HIS FIRST BIRTHDAY:
IS THE REST OF THE NATION GROWING AS FAST?

In just the short span of 12 months Robert has grown from a newborn helpless infant to an aggressive toddler.

At the same time that Robert has been growing, so, too, has our national population: an increase of over three million people this past year alone. The result has been to multiply the already urgent need for the nation to build *now* if we are to maintain our standard of living in the future—more schools, hospitals, roads, dams, power and other facilities.

A look at the Interstate Highway program, for instance, shows that over 9000 miles of new highway are open to traffic. Another 14,800 miles are under way. But still to be built are almost 17,000 more miles to accommodate the 40 million additional automobiles and trucks that will travel our roads by the year 1975.

In the area of school construction, although 70,000 classrooms were built last year, we are still short 132,000 classrooms even today to meet the necessary educational standards for our children. And we will need over three-quarter million more classrooms in the next 15 years.

These two examples serve to illustrate the tremendous task that we face in coping with our great population explosion. Within the next 15 years—by 1975—there are many areas in which we have to accomplish more than has been done in the 184 years since the nation was founded.

It is a challenge that we dare not fail to meet.

Preparing for our nation's future is a job for all of us. After all, if we don't do it . . . who will?

CATERPILLAR TRACTOR CO.
PEORIA, ILLINOIS, U.S.A.

Growing symbol of our exploding population, Robert is 1 year old. *When he is 16 years our nation will need . . .* tens of thousands more miles of new roads · 25 million new homes · rehabilitation of many metropolitan areas · over a 50% increase in our present supply of water · double the number of acceptable hospital beds · 60% more classroom facilities · more than double our electric power · 40% more lumber and 65% more pulpwood · over 100 million additional farm acres under soil conservation · thousands of water retention structures · 50% more mineral ores · twice our present oil supply.

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(*Continued from Page 70*) abroad. If she has to go anywhere, she waits for Aldo to take her or, if it's important enough, calls a neighbor.

Mobility is her most pressing problem. She abhors canes and never carries one. She has twice tried seeing-eye dogs without success. The first was too possessive of her and snapped at the children when they tried to embrace her; the second made her nervous.

"Perhaps I'll try another dog someday," she says. "In the meantime I'll just have to keep depending on people."

While she never seeks help from her children, she accepts it when they volunteer, but only if she's certain the one who offers it really wants to go where she's going. All five love to hear her play the piano or organ, at which she is extremely proficient. They vie for the privilege of escorting her to organ practice at the Church of the Most Precious Blood in nearby Cleary Square.

Alison, a tall, budding beauty who is wrapped up in her own teen-age world, enjoys nothing more than the sound of her mother's music. When Helen was first appointed a church organist last spring, her oldest child arose in time to take her to 7:30 Mass, then remained in church all morning to hear her play at succeeding Masses.

One of the few concessions the Marchisios make to their blindness is a set of house rules, originally designed for their own protection, but now used for the protection of everyone in the family. Each child has been carefully trained to follow these rules, and even little Rosemary hears from her parents if she forgets one.

Shortly after she moved into her own home, Helen fell headlong when she tripped over Alison, who was playing on the stairs. Neither was badly hurt, but

Helen knew that one or both might have been. From that day to this she has never allowed anyone to sit or to leave anything on the stairs.

One day Aldo slipped in the kitchen while taking a pot of boiling water off the stove for Helen. He didn't fall, but the water splattered all over the floor and anyone in the way might have been seriously burned. No child has been permitted to sit or leave anything on the kitchen floor ever since.

For the parents' protection the children are not allowed to leave toys with wheels, such as trains, roller skates or scooters, anywhere except in the den. Even there they must be kept in corners or against walls.

"The kids can see them, but we can't," Helen points out. "And if we step on them by accident, either one of us could take a nasty fall."

Everything in the kitchen must be kept in its proper place. The children are severely reprimanded if this rule isn't observed, particularly when it involves something sharp or otherwise dangerous to handle.

"I worry most about the stove," Helen says. "Alison and Carolyn like to cook, and I'm always after them to make sure nothing is left on the burners after they're through. One of them forgot to move a cloth potholder once, and I started it smoldering when it slipped into a burner I had just lit. I managed to toss the potholder into the sink and turn the water on before it actually caught fire. I really gave it to the girls for that."

Some of the Marchisios' precautions could serve as safety measures for any family. Small children are never permitted to climb on chairs, not only because they might fall off and get hurt but because they might reach for something they shouldn't. Helen never uses a table cloth, for fear someone will yank it, scatter everything and get cut by flying glass or chinaware. The electric iron is kept well out of the reach of younger children, and so are the toaster and other utensils and appliances that might be dangerous in childish hands.

Because they have been trained to take such great care in everything they do, the Marchisio children have fewer accidents than the average. They have taken the usual bumps and bruises suffered by most children in the natural course of growing up, but none has ever been seriously hurt.

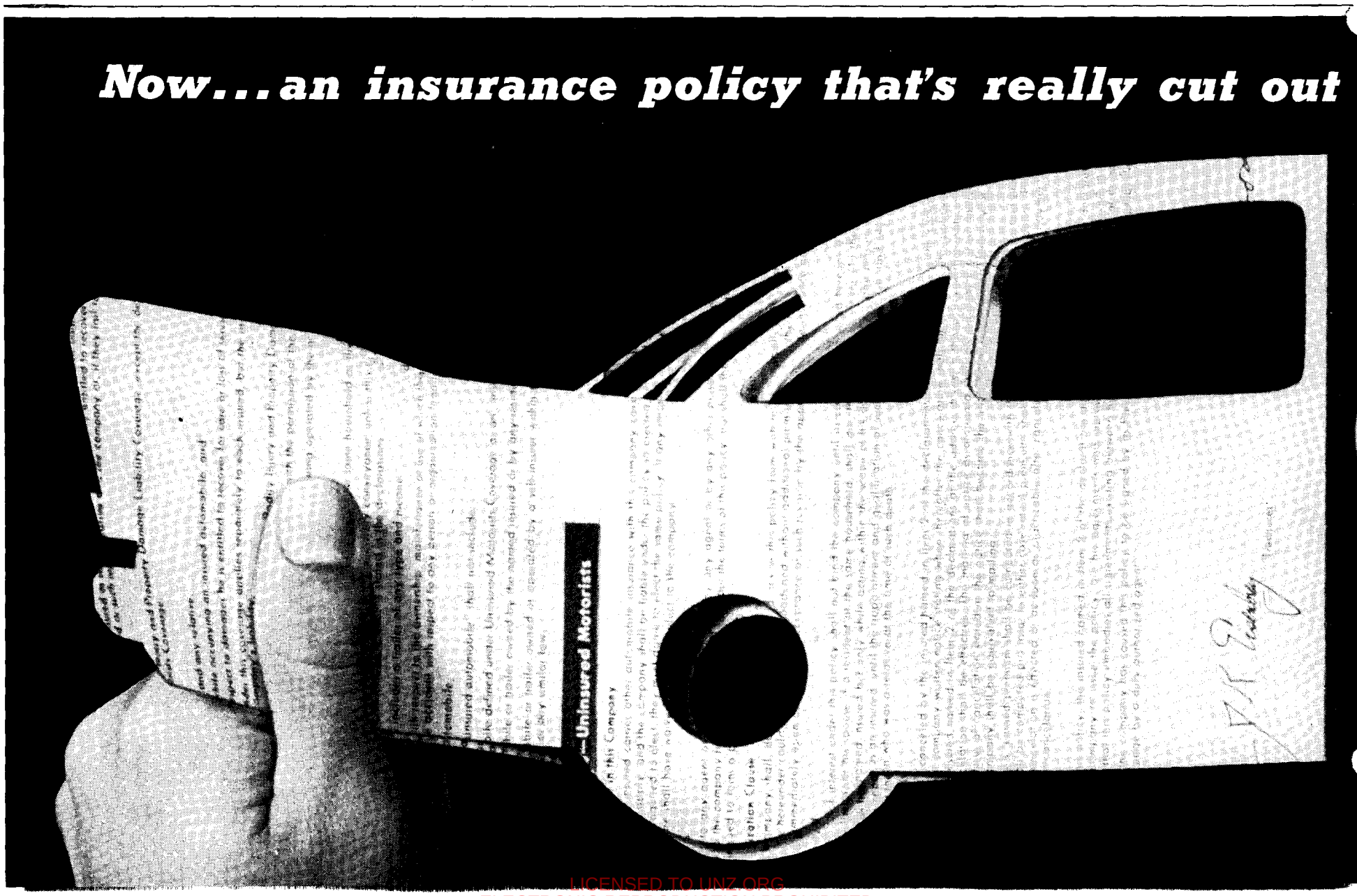
Helen is always the first to spot signs of illness. If one voice seems to be missing from the babble in the children's den, she immediately calls the child to her and touches forehead and neck for evidence of high temperature. If nothing seems to be serious, Helen takes care of the situation herself. But, even though she is proud of her ability to do so much despite her handicap, she knows her limitations. When an emergency arises, she doesn't hesitate to ask for help.

On the first day of Christmas vacation a few years ago Carolyn, whimpering and wet with perspiration, came and rested her head on her mother's lap. As Helen stood up to take her to bed, Alison cried, "Oh, Mommy, Carolyn's face has all spots on it!"

"Are you fooling me?" Helen asked, sternly.

"No. She really has spots," the girl said.

It was measles, and Helen knew it would sweep through the whole family, since none of the children had ever had them. She called her aunt, who came and stayed with them until the household was back to normal.



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Helen never tries to give medication by herself. Even a spoonful of cough medicine is more than she feels she could handle, for she has a dread of administering an overdose. If medicine must be doled out to her children, she asks a neighbor to do it for her.

She needed help badly when Rosemary came into the house one day covered with paint. With her mother's permission, the child had gone down the street to play with another youngster. The two found the paint in a garage and amused themselves by dousing each other with it. It took her neighbor Madeline Counihan the better part of the afternoon to get Rosemary clean. Helen hadn't dared touch her, for fear of getting paint in the child's eyes.

Eye protection is always foremost in her mind, as well as Aldo's. The only thing that ever really worries either is any threat of blindness to their children. "I don't think we could have taken it if any of the kids had been born blind," Helen says. "We know too well the road he'd have to travel."

The Marchisios' home is comfortable and has all manner of modern improvements, but there are few frills, and the house is always in need of minor repairs. This condition is another concession to visual handicap. Helen doesn't feel capable of taking proper care of the frills, and Aldo can't see well enough to make the repairs.

Both are more interested in seeing to it that the children have all the necessities of life and some of the luxuries. Although they receive no special compensation for their blindness beyond the double exemption on Federal and state income-tax returns, Aldo and Helen between them earn enough to provide well for their children. Aldo's work brings in around $7000 a year and Helen's perhaps another $3000. And while little of this is left over after the expenses of rearing five children, the family is by no means in financial difficulty. The older girls have plenty of clothes, the boys plenty of athletic equipment and Rosemary plenty of toys. All five have bicycles of their own, and the four in school get weekly allowances. None is ever refused a reasonable request.

"We don't want them to have a poverty complex," Aldo says. "But once in a while somebody asks for something we know we can't afford, and we have to say so. Carolyn, for example, wanted to go to overnight camp last summer, but it was so expensive it would have meant depriving the others of something. We explained it to her, and she accepted it."

At one time or another all five of Helen's children have asked her about her blindness. She treats their questions casually, gives matter-of-fact explanations and does what she can to show that her blindness is quite natural to her.

"It's like telling them the facts of life," she says. "You don't hold anything important back, yet you can't make it sound terribly unusual."

Some of the children have been more persistent on the subject than others. When Carolyn was about four years old, she got up one morning, trotted into her mother's room and asked, "Mommy, are you still blind this morning?"

"Yes, dear," Helen replied.

"Are you blind every morning?"

"Every morning."

"Can't you ever see?"

"Never," her mother said.

Without another word, the child returned to her own room. But the next morning she went through the same procedure, and she continued to go through it every morning for more than two years.

"She just couldn't accept it at first," Helen said. "I guess in her secret heart she still believes I'll be able to see someday."

Paul, on the other hand, was easily satisfied. Before he was four years old he bluntly asked his mother if she could see, and when she told him "No," he asked, "Are you *blind?*"

"Yes."

"Can you see me?" Paul asked.

"I can 'see' you by touching and hearing you," Helen said.

He never asked her about it again. But he and his brother and sisters obviously thought more about it than they would admit. Each has walked around the house with both eyes closed, sometimes for as long as an hour. One day Caroline Hardy came into the house while Peter was doing it. The boy opened his eyes, saw her watching him and remarked, "This is the way it always is with mommy, isn't it, Aunt Carrie?"

Even though he would be considered blind in a sighted household, Aldo is not blind to his children. They know his sight is very limited, and they allow for it by steering him out of danger when they go anywhere with him. But a comment about the family will bring from any of them a quick "Oh, mommy is the only blind one in our family. Daddy can see all right."

Aldo travels all around Massachusetts without either a cane or a dog, and is sometimes away from home for several days at a time. He uses public transportation unless his destination is too far from a terminal or bus or streetcar line, in which case he rents a chauffeur-driven car.

An ardent baseball fan, he listens to Boston Red Sox broadcasts at every opportunity. By moving close to the screen, he can just follow a game on television, but not at the ball park. He goes there only to take his boys, both of whom love to keep him up-to-date on the progress of the game.

Difficult as he finds it, Aldo likes to read, but, in common with his wife, his first love is music. He took voice lessons for a year after being graduated from Perkins, and his baritone is often raised in song when friends come to visit his home. His only extravagance is an elaborate high-fidelity set, including a huge cabinet speaker with thirteen amplifiers.

"Other men spend their money on cars or golf clubs or fishing equipment," he says. "I spend mine on music."

With the children older now, Helen has more time for her music too. Besides playing the church organ, for which she gets paid, she gives piano lessons, plays for a dancing school and keeps herself available for banquets and other functions.

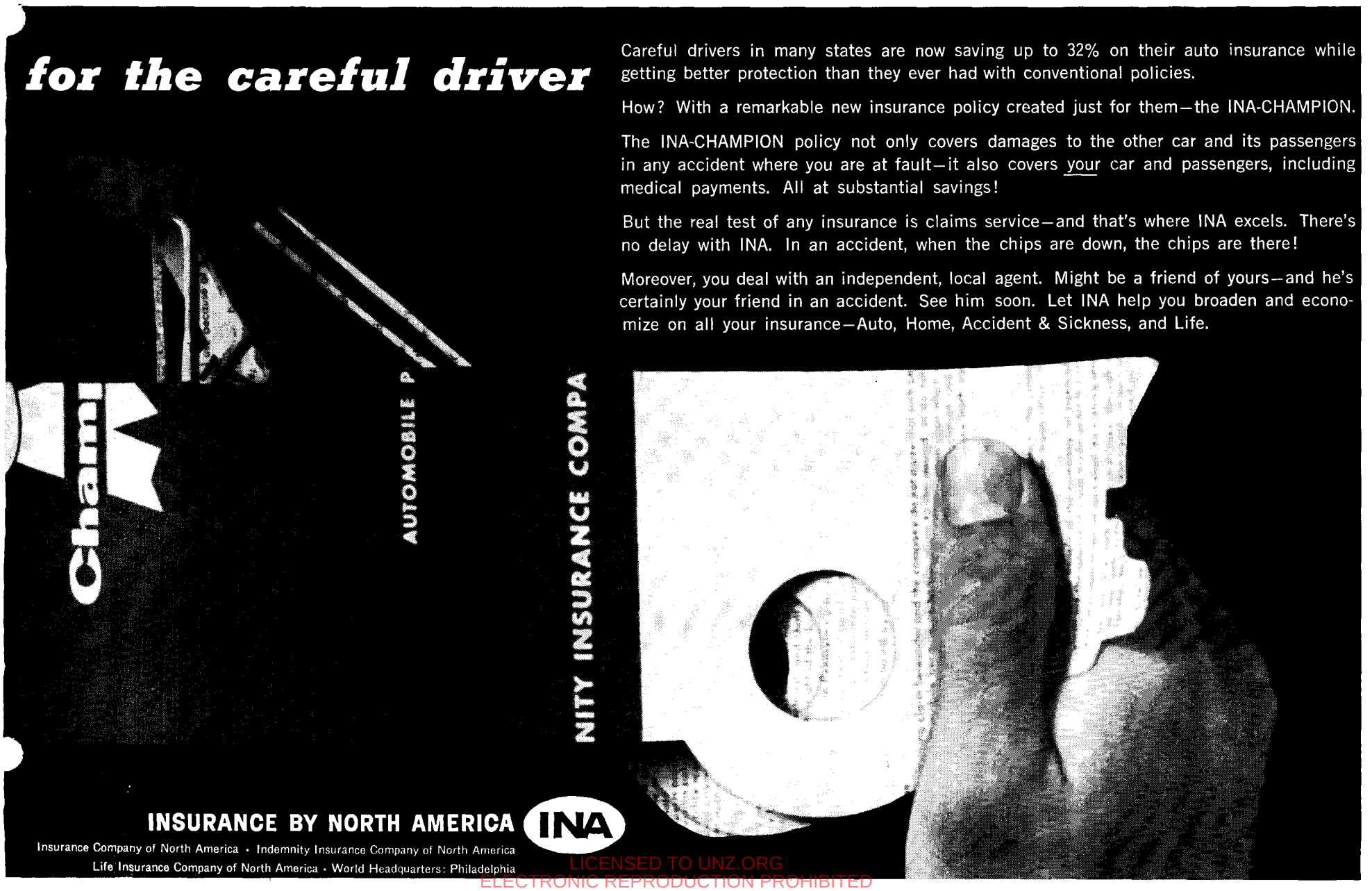
But she is happiest when donating her services as musical director for school and church shows. She not only selects the numbers to be used and plays the piano accompaniments, but sometimes composes original music.

More than once, she has heard the plaudits of appreciative audiences, but the thrill of her life along those lines came as an aftermath to this year's annual church minstrel show, for which she chose and played all the music. When it was over, she was given a standing ovation. While she was still taking bows, Carolyn approached her. "Mommy," the child said, "these people would like to meet you."

Helen held out her hand, which was clasped by a stranger.

"This is my mother," Carolyn said proudly. "She's blind, you know."

Somehow, to Helen, who sensed her daughter's pride, that seemed the supreme accolade. THE END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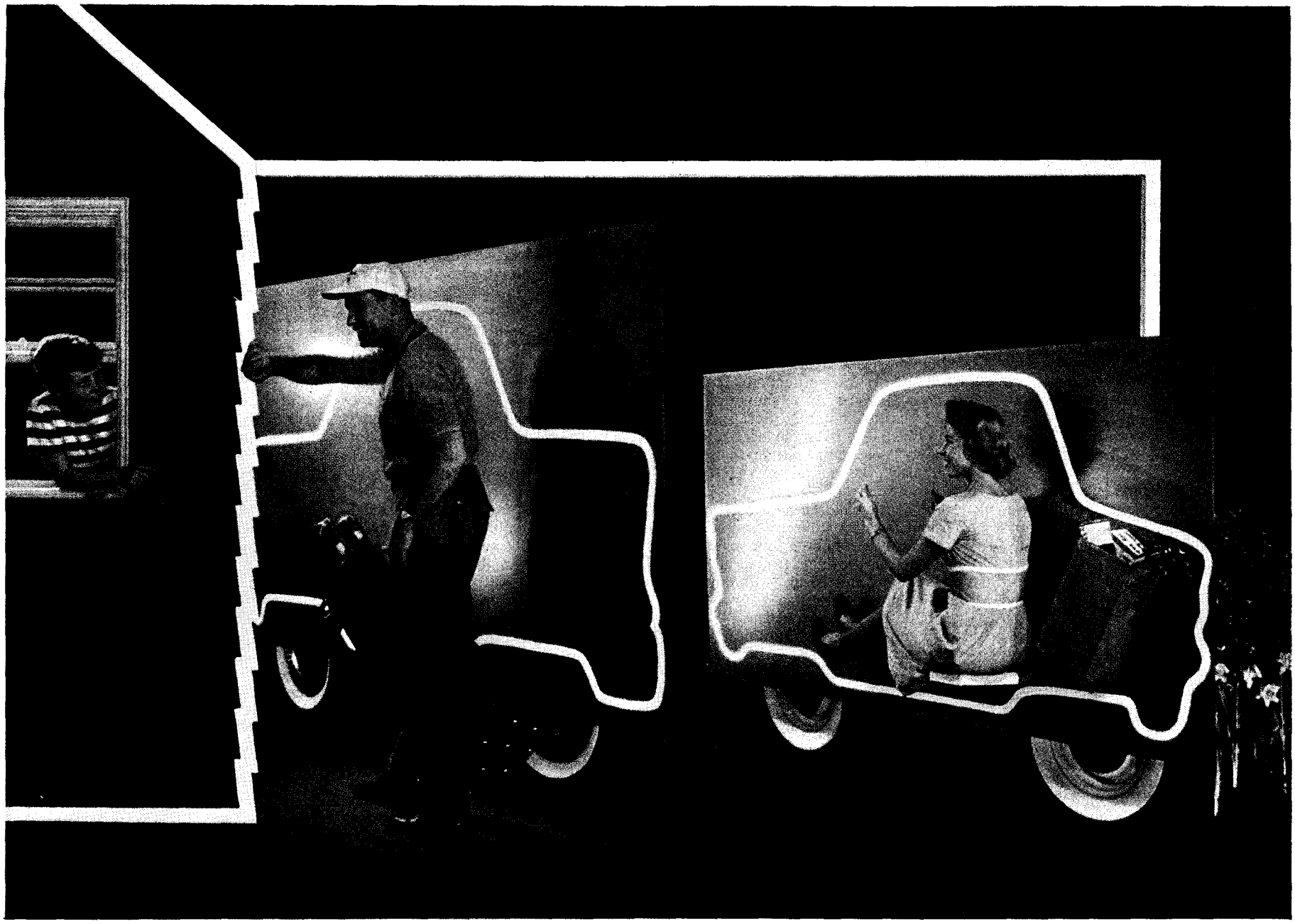

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The Longest Underground Highway

(Continued from Page 23)

Number One is air. Unlike rail tunnels, a vehicular tunnel needs artificial ventilation to keep the air inside from being poisoned by exhaust fumes. What we've decided to do is raise the roadbed about twelve feet above the tunnel floor, which will give us plenty of room below the road for ventilation funnels, and still leave enough clearance for big trucks and tourist buses. We'll pump in good air and suck out the bad, and we hope it'll work. Although there are three or four longer railroad tunnels in the world, no road tunnel of anywhere near this length has ever been attempted, so you might say we are pioneering. Even with all our fancy ventilation, we may have to keep traffic down to some 300 cars an hour, and I wouldn't be surprised to see a queue during the rush season. And now let's go."

A steeply rising zigzag road led to the tunnel entrance, 4180 feet above sea level, at a spot known as *Les Pèlerins*—The Pilgrims. We passed a cluster of handsome chalets built for the tunnel workers. There were about 320 workmen, Manuel informed me, and they were working in three shifts around the clock, unless they were on strike, of course, which happened every so often—we were in France. In the administration shed we donned white plastic helmets, black plastic raincoats, and high rubber boots, and picked up flashlights.

The platform onto which we now emerged, a vast gray balcony jutting out from the mountain, had been constructed before drilling started and was being constantly enlarged, Manuel explained, with rocks scooped out of Mont Blanc. Already it was large enough to hold several work sheds, a rock-crushing plant, a compressed-air plant, repair shops and a locker-and-shower building for the workmen. This was the base behind the lines on which the mobile units up ahead depended for logistical support.

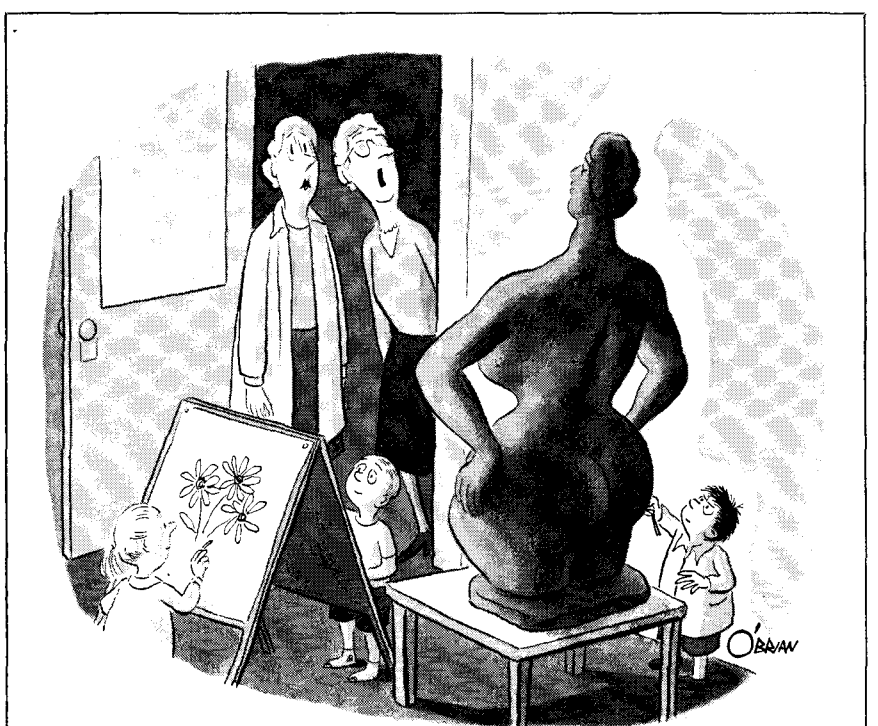
The mountainside hanging above us was a profusion of larch and spruce, of tender birch and somber pine, all interspersed with rough, romantic outcroppings of rock. Above the trees rose the eternal snows and, hard on our right, the mighty glacier known as Les Bossons was eating its way through the forest. The "hole" itself was unimpressive—a horseshoe-shaped aperture, about thirty feet high and looking, except for its rough edges, much like the entrance to any run-of-the-mill railroad tunnel. Rumbling noises came from within, mingling with the rush and splash of water. As we stepped in, the coolness of a country church on a summer day engulfed us.

Tunnels, my guide explained, are usually built uphill, rising toward the center of the mountain in order to create a hump, or watershed, inside. Presently I could admire the wisdom of this artifice—a heavy "rain" was falling all along our way, and though we found ourselves at times splashing through puddles, most of the water was carried off in a deep gully near the wall, the 24-per-1000 incline encouraging its flow toward the exit.

One does not ordinarily think of mountains as being full of water, but we were still in Mont Blanc's outer mantle of loosely stacked, soft schist shot through with water veins. These throbbing rivulets had been disturbed—the mountain nymphs, surprised in their secluded game of threading silver streaks through rock, were emptying their buckets angrily at the intruders.

This was a virgin world. This naked rock, soon to be hidden behind a smooth impersonal coating of poured concrete, had not been seen and touched by mortals until the blasting crews laid it bare. A protruding block would glisten briefly in the flicker of our flashlights and, if you put your hand on it, it felt like the nose of a dog. One danger that work crews had to look out for was "decompression"—the mountain, finding itself with a hole in its midriff, was apt to readjust its inner balances and stresses and might let fly, on such occasions, with a disk of rock. A special squad of workmen was probing walls and ceiling for those potential flying saucers, nailing down shaky bits with iron bars. So far no one had been decapitated.

The tunnel floor served as a bed for two narrow-gauge railway tracks. Every now and then a work train pulled by an electric tractor came rumbling toward us out of the gloom, its cars heaped with large, uneven blocks—the casualties of the latest volley.



"Perhaps we can get him interested in music."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Meet Jumbo," Monsieur Manuel said, pointing to an enormous scaffold-like contraption ahead of us. "It's our weapon of assault. It weighs seventy tons and, as you see, it has four decks. Those guns you see are drills, fifteen in all, and each will put a thirteen-foot-deep hole into the rock in just five minutes. The idea is not new, of course, but we believe it's the first time a monster of this size has ever been put together. Seventy tons!" He patted Jumbo with affection. "When he moves up against the rock face, he puts about 140 holes into Mont Blanc, and then we load the holes with some 300 pounds of plastic dynamite and throw the switch. When all goes well, that gives us an advance of about thirteen feet, say, twice a day."

Jumbo stood there, in the semidarkness, with all its long drills pointing forward, looking like some medieval siege machine. It had done its job and had withdrawn to a safe distance, gathering strength for the next assault. Workmen were swarming over it. For the first time I could see what it meant to work ahead in a long, narrow passage—Jumbo could no more turn around than a piston could about-face in a cylinder. Sliding back and forth on its own single tracks, laid down near the sidewalls of the tunnel, the monster filled the gallery snugly, leaving enough room under its flat belly for the dump trains to shuttle back and forth. We had all built tunnels once, in our sand-pile days moving our hand in empty and bringing it out full, and that was evidently still the way to do it.

Spotlights were whitening the rock face straight ahead. Two American-made shovels, burrowing abreast, were clearing out the last debris. Five miles of solid rock still stood between us and the Italians but, just a few more months and the two crews would pick up each other's noises. Monsieur Manuel was reading my mind. "Our calculations have been checked so carefully," he said, "that the two galleries should meet exactly head-on—allowing for an error of, let's say, eight inches."

That afternoon, out in the open, I got my first look at Mont Blanc. You are too low in Chamonix to take in the entire famous sky line, but if you ride the cable car up to the 7600-foot-high observation platform on Mt. Brévent, in the Red Needle range on the opposite side of the valley, you are ideally placed for a staring contest with the big one. As it faces you down, across that narrow air space, its cool white bulk, far vaster than you had imagined it, seems close enough to touch.

Some mountain! This is your first impression. Mont Blanc is not a single cone but a whole complicated, spread-out world, a massif more than fifteen miles long and ten miles across, of which France, Italy and Switzerland each owns a slice. Its major peaks—some of them domes, some pyramids, some obelisks or merely needles—number about 100, and several dozen glaciers furrow its French face alone.

One cupola, however, clearly rules the roost. Outlined in a soft curve, whiter than white against the deep-blue sky, this 15,771-foot French summit is Europe's highest peak. And although you are aware that there are taller mountains in the world—Alaska alone possesses five higher peaks, with 20,320-foot Mt. McKinley leading the list—you are willing to concede that this serene colossus makes up in personality what it may lack in footage. Like Mt. Olympus it is in a class all by itself.

As far back as people can remember, little Chamonix, the toy village below, has owned Mont Blanc. "Discovered" by two English students (*Continued on Page 78*)

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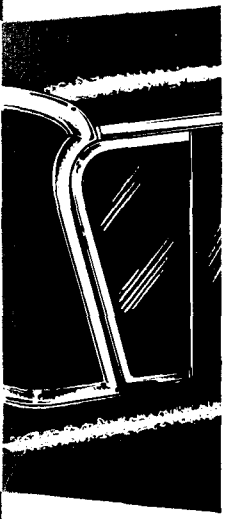

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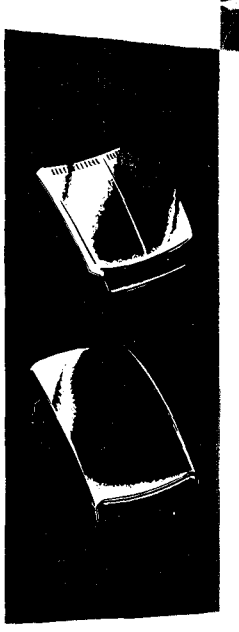

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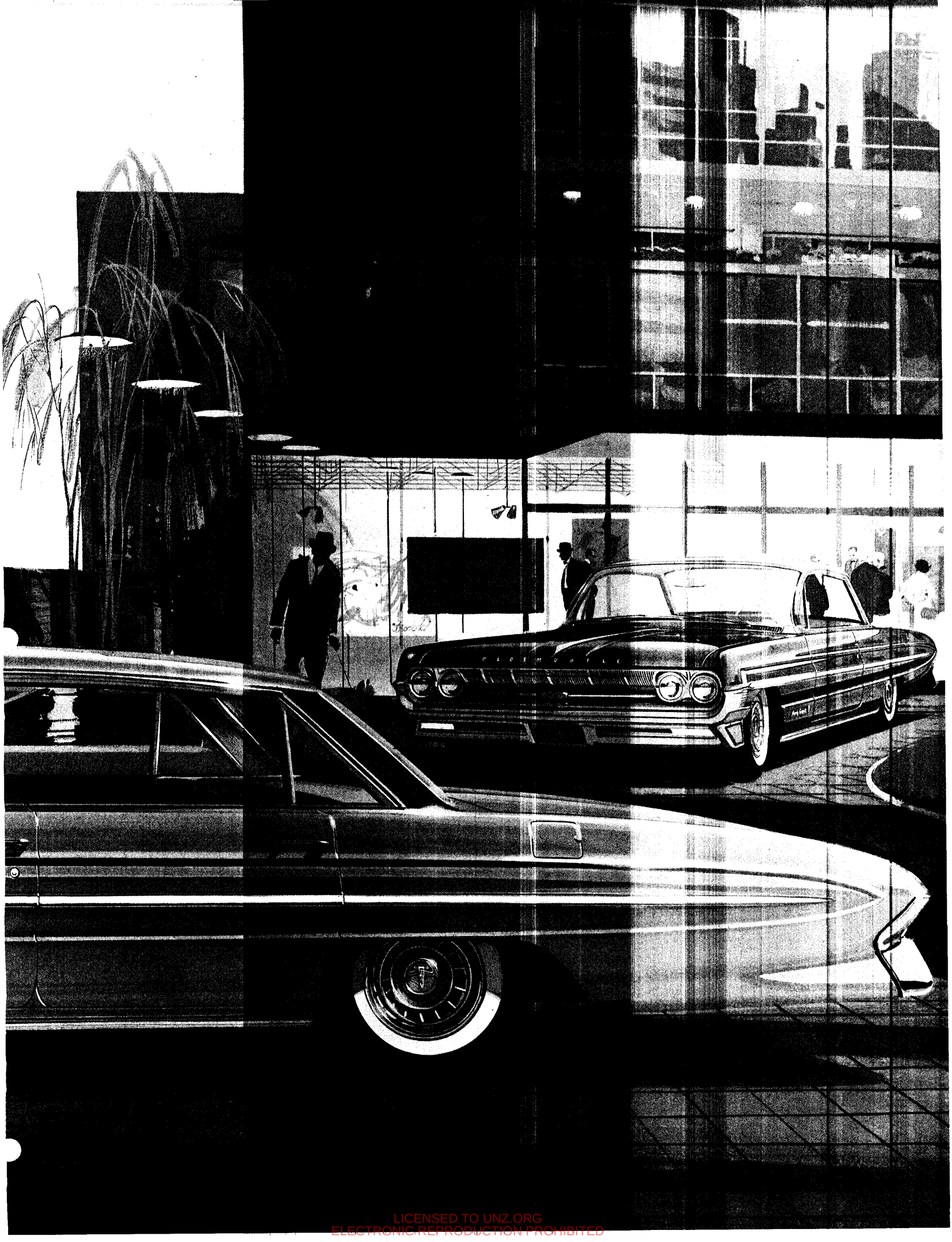

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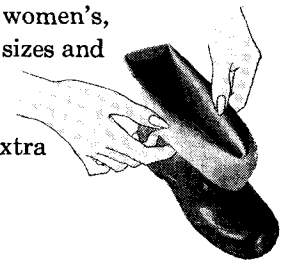

COMMENDED BY THE CONSUMER SERVICE BUREAU OF PARENTS' MAGAZINE

TYER RUBBER COMPANY · ANDOVER, MASS.

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(*Continued from Page 75*) in 1741, it became the capital of Alpinism after two local worthies, Doctor Paccard and his guide Balmat, had made the first successful ascent to the summit of Mont Blanc in 1786. By 1850, every peak and needle in the massif had been conquered, and the climb to the top itself was written off as "soft." Today some eighty professional mountain guides, clear-eyed, stouthearted fellows, hire themselves out to all comers, and in their off hours like to reminisce about this or that perilous ascent; the stones in the little graveyard on the edge of town tell the rest of the story.

Those gingerbread hotels, with their old-fashioned opulence, recall the happy days when English, German and American families would settle here for the entire summer, bringing their trunks, their children and their nannies. And although the Chamoniards complain that "People nowadays look at Mont Blanc on Friday and rush off to Venice or Rome on Saturday," Chamonix has somehow managed to stay on the map. There is fine skiing on Mont Blanc the year round. Through the brief, warm, flower-scented summer the foothills are alive with visitors who've never seen a glacier, the cable cars that take off in six different directions are packed with tourists, and picture postcards saying "Chamonix-Mont-Blanc" go out into the world by the bucketful.

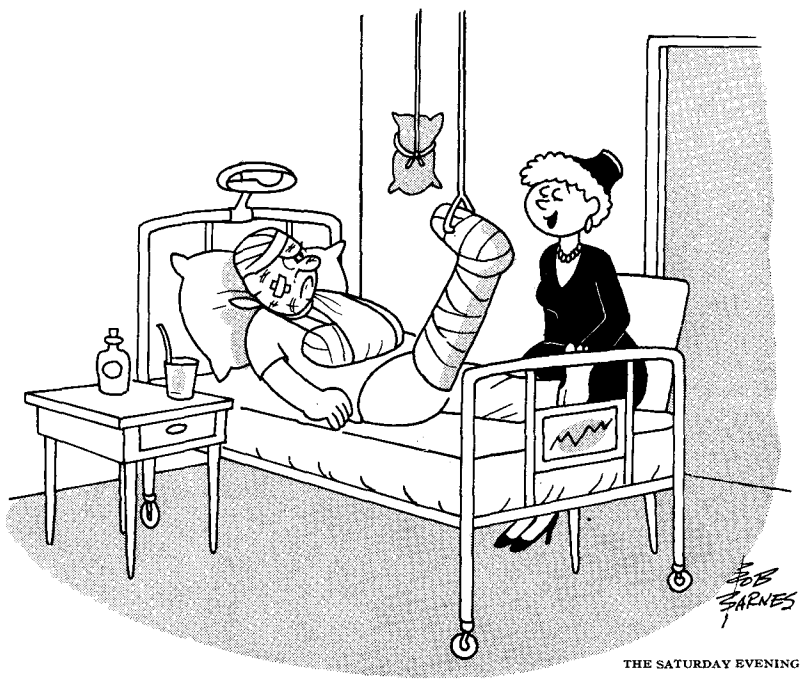
Among the town's 6000 permanent inhabitants, opinions on the tunnel are divided. "Why do they have to run a major highway through our paradise?" you hear them wonder. "What will the tunnel do to our privacy? Will Chamonix become a honky-tonk amusement spot—or just a rambling assortment of motels, chic restaurants and neon-lit filling stations?" But, on the whole, the project is looked on with favor. Dour and hard-fisted, like mountain people everywhere, the Chamoniards have long considered the very air of their enchanted valley as a negotiable asset, and the prospect of a new prosperity outweighs a tear or two at the departure of the golden age.

We are in Savoy—the ancient fief of the counts, later dukes, of Savoy, who from the year 1034 held sway over these well-protected valleys and who in the last century became the ruling house of Italy. The fact that their domain from the fifteenth century onward comprised both the French and Italian slopes of the Mont Blanc massif—using the mountain as a giant clamp—has a direct relation to the tunnel project. For Mont Blanc, the divider, is also a link. At one point two important valleys—the Valley of Chamonix, in Haute Savoie, and the Val d'Aosta, in northwestern Italy—approach within a few miles of each other, and their inhabitants have through the centuries maintained some sort of contact.

It is precisely at this point that the tunnel is now being drilled. Linking French Chamonix with the Italian hamlet of Entrèves, it will traverse the mountain where the mountain is pinched in, piercing it at an oblique angle several hundred feet east of the summit. Among the advantages of this route is the low altitude of both entrances—4180 feet on the French, 4530 feet on the Italian side. The higher up you put a tunnel through a mountain, the shorter, hence the less expensive, it will be; but go too high and you'll find yourself above the snow line, meaning that your roads of access will be impassable much of the year.

This simple bit of logic, in the opinion of the Mont Blanc tunnelers, disposes neatly of a rival project—a road tunnel now being drilled, at top speed, through the Great St. Bernard. Largely financed by private interests in auto-making Turin, it is meant to give that northern Italian city a direct link with Switzerland and at the same time siphon off some of the traffic that might otherwise flow through Mont Blanc. But as the rival tunnel had to be kept short in order to be finished first—its projected length is just over three and a half miles—it is being constructed 6230 feet above sea level. As a result, each of the two roads leading up to it will need several miles of roofing as a protection against snowdrifts—and even so, the Mont Blanc tunnel people gleefully predict, there will be so much icing on those roads that motorists, and in particular truck drivers, will quietly forget about the Great St. Bernard.

It is an hour and a half from Chamonix to Entrèves on the Italian side by what is possibly the world's most hair-raising conveyance—a thing halfway between terrestrial and celestial bodies. A series of four cable railways, whose last audacious leg was not completed until 1957, vaults the enormous shoulder of Mont Blanc, providing passengers with the illusion (*Continued on Page 83*)



"You'll laugh when I tell you that little Tabby got down out of the tree all by herself."

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW IDEA LINE

Oven drawer keeps 6 slices of buttered toast crisp and warm.

It's a toaster and "oven" in one.

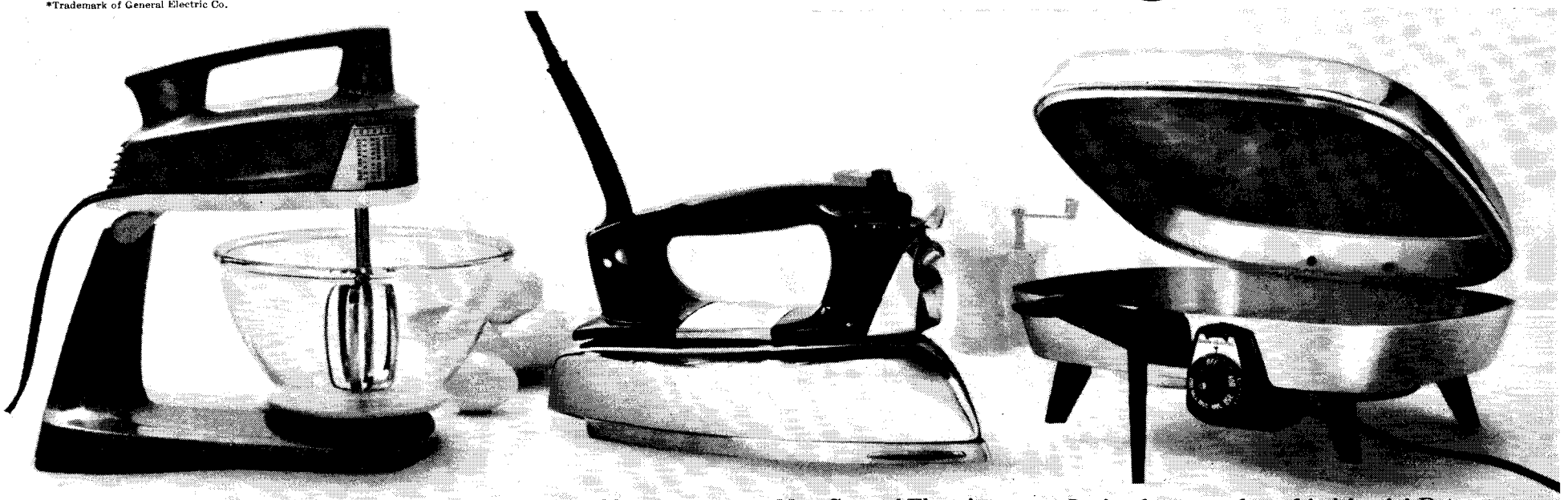
Toast made just the way you like it, pops up extra *high* from the General Electric Toast-R-Oven*. Pop it into the handy oven drawer—as many as six pieces at once—and it stays warm and crisp, ready for those breakfast latecomers.

Oven drawer also toasts buttered bread, heats rolls . . . grills cheese sandwiches . . . tangy garlic bread. There's plenty of room to do English Muffins easily. See the Toast-R-Oven at your General Electric dealer's. General Electric Company, Portable Appliance Dept., Bridgeport 2, Conn.

*Trademark of General Electric Co.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC



Powerful stand mixer and portable in one! General Electric All-Purpose Mixer available in three decorator colors. 12 mixing speeds.

Sprinkles as you iron—New General Electric Spray, Steam & Dry Iron has three wash and wear settings—eliminates guesswork.

Drains fat away from fried foods! Retractable leg tips General Electric Automatic Tip-Top Skillet. Cover helps control spatter.

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THE OLD SUNNY BROOK DISTILLERY CO., LOUISVILLE, KY. · BOTH 86 PROOF · KENTUCKY BLENDED WHISKEY CONTAINS 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS

The great whiskey of the Old West—

SUNNY BROOK

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one of America's great favorites today

Many fine Kentucky whiskies were available to the frontiersmen and settlers of the Old West... but they made Sunny Brook a favorite. Today Sunny Brook still tastes best. Its sunny, rich taste and smooth Kentucky goodness have an exceptional appeal. Try Sunny Brook. It is a great taste experience!

TWO GREAT BOTTLINGS
Kentucky Straight Bourbon or Kentucky Blend—*the greatest whiskies of their kind.*

WINNING THE WEST
"The Santa Fe Trail"
AFTER THE FAMOUS AMERICAN ARTIST FREDERIC REMINGTON

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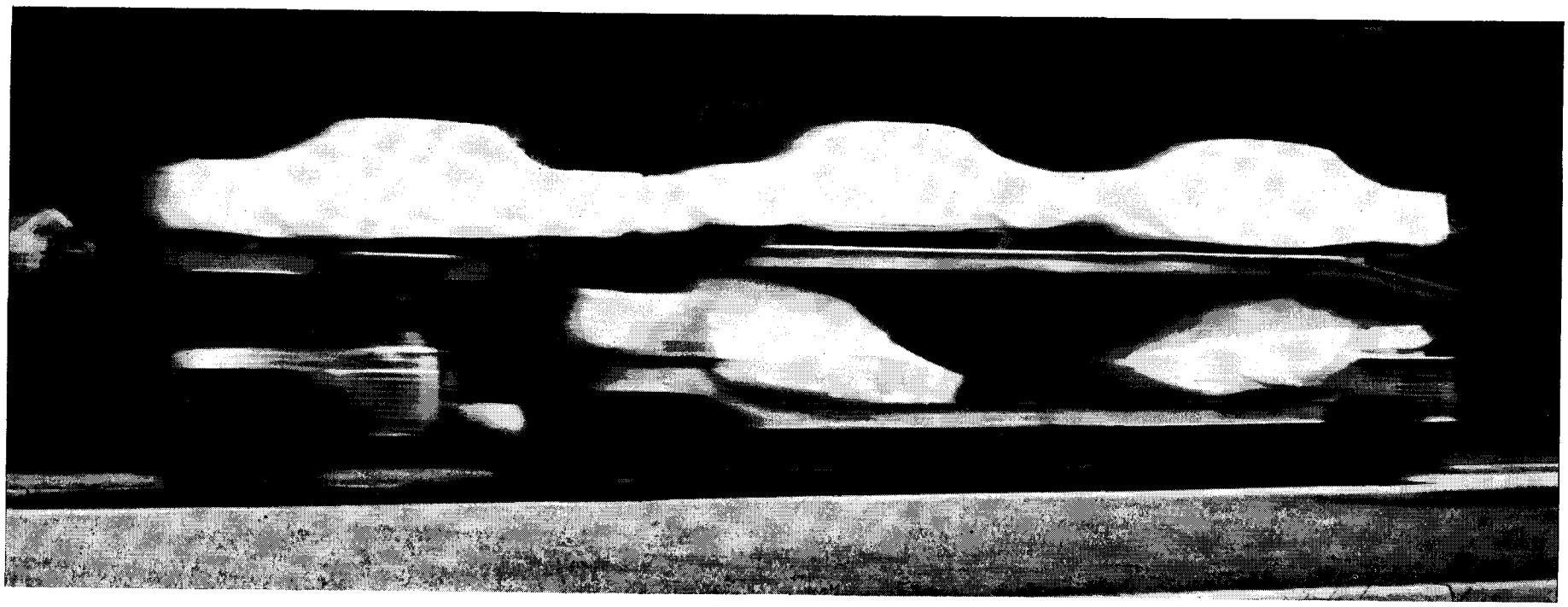
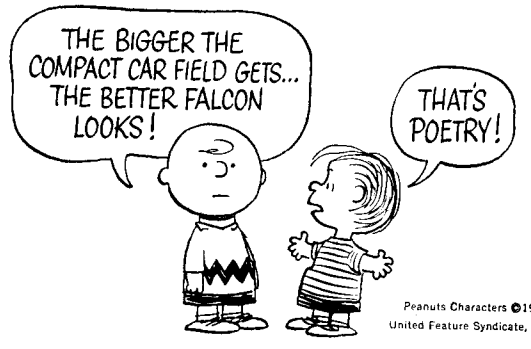


The bigger the compact car field gets...

...the better Falcon looks!

Nowadays, seems like *everybody* wants to get into the comp-act! But one thing for sure: the more new compact cars America sees, the more America sees in Falcon. After all, only Falcon has *everything* you buy a compact for, all beautifully combined in *one* car. ~ Falcon is a *true economy* car! It goes up to 30 miles on a gallon of regular, 4,000 miles between oil changes and never needs waxing. All these savings—*and more*—with room aboard for 6 people, luggage and all! Economy car *and* family car combined . . . that's Falcon for you! ~ Another winning combination: Falcon handles and parks *small*, but goes *big* with a lively new optional 170 Special engine. What's more, Falcon is a *luxury* car—with foam-padded front seats, coat hooks, front arm rests, dual sun visors, magnificently upholstered interiors—all standard equipment—and Falcon sells at a price that can best be described as *below* low! ~ Yes, combine the best of all the other compacts and you've got the Falcon . . . the car with more of everything . . . including owners!

FORD DIVISION, *Ford Motor Company*



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FORD *Falcon '61*

WORLD'S MOST SUCCESSFUL NEW CAR

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(*Continued from Page 78*) of having left the planet altogether and having entered a strange, silent universe whose only colors are white and blue.

From Chamonix the cable car soars, helicopter-like, to the 12,608-foot-high top of the Aiguille du Midi, where you transfer to a small cabin. And now you overfly, suspended from a cable whose supporting pylons stand nearly two miles apart, the fairy world of the White Valley, whose gleaming glacier—Europe's largest—no instrument has ever fathomed. You swing across the French-Italian border—passports are required—and after a steep descent find yourself finally deposited in a cool, verdant valley.

"A marvelous, fantastic journey," says the big painted sign at the Italian terminal, "more impressive than Niagara Falls, the Grand Canyon, and the Norwegian fjords." Exhilarated and a trifle shaky, you agree.

This madcap railroad and the Mont Blanc tunnel, curiously enough, are blood relations. Both, in their present form, sprang from the fertile brain of an Italian promoter improbably named Dino Lora Totino, Count of Cervinia. A wool manufacturer with a penchant for winter sports, Lora Totino had built daring funiculars up the Matterhorn, and although he did not start the trans-Mont Blanc line, it was he who conceived, and in the end constructed, its spectacular middle span. What interested him in all these enterprises was tourism—a tunnel through Mont Blanc, to him, seemed just the thing to complement the scenic overflight of the White Valley that was the cynosure of his ambitions.

True, the idea of cutting through Mont Blanc was not completely new. Since 1844, when a suggestion for a tunnel first appeared in a small Italian newspaper, some twenty Mont Blanc tunnel projects had been publicly discussed, the most realistic of them being one approved by Mussolini in the 1930's which would have materialized had it not been for the rupture of French-Italian relations as a result of the Ethiopian War. But all those schemes had aimed at a railroad tunnel. And what the count had in mind was a vehicular tunnel—the first one to traverse the Alps.

What he proposed, shortly after World War II, was something rather modest—200 cars a day was all the traffic he envisaged, and he would space them far enough apart to get along without a complicated ventilation system. Much too impetuous to wait for Rome and Paris to agree—the Italian peace treaty was not yet signed—he hired a geometer and a batch of workmen and, one fine day in May, 1946, went to Entrèves and started hacking away at old Mont Blanc with pickaxes, soon followed by pneumatic drills.

Grotesque as the whole episode now seems, it was in fact the beginning of the tunnel. The count, who had no permit and no clear title to the site on which he worked, got fairly far into the mountain, drilling a full-size hole about 150 feet deep and continuing it as a narrow gallery for another 1000 feet or so. He had spent a fortune on the project when, in the summer of 1947, the Italian Army started wondering out loud who had permitted the count to punch a hole into the border.

But although the Italian Government now moved in on the project, no progress could be made until the French had given it their blessing, and, not being exactly sure that a hole in the border was just what they needed, the French were being difficult. Indeed, the French general staff, fearing perhaps another Caesar and his legions, opposed the tunnel to the last—and even now the cautious Gauls intend to install a mechanism on their side that could blow up part of the gallery in the event of an intrusion from the south.

It was the realistic Swiss that knocked French and Italian heads together. Geneva, only fifty miles northwest of Chamonix and clearly destined to become a major hitching post on the new Paris-Chamonix-Rome "White Way," gave matters a decisive shove. Its emissaries sat in on French-Italian meetings from the start, ironing out what differences there still were. Today, the city and the canton of Geneva are active partners in both the French and the Italian tunnel companies, contributing a total of $1,500,000 to their working funds and being represented on their boards. Geneva, already bursting at the seams with gold-plated prosperity, is full of happy tunnel talk—

... ...

A Woman's Vote

By Helen Harrington

A woman's vote is cast of these—
Questions and perplexities,
A piece she read in a magazine,
Headlines, Page Three scanned between
Dishes washed and baby's cries
And friends dropped in, to theorize.

TV cries of "weak!" and "strong!"
What the butcher thinks is wrong,
How "dad voted," sister's view,
What her husband's going to do,
Plus, hard-pressed, some volatile
Flashes of her own sweet will!

... ...

25,000,000 North Italians, potential customers and tourists, will soon be next-door neighbors.

If Chamonix was quaintly mid-Victorian, the gloomy canyon of the Val d'Aosta, on the Italian side of Mont Blanc, seems a slice of the Middle Ages. Turreted castles perch on somber hilltops, flanking the winding road, and you would barely be surprised to see bands of armored knights issue from their tall gates, up to no good. The local dialect, varying from village to village, contains Italian, French and German words, and some local potato farmers greet you with a smile that makes you wonder whether they are not taking you for a visitor from Mars. Mont Blanc itself seems a far harsher, more forbidding mountain here than it had been at Chamonix. Soaring above Entrèves like a steep wall, the mountain is, in fact, a giant stop sign that turns the valley into a dead end.

Signor Giovanni Catalano, the engineer in charge at the Italian side, was ready for me. He was a square-built man with graying hair and a no-nonsense air who barked out everything he had to say in a stentorian voice conditioned, I suspected, by years of living with pneumatic drills. Once more I donned protective garb in preparation for a walk into Mont Blanc.

But this was different. Indeed, the dissimilarity in methods and approach brought out, with comic-strip simplicity, the contrast between the two Latin brother nations that were now tunneling toward each other. Where the French had charged into the mountain like bumblebees, the Italians buzzed it like mosquitoes, carrying lighter weapons and swarming about in a light-footed, casual, unencumbered way. Even their earth-moving equipment seemed nimble—there were no rails leading into the tunnel, and trailor tractors, built for maneuverability in narrow spaces, were scooting in, out and around like fun cars at a fair. The diesel fumes, Catalano told me, already were a problem; two giant tubes supplied the work crews with fresh air.

"We've had bad luck with our rock," he shouted as we penetrated into the damp darkness. "For the first 1300 yards nothing but crumbly schist, so soft at times you might have taken it for coal, and forming a thick, sticky mud when wet. The stuff is full of water—at one point we blew up a section of rock and hit a solid wall of water. . . . Careful there!"

A waterfall came tumbling down from a hole in the ceiling, and just as we had ducked around it there was another. If it had rained in France, it poured in Italy, and the deep slimy lakes through which we splashed gave off a poignant smell of sulphur.

As we advanced toward the end, the air grew warmer—soon, Catalano said, the men would have to work in a hot climate. There was something about the notion of marching toward the inwards of a mountain, with heat and darkness closing in, the smell of sulphur tickling our nostrils and sheets of water pouring down behind us, that did not seem too heartening. Dante had thus walked into Hell on Vergil's side, I knew, but he had got out the other end.

The Italians had no Jumbo. Working by hand, much as their railroad-tunneling ancestors had done, they wielded portable pneumatic drills and manned a lightweight scaffolding pulled by a tractor. The last leg of our journey was bone-dry—the Italian team had worked through Mont Blanc's mantle of soft, metamorphic rock and was now meeting its first granite. Rock splinters lying about were white, speckled with black, and showed clean-broken edges. Soon the pneumatic drills would bite into the protogine, the greenish Alpine granite believed to form the mountain's inner core.

One comes away from Chamonix and Entrèves thinking that it will be a fine tunnel, certainly—and what relief to roll clear through Mont Blanc in fifteen minutes flat rather than drive nearly all day to get around it. But there is something else that sets one ruminating. In an age when man is hurling satellites into space, when he himself is getting ready to take off for distant planets, he still finds time to treat himself—at only $30,000,000—to a short cut through a mountain that had been in his way for a long time. The tunnel will not rank with our artificial moons, perhaps, nor with our intercontinental missiles. Drilling it through seven miles of rock presents no challenge to our scientists—it probably could have been done in Queen Victoria's days. Yet it will take its place, along with Pyramids and Eiffel Tower, Grand Coulee and St. Lawrence Seaway, among the wonders of the world. And as the human race goes after bigger fish, the Mont Blanc tunnel will remind us that we did attend to first things first.

THE END

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BEFORE ADDING ANTI-FREEZE
PLAY SAFE WITH WARNER'S!"
FIRST CLEAN YOUR RADIATOR WITH WARNER'S SPEED FLUSH! WORKS IN JUST 10 MINUTES!
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WARNER LIQUID SOLDER
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NEW! Stops fuel system freeze-ups. Add to every other tankful of gasoline.
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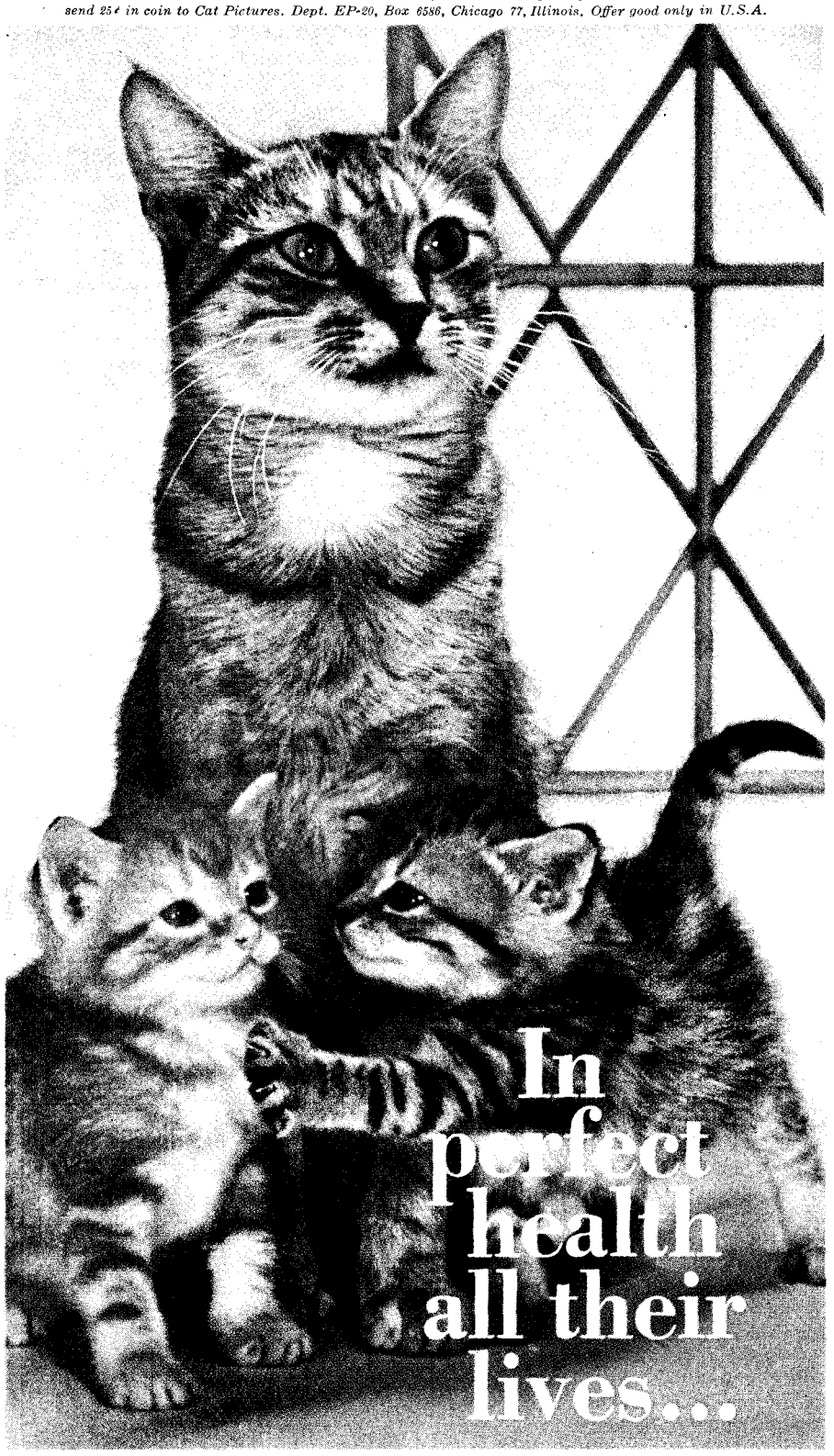
"Father will be home soon." For a 6½"x12" full-color print of this original photo by Walter Chandoha, send 25¢ in coin to Cat Pictures, Dept. EP-20, Box 6586, Chicago 77, Illinois. Offer good only in U.S.A.



they never miss their daily meal of

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Because health and balanced nourishment go hand in hand, cats fed Puss 'n Boots every day do more than just "keep the doctor away." They glow with beauty and well-being...with a difference you can see in energy and happy disposition.

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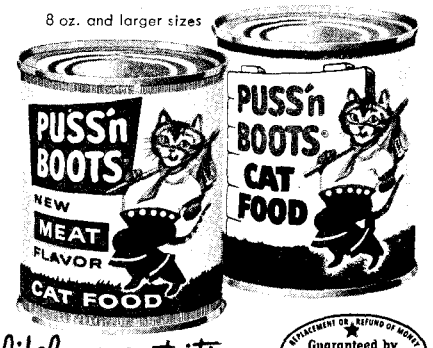

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Once a day—Every day—for lifelong nutrition

Coast Fisheries Division of The Quaker Oats Company, Chicago 54, Ill.

The Democrats' Golden Girl

(Continued from Page 37)

In presiding over the *salon*, Marietta was doing what came naturally. She spent much of her youth in one of the most distinguished *salons* in Boston, that of her maternal grandmother, the late Mrs. Henry Parkman. Among her blessings Marietta can count two grandparents of extraordinary gifts and strong character. The more famous of the two is Marietta's paternal grandfather, the late Dr. Endicott Peabody of the Boston Peabodys, founder and headmaster of Groton, the distinguished preparatory school for boys at Groton, Massachusetts. Mary Endicott Peabody, as Marietta was christened, visited the school frequently to stay for long periods with her grandparents.

William McCormick Blair Jr., law partner and confidant of Adlai Stevenson, remembers that the whole student body was in love with the headmaster's granddaughter. Blair, who was a student at Groton in Marietta's day, had known her since they were toddlers spending the summer in Northeast Harbor, Maine, with their parents.

"I remember making a fool of myself, at thirteen, letting the other boys know that Marietta and I were old friends," Blair recalls. "She caused a great uproar at the school. She was getting prettier every year—and the boys, older."

Doctor Peabody believed that "the development of character" was the prime purpose of education. Then he preached that such character was best dedicated to public service. His system produced, among many notables, Franklin Delano Roosevelt. It also produced in Marietta what Schlesinger describes as "her missionary zeal" for the betterment of man, whether he likes it or not.

If Marietta's grandmother Parkman is not as famous outside Boston as Doctor Peabody, it is because there is no justice. She is still remembered there as a Newark, New Jersey, belle of towering intellect, who took ten years to make up her mind to marry Henry Parkman, banker, Boston Brahmin and prime matrimonial catch.

For her own pleasure Mrs. Parkman translated the Greek Bible into Russian. The *salon* which she created in her Commonwealth Avenue brownstone rivaled that of her dear friend, the famous Mrs. Jack (Isabella Stewart) Gardner. In time Mrs. Parkman became one of the founders of Radcliffe College, in which Frances FitzGerald, nineteen, the eldest daughter of her favorite grandchild, Marietta, is now enrolled.

Marietta was born not only to the manner but the manse, knowing by hereditary right "everyone who is anyone" in her family's aristocratic Boston-Northeast Harbor, Maine, circle. Her grandfather's only son, the Rt. Rev. Malcolm Peabody, now an Overseer of Harvard and retired Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Central New York, married the eldest Parkman daughter, Mary. Their first child, born forty-three years ago, is that pride and joy of the Democratic party's hierarchs, Marietta Peabody Tree.

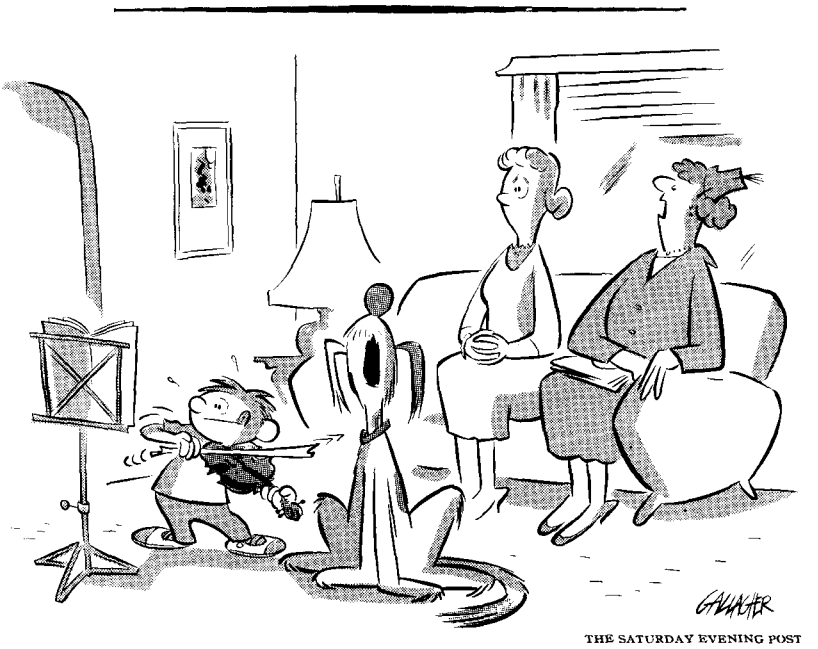
With such a background it is no wonder that Marietta has come to seek through politics (1) the perfectibility of men, and (2) their complete equality, unmindful of race, creed or color.

Long before Marietta found her vocation in politics she was working in the interracial field. Early in 1943 Marietta became a director of Sydenham Hospital. In December, 1942, this old New York institution, on the edge of Harlem, became the city's first interracial hospital. Civil rights have been a lifelong mission to which Marietta gives consecrated service, as do her four brothers. She recently resigned as a director of the National Urban League to give more time to the City of New York Commission on Intergroup (race) Relations, to which Mayor Robert Wagner appointed her.

Marietta is a convert to the Democratic Party, and converts, they say, are the most fervent believers. In her first political venture she harangued fellow students at St. Timothy's, a fashionable boarding school now at Stevenson, Maryland, in behalf of Herbert Hoover; that was in 1932. None of the students was old enough to vote, but it made no difference to her.

She carried her Republican sympathies with her when she was sent, in 1935, to La Petite École Florentine in Florence, Italy, to be "finished." But at the end of her year in Italy Marietta refused to consider herself "finished." She had definitely settled on politics as a life interest, and in preparation wanted to go to college. This enthusiasm was not shared by her father, the Rev. Dr. Peabody, who was faced with the expensive duty of sending four sons through prep school and college.

The father, then rector of St. Paul's Episcopal Church in the Chestnut Hill section of Philadelphia, made a bargain with his daughter. He would pay her tuition at the University of Pennsylvania if she would (*Continued on Page 88*)



"The dog is coming along nicely."

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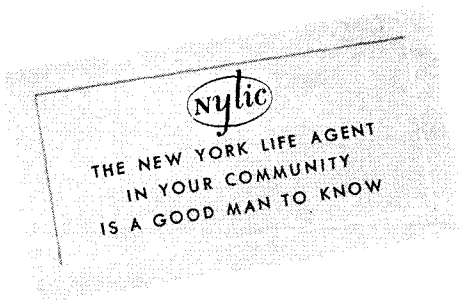

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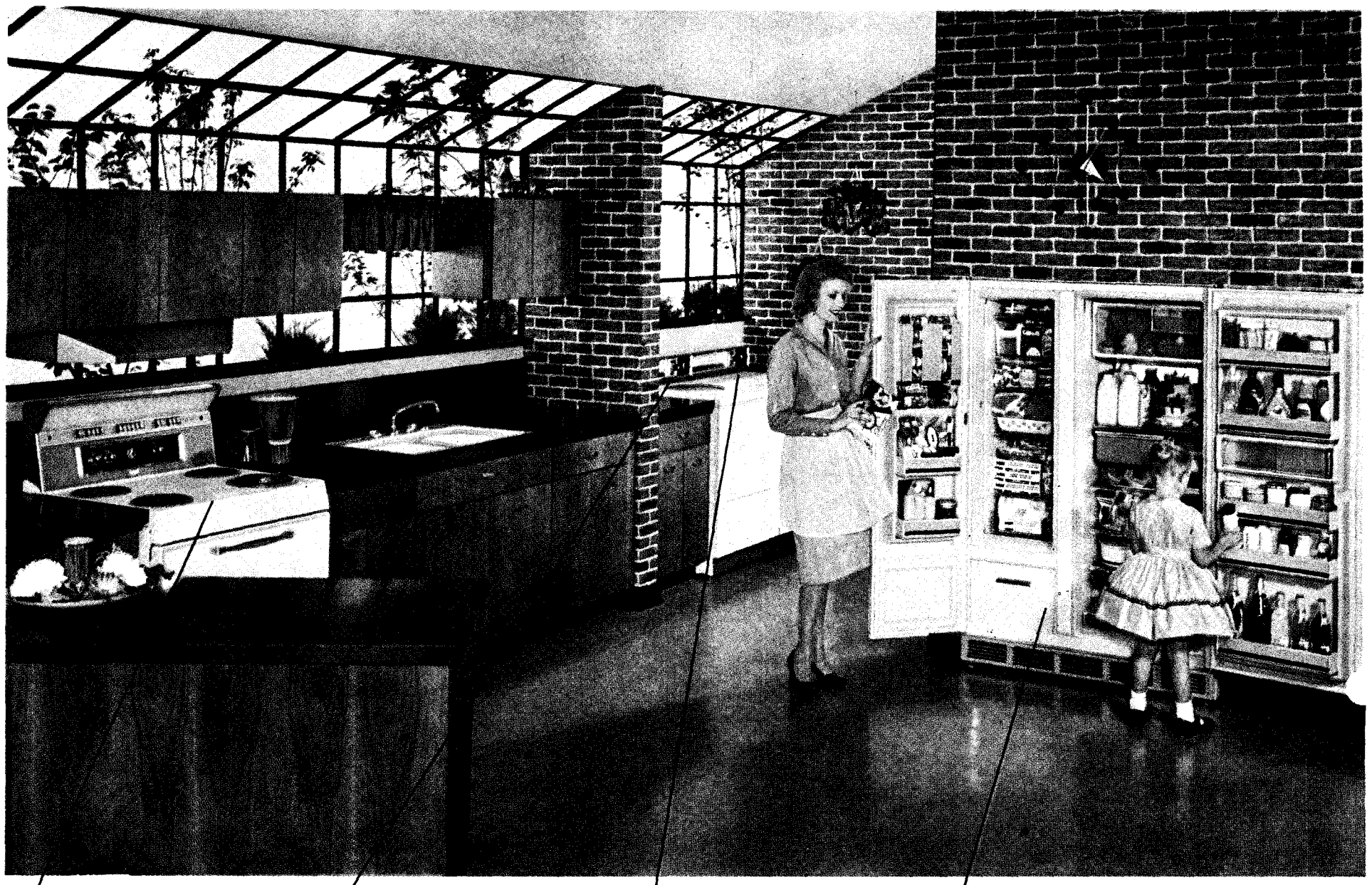
Win All 10 Kelvinator



1 KELVINATOR ELECTRIC RANGE

Ends the drudgery of oven cleaning forever! With Kelvinator's patented Throw-Away Aluminum Oven Linings, you simply throw away grease and grime . . . slip in new linings in a jiffy!

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Deep Turbulent Washing Action, plus Automatic Pre-Scrubbing Cycle, gets dirtiest clothes sparkling clean **without** harsh beating! Tests prove Kelvinator won't even tear a paper napkin!

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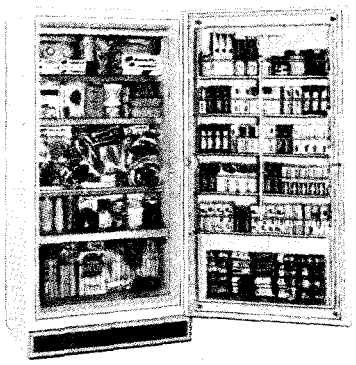
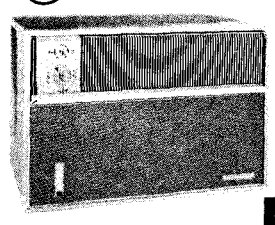


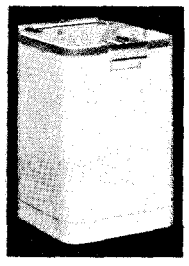
5 KELVINATOR HOME FREEZER

Safer, more uniform low temperatures—in the door as well as on the shelves—let you store frozen foods for the maximum safe-storage period! There's no defrosting . . . Kelvinator "No-Frost" banishes frost from walls, shelves, packages!

6 KELVINATOR ROOM AIR CONDITIONER



Here's finest air cooling, **plus** finest air cleaning! Kelvinator's exclusive combination of Electro-Magnetic Filter and Filtermatic Signal removes practically all harmful dirt and dust from the air . . . then automatically shows when the filter needs cleaning!



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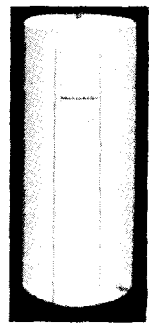
Does all your dishes for just pennies a day! Rolls anywhere . . . quick-snaps to your kitchen faucet without plumbing or special installation! Fully automatic, too.



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Provides more hot water at less cost because a special water diffusion feature prevents incoming cold water from lowering the temperature of the hot water already in the tank!

9 KELVINATOR DISPOSER

Outlasts ordinary disposers and provides fast, extremely fine grinding with new "diamond-hard" shredders!

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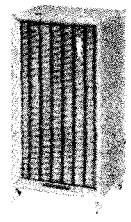

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Now your community food retailer brings you a fun-filled, value-packed "Spectacular" of your favorite brands . . . with an opportunity to win one Kelvinator appliance of your choice or a Grand Prize of *all ten*!

Just pick up an entry blank at his store any time from October 20 to 29 . . . then fill it out and mail it in! There's nothing to write* . . . nothing to buy! Complete rules are on the entry form.

This gala once-a-year "Spectacular", introduced in 1957 by National Association of Retail Grocers of the United States (NARGUS) and The Saturday Evening Post, is the only food value event of its kind—with industry-wide support of leading manufacturers, retailers, voluntary and cooperative groups, wholesalers and brokers. NARGUS, the largest trade association in the world, has over 112,000 member stores accounting for 44% of the nation's annual $52 billion in retail food sales.

So shop at your favorite community food store for outstanding values . . . and pick up your entry blank for these outstanding prizes!

*In Nebraska, New Jersey, Virginia, Florida, and Wisconsin only, a statement of 25 words or less is required to comply with state laws.

FOR "OUT OF THIS WORLD" VALUES, LOOK FOR THESE FAMOUS BRANDS AT YOUR COMMUNITY FOOD STORE DISPLAYING THIS ROCKET

ANHEUSER-BUSCH, INC.
Budweiser Beer

CALIFORNIA PACKING CORP.
Del Monte Pineapple

CAMPBELL SOUP COMPANY
Soup

GENERAL MILLS, INC.
Gold Medal Flour
Betty Crocker Cake Mixes
Bisquick
All Cereals

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY
Ketchup

KRAFT FOODS DIVISION NATIONAL DAIRY PRODUCTS CORP.
Cracker Barrel Cheese

LIBBY, McNEILL & LIBBY
Tomato Juice

MORTON SALT COMPANY

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY
Premium and
Snowflake Saltines

OCEAN SPRAY CRANBERRIES, INC.

PEPSI-COLA COMPANY

THE PILLSBURY COMPANY
Buttermilk Pancake Mix

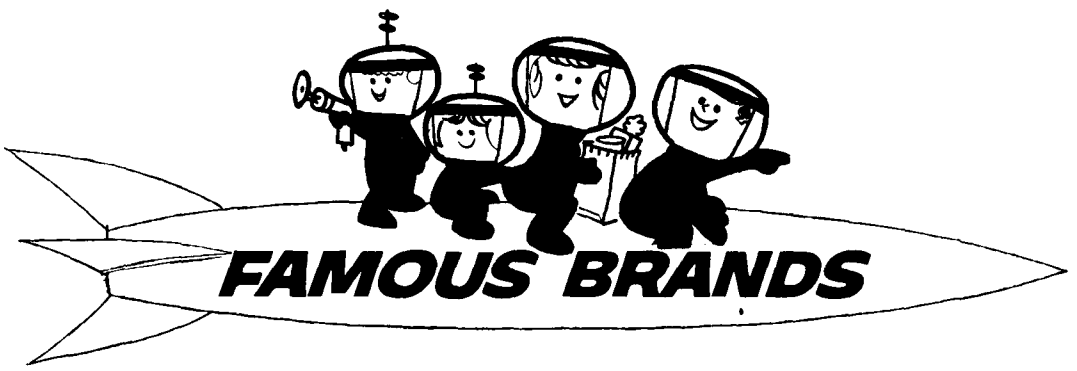
THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY
Mother's and
Quaker Oats

JOSEPH SCHLITZ BREWING COMPANY
Beer

SEVEN-UP COMPANY

STANDARD BRANDS INCORPORATED
Blue Bonnet Margarine
Hunt Club Burgerbits

SWIFT & COMPANY
All Products



SPECTACULAR

OCT. 20-29

FOR TYPICAL "SPECTACULAR" VALUES, READ THE ADS ON THE FOLLOWING PAGES

FAMOUS BRANDS SPECTACULAR OCTOBER 20-29

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(*Continued from Page 84*) earn all her other expenses. If Marietta still looks and carries herself like a model, small wonder; during the three years she attended Penn, majoring in political science, she worked as a model in that Philadelphia institution, John Wanamaker's.

Romance and marriage cut short her university career at the end of her junior year. On September 2, 1939, Marietta was married to Desmond FitzGerald, a tall, handsome young lawyer, son of a prominent New York-Palm Beach family, and a Republican. The knot was tied in the Church of St. Mary's by the Sea in Northeast Harbor. The wedding was described in chorus by Eastern society editors as "one of the most brilliant social events of the year."

The newlyweds took a fashionable Sutton Place apartment in New York. Old friends remember the young FitzGeralds as the handsomest couple in town. But Europe was already engulfed by war, in which the FitzGerald marriage finally foundered. FitzGerald, alarmed by the Nazi menace, quickly joined the Army. From that time until months after the war ended Marietta scarcely saw him.

When their daughter Frances was old enough to be left with a nurse, FitzGerald was in Burma; Marietta, alone and restless, took a job with an old friend, Nelson Rockefeller, then head of the Office of Coordinator of Inter-American Affairs. She worked in New York, looking after State Department guests, taking Inter-American wives on shopping tours.

In 1944 she went to work on *Life* magazine, chiefly as a researcher for John K. Jessup, the editorial writer.

"It was a fascinating experience, and I adored the job," she says of her two years there. "It turned into a marvelous education. I had to know by heart the voting records of almost every United States senator and of the heads of all the important committees in the House. It was then, after memorizing those senatorial and House voting records that I became a passionate Democrat."

It was a fascinating experience for *Life*, too, as Jessup recalls Marietta's stint there.

"She was a sweet, candid and outgoing person, and she earned her pay," he says. "She was very bright, very handsome and always dining out in well-connected areas. She was a Park Avenue type, not a working-girl type, but she was completely at home in both worlds. When Marietta worked here, Henry Luce was always sticking his head in my door and saying, 'I dined out again last night with that researcher of yours.'"

Although Marietta had become a "passionate Democrat" by 1946, when FitzGerald returned from the war and she quit *Life*, she had taken no active role in the party's work. Moreover she soon found herself preoccupied with a rapidly disintegrating marriage.

The war had parted the young FitzGeralds for almost six years. They were strangers when they met again in 1946. FitzGerald, still a conservative and a Republican, returned to a wife who, in his absence, had become a militant liberal and a Democrat. Their sympathies were estranged, and soon they were too.

During the war years Marietta had met in the homes of mutual friends the singular and fascinating Anglo-American, Arthur Ronald Lambert Field Tree, who is now her husband. He was then shuttling between London, Washington and New York on missions for His Majesty's Government.

Tree, almost twenty years older than Marietta, is the descendant of two of Chicago's most distinguished and pioneer families. Born in England and a naturalized British subject, he was a Conservative Member of Parliament for thirteen years. He is an old friend of Winston Churchill, who visited the Trees in their Barbados home last winter.

Both of Tree's parents were Americans. His Chicago grandfathers were Judge Lambert Tree and the original Marshall Field. The judge was active in the Democratic Party in his day, and a friend of the original Adlai Ewing Stevenson, grandfather of the current Adlai, and Vice President during Grover Cleveland's second term.

Despite stiff opposition from Marietta's family, the FitzGerald marriage ended in a Reno divorce in July, 1947. Three months earlier Tree's first wife, a Langhorne of Virginia, a niece of Lady Nancy Astor and the mother of Tree's two grown sons, had divorced him. A week after Marietta received her Reno decree she and Tree were married in the town hall at Huntington, Long Island.

They sailed immediately for England and Dytchley Park, Tree's country house near Oxford. The magnificence of this mansion was, in Marietta's words, "overwhelming; it was a beautiful and glorious home." It had been a second home, during the war, to Churchill. And now the American beauty found herself playing hostess to leading political figures in Britain and many from the Continent. Tree had lost his seat in Parliament by a mere 100 votes, in the Labor landslide of 1945. He knew everyone of political and social importance in his adopted land, and he held open house at Dytchley.

By the end of 1948 it was obvious that Tree could no longer afford to live in England. Between British and American taxes his income was swallowed whole. The source of Tree's income, estimated at $240,000 annually in 1950, is a multimillion-dollar trust, principally in Chicago real estate, created by his grandfather Lambert. So the decision was to sell Dytchley and return to live in the United States.

The curtain went down on the Dytchley period with a gesture worthy of the great house. The Trees gave a final dinner and supper dance in the mansion that "might have followed a scenario by Oscar Wilde," says Marietta's brother, Sam, who was present. "I'm sure all the dukes of England were present, as well as Queen Elizabeth [then a princess], Prince Philip and Princess Margaret."

The Trees were back in New York by December 2, 1949, when their only child, a daughter christened Penelope, was born. They soon acquired a handsome double house in East 79th Street, which Tree transformed into a miniature Dytchley, with art treasures collected over a span of thirty years.

Marietta, who collects only causes, people and politics, was glad to let her husband take charge of the new home while she doted on the baby, got her older daughter settled in school, and began to pick up old contacts in interracial work.

It was not until the spring of 1952 that Marietta finally plunged into party politics. For months before the Democratic convention in Chicago she was an unpaid volunteer of unknown status at Democratic State Committee headquarters in New York. She proved quick and reliable in research; she could turn out literate speeches for any candidate in need of ghostly help. When the big wheels of the State Committee packed for Chicago, they felt sorry that Marietta couldn't be taken along.

George Daly, public relations director of the committee, told her, "We simply can't wangle another hotel room." Never mind, said Marietta; she was going to the convention anyway.

When she said she already had a place to stay, Daly asked for the address; he felt the committee should at least keep in touch with her, try to get her tickets for the convention and buy her a meal. When pressed, Marietta said that Marshall Field—then one of the party's financial bulwarks—had put his Chicago apartment at her disposal.

Daly rang up Earl Brown, Negro member of the Council of the City of New York and an assistant editor of *Life*. "Earl," said Daly, "who the hell is this girl?"

It was Brown to whom Marietta had gone in the spring of 1952, saying, "I would like to work in politics. Should I go with the regulars or with an independent group?" Brown told her she could do more from the inside than from the outside, "no matter how much the inside needs reform." He then sent her to Daly without identifying her, except to say, "Here is a very competent person who wants work and no pay."

Brown's amused explanation to Daly, and events at the Chicago convention, convinced Daly and his cohorts that they had been entertaining an angel unaware. She knew everyone and his uncle; more to the point, she knew everyone and his uncle on a first-name basis, including two prime contenders for the nomination, W. Averell Harriman and Adlai Stevenson, then governor of Illinois.

Marietta returned from the convention to go with "Volunteers for Stevenson." The New York Democrats immediately talked of her as vice-chairman of the Democratic State Committee, but she would have none of it.

What she needed and wanted in politics was experience. That was just about what Democrats got out of the '52 campaign. By the 1954 elections Marietta was co-manager of the Congressional campaign of Anthony B. Akers, Democratic candidate for the House from New York's Seventeenth (Silk Stocking) Congressional District. In his behalf she addressed envelopes, directed volunteers, rang doorbells and stumped the district.

At 10:30 P.M. on election night in 1954, as returns began to come in, Marietta quietly let herself out of the Fifth Avenue apartment of Lewis W. Douglas, former ambassador to the Court of St. James's. She was skipping out on the most posh party in New York that night and leaving protocol in shards. Mr. and Mrs. Douglas were entertaining the *crème de la crème* of the city in honor of Her Majesty, Queen Mother Elizabeth. By all the rules, no one may leave any gathering before royalty departs.

But the guest making her getaway had received permission to leave early. Marietta was the only woman in New York that night to whom it could possibly seem more important to be with political cronies at the Democratic headquarters of her Congressional candidate than to bask in the presence of the Queen Mother. "It was the natural thing to do," she explained later in a Back Bay accent. "At a time like that one wants to be with one's pals."

As Marietta left the apartment house, the family chauffeur and Rolls-Royce were waiting at the curb. She stepped in, pulled down the shades and directed the chauffeur to reverse the rear-view mirror. Then, with a dexterity worthy of a quick-change artist, she managed to wriggle out of her white lace Balmain ball gown and into a good, basic black. A few moments later, looking neat and cheerful, she was at the Blackstone Hotel, Akers's headquarters, and involved in the sad task of counting out her candidate. The Silk Stocking district, on schedule, had elected Akers's Republican opponent, Frederic R. Coudert Jr.

If the Akers campaign failed, it did produce as a valuable by-product: practical political experience for Marietta. By 1954 she was an active and valued member of the Lexington Democratic Club, in the Ninth Assembly District. This is the oldest and largest Democratic reform club in the city, viewed by the nonpartisan Citizens Union as representing "all that is best in politics." Here was an ideal political haven for an idealistic woman working her way up in politics from the precinct level. Marietta soon succeeded Dorothy Schiff, owner of the *New York Post*, as New (*Continued on Page 90*)

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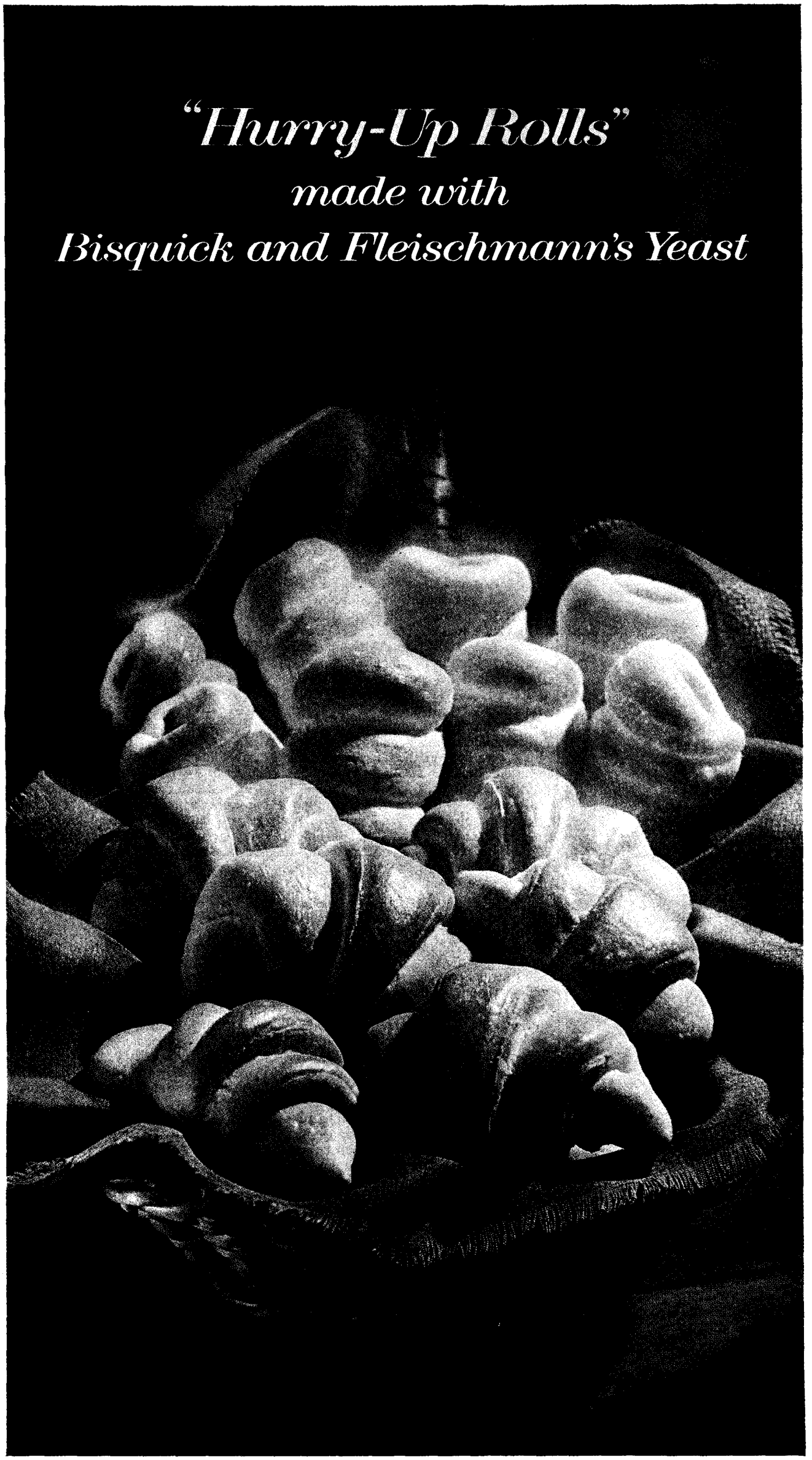
"Hurry-Up Rolls" made with Bisquick and Fleischmann's Yeast



You just need Fleischmann's Yeast, Bisquick and water *...that's all!*

Now yeast baking can be fun . . . and fast . . . even for beginners. Easy, too. That's because Bisquick's 6 perfectly blended ingredients give you a head start. And Fleischmann's adds that wonderful homemade flavor only yeast brings to your baking.

HURRY-UP YEAST ROLLS
(*only one easy rising!*)

1 package Fleischmann's Active Dry Yeast
¾ cup warm, not hot, water (105 to 115°)
2½ cups Bisquick

Dissolve Fleischmann's Yeast in warm, not hot, water. Mix in Bisquick. Beat vigorously. Turn dough onto surface well dusted with Bisquick. Knead until smooth, about 20 times. Shape into crescent or clothespin rolls. (See shaping directions below.) Place on lightly greased baking sheet. Cover. Let rise in warm place free from draft about 1 hour. *Heat oven to 400°* (moderately hot). Bake *10 to 15 minutes*, until a rich golden brown. Brush with margarine or butter. *Makes 16.*

For crescents: Roll dough into 12″ circle. Cut into 16 wedges. Beginning at wide side, roll toward point. Place on greased baking sheet with point underneath.

For clothespins: Divide dough into 16 strips. Roll each on board with palm of hands to 12″ lengths. Wrap strips around greased clothespins so edges barely touch.

Make Hurry-Up Rolls soon. (Recipe's also on your Bisquick box . . . and on every 3-Strip of Fleischmann's Active Dry Yeast.) Have a kitchen warm with the wonderful fragrance of yeast baking!

FAMOUS BRANDS SPECTACULAR

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From Mary Hale Martin
Libby's Home Economist...

SURPRISE IDEAS...

from soup to dessert...with

Libby's FAMOUS FOODS

CREAM OF CORN SOUP

Combine 1 qt. milk, #303 can Libby's Cream Style Corn (it's richer in *natural* corn cream), 1 slice of onion, 1½ tsp. salt. Cook over boiling water 30 min. Mix ¼ cup each flour and water to smooth paste. Add to corn mixture. Cook 15 min., stirring occasionally. Add 2 tbsp. butter, ¼ tsp. each pepper and paprika. Top with slices of Libby's Stuffed Olives. 6 servings.

PEPPER-ASPIC SALAD— Open 46-oz. can Libby's Tomato Juice. (That's the one that's truly tomato rich!) Soften 3 envelopes unflavored gelatin in ¾ cup of the cold juice. Heat remaining juice; do not boil. Add 3 tbsp. grated onion, 3 tsp. salt and the softened gelatin, stirring until it dissolves. Cut 3 green peppers in half lengthwise; scoop out; fill with slightly thickened aspic. Chill until firm; top with cottage cheese or deviled egg halves.

BEEF STEW 'N BISCUITS— Cut packaged biscuits in half. Dip tops into melted butter mixed with caraway seeds or oregano. Bake buttered side up in 475° F. oven 5 to 7 min., or until lightly browned. Meanwhile, heat Libby's Beef Stew to bubbling; then top with herb biscuits. Libby's is the stew with *lots* of lean beef; it's *most* like homemade!

FRUIT COCKTAIL CREAM PUFFS— Drain #2½ can Libby's Fruit Cocktail. (You'll love the delightfully fresh taste of each of its five fruits!) Reserve syrup and heat to boiling. Thicken with paste of 2 tbsp. each cornstarch and water. Simmer 15 min.; remove from heat. Add 1 tsp. grated lemon peel. Fold in fruit cocktail; chill. Serve over ice cream-filled cream puffs.

Libby's famous foods...trusted everywhere

Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago 4, Illinois

(*Continued from Page 88*) York State Committeewoman from the Ninth. She has held the job ever since by dint of constant canvassing and hard work.

In 1955 Marietta headed up "Volunteers for Stevenson" in New York. In the campaign a year later she won the admiration of the professionals for the powerhouse organization she built around volunteers at Stevenson headquarters. But Adlai was not the only Stevenson who pre-empted her time in 1956. Among the volunteers at headquarters was a pretty girl, Helen Stevenson, a remote cousin of the Democratic presidential candidate. Her eventual marriage to Gov. Robert B. Meyner of New Jersey was credited at the time to Marietta's matchmaking.

During the second Stevenson campaign the Tree drawing room was more than ever the meeting ground of Democrats of all degrees of opinion, candidacy, financial solvency and social background. The party eggheads loved it as their home away from home.

In Marietta's drawing room Democrats can always find stimulation from such top newsmen as Turner Catledge and Lester Markel, managing editor and Sunday editor, respectively, of *The New York Times;* James Wechsler, editor of the *New York Post;* and Alicia Patterson Guggenheim, editor of *Newsday.*

Writers, columnists, commentators, TV executives, intellectuals and the lively arts are represented by such *salon* regulars as Ed Murrow, Doris Fleeson, Eric Sevareid, James Reston, Alistair Cooke, Ed Morgan, Larry Lesueur, Theodore White, Louis G. Cowan, Robert E. Kintner, Moss Hart, Kitty Carlisle, Irene Selznick, Roger L. Stevens, Frank Altschul, Mary Lasker, David Lilienthal, Alan Jay Lerner, Earl Brown and even such Republicans as Harry and Clare Boothe Luce.

Party meetings that might ordinarily attract ten Democrats produced sixty when they were held in the Tree home after Marietta became active in party politics.

"It beat the back rooms by a block," says Earl Brown, who remembers with relish one of the early gatherings. "We were trying to raise money for something. I remember the tickets to this party at Marietta's house cost twenty dollars, but people crowded in from the Lower East Side, Harlem and all over. The catering and the champagne were by Twenty-One. When Governor Harriman and I wanted to talk privately, the only place we could find was in the house's sub-subbasement.

"I shall never forget the sight of the Trees' English butler, Collins, dying by stately inches at the thought of what that mass of Democrats could do to the house, or of Ronnie Tree, stiff, perspiring and apprehensive. And all the time Marietta was sashaying around as if it were a picnic in Central Park."

There are those who assay Marietta's good looks, her successful marriage, her two adoring children, her lavish homes, her Rolls-Royce, her political know-how and her *salon,* and sigh, "All this and Collins too!" Collins, who has been with Tree for thirty years, is a commanding example of the British butler. He is, in fact, the secret ingredient that enables Marietta, who is a perfectionist determined to be the model wife, mother and civic servant, to make an educated stab at all three tasks.

It is Collins who runs the town house with effortless aplomb. "He is one of the jewels of the modern world," says Marietta. Whether there are two or 200 for dinner, he arranges all faultlessly. Besides, he is one of Marietta's political triumphs. Collins may have arrived in the United States a monarchist, but today he is a true-blue Democrat who no longer blanches when the house is jumpin' with the party faithful.

When Akers ran for Congress again in 1958, Marietta was once more comanager of his campaign. That time the Silk Stocking District rejected him for Republican John V. Lindsay. Marietta was now vice-chairman of the New York Committee for Special Democratic Projects, a group that raises the major share of funds for support of the Advisory Council of the Democratic National Committee. She had also achieved the status of a Kentucky colonel.

This fall Marietta is devoting her time, talent and *salon* to the election of John F. Kennedy to the White House. No one doubts that her political heart belongs to Stevenson, and the even more liberal wing of the party represented by Sen. Hubert H. Humphrey; neither does anyone question her loyalty to the party.

"She is always for the party rather than the personality," says her friend, Alicia Patterson Guggenheim.

"Marietta," says Adlai Stevenson, "gives the party status and prestige. When you find someone closely identified with the intellectual and aristocratic communities who is also a positive, active, working Democrat, it tends to encourage everyone in the party."

"In politics she's a warm, sweet breath of fresh air," says Joseph Baird of the Baird Chemical Corporation, who works with Marietta to raise money for the party. "She really believes that politics is the art of survival."

> Television is a truly remarkable invention. The same set that puts you and your wife to sleep keeps the neighbors awake.
>
> HAROLD COFFIN

In Marietta's own opinion, a Puritan conscience spurs her activity. "I work in the political field because I believe that everyone in a democracy has duties as well as rights. I think it terribly important that all the citizens in a democracy fully participate in government.

"In politics I can labor for a peaceful world for all children, a world that will give a better break to everyone. I am impelled by a feeling that I have so many blessings I must somehow try to pay for them in hard work for the community and in gratitude for being an American. I have to try and pay my debt to God."

Marietta's oldest daughter, Frances, has already gone canvassing with her mother. As for Marietta's husband, still a British subject, he is "delighted for her to have this interest in politics. Of course, I'm completely divorced from politics now, but I find that English Conservatives and American Democrats are indistinguishable in their aims."

The usual rewards of politics do not interest Marietta. She does not want to be an ambassador, a senator or a cabinet officer. The boys in the back room believe she might be pleased to be a national committeewoman, or a member of the American delegation to the United Nations. Rewarded or not, she will work just as hard for Kennedy's election as she did for Stevenson's in '52 and '56, convinced that salvation for the nation and the world lies along Democratic Party paths. And win or lose, the Democrats will still have a dedicated worker who is also beautiful, brainy, rich, gay, mistress of a *salon*—and soon to be seen in a movie, kissing Clark Gable.

What other political party can make that claim? THE END

FAMOUS BRANDS SPECTACULAR

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We Circled the Globe Submerged

(Continued from Page 27)

men brought home twice a month. This could not be allotted; but if requested, the money could be transmitted to one's family (submarine pay, unlike flying pay, summarily terminates when the man is not actually serving on board a submarine). The hooker was that the serviceman himself had to request this, and specify for how long. How could we tell our people that these arrangements had to cover, not a few weeks, but a quarter of a year?

It was February now. Automobile license tags would be due for many of the men in the next few months, and income-tax returns by April fifteenth. A provision in the tax law states that an advance letter to the Collector of Internal Revenue explaining a delay would receive consideration; but any such letter was out of the question.

As the train rumbled northward I resolved to announce that some unknown bureaucrat in Washington (forgive, please, O Pentagon!) had so fouled up our shakedown-cruise schedule that we would have to proceed directly from the North Atlantic into the Caribbean for special tests by the Bureau of Ships; and that there would be no opportunity to send mail en route. A list of "things to do" would be made out for all hands, and each man would be required to return a copy with his signature indicating that everything had been taken care of. I hoped there would be no curious questions about some of the unusual items.

The requirement for *Triton*'s trip had resulted from the need for scientific investigation of certain oceanographic and geophysical phenomena. By providing continuously recorded data entirely around the world and back to the starting point, it was hoped to obtain certain technical information particularly needed by the Hydrographic Office and of great value to many research projects presently underway, particularly those relating to the Polaris project.

Since Polaris-type submarines were expected to spend two months per cruise—or longer—entirely submerged, probably with little opportunity to come to periscope depth, let alone actually to surface, some prior experience was needed in the problems to be encountered from this cause. Hence the decision to go all the way submerged.

Nuclear power—the only source of power yet developed by man which is neither tied to the land nor dependent upon oxygen during the cycle—gave us the capability. Indeed, ever since the *Nautilus* first went to sea in January of 1955, United States submariners have known that they would someday make just such a trip. And *Triton*, with her high speed, fantastic endurance and two completely independent engineering plants, was the best ship in the world to take up the challenge.

It was when the precise routing was considered that the first circumnavigator, Ferdinand Magellan, was called to mind. The general proposed track was already remarkably near to Magellan's; a little adjustment would bring the two into close congruity. Our suggestion that *Triton* divert slightly to visit the place where Magellan died and, later, pass close to his starting point in Spain, was approved. So was the idea of a commemorative gift to Spain in honor of his memory.

Boldly I had told the conference that *Triton* would herself design and finance the casting of an appropriate commemorative plaque. How this would be done I did not know, for the Navy has no budget for such niceties, but in our crew we had several able artists. Lt. Tom B. Thamm, diving officer and head of the Auxiliaries Division, had particularly impressed me with the handmade Christmas decorations in his home; and to Tom we turned for the design of a suitable plaque and supervision of the patternmaking and casting. (This was the plaque which *Triton* surfaced in May to deliver, and which the Honorable John Davis Lodge, United States Ambassador to Spain, later formally presented to the Spanish Government at the Magellan Monument in Sanlúcar de Barrameda.)

In keeping with the standard of readiness to which the Navy holds its ships and personnel, we had only twelve days to provision, obtain adequate supplies of the right charts, lay out our course in the meticulous detail necessary for safe navigation, install the special equipment needed, make personal arrangements for a long absence and shove off.

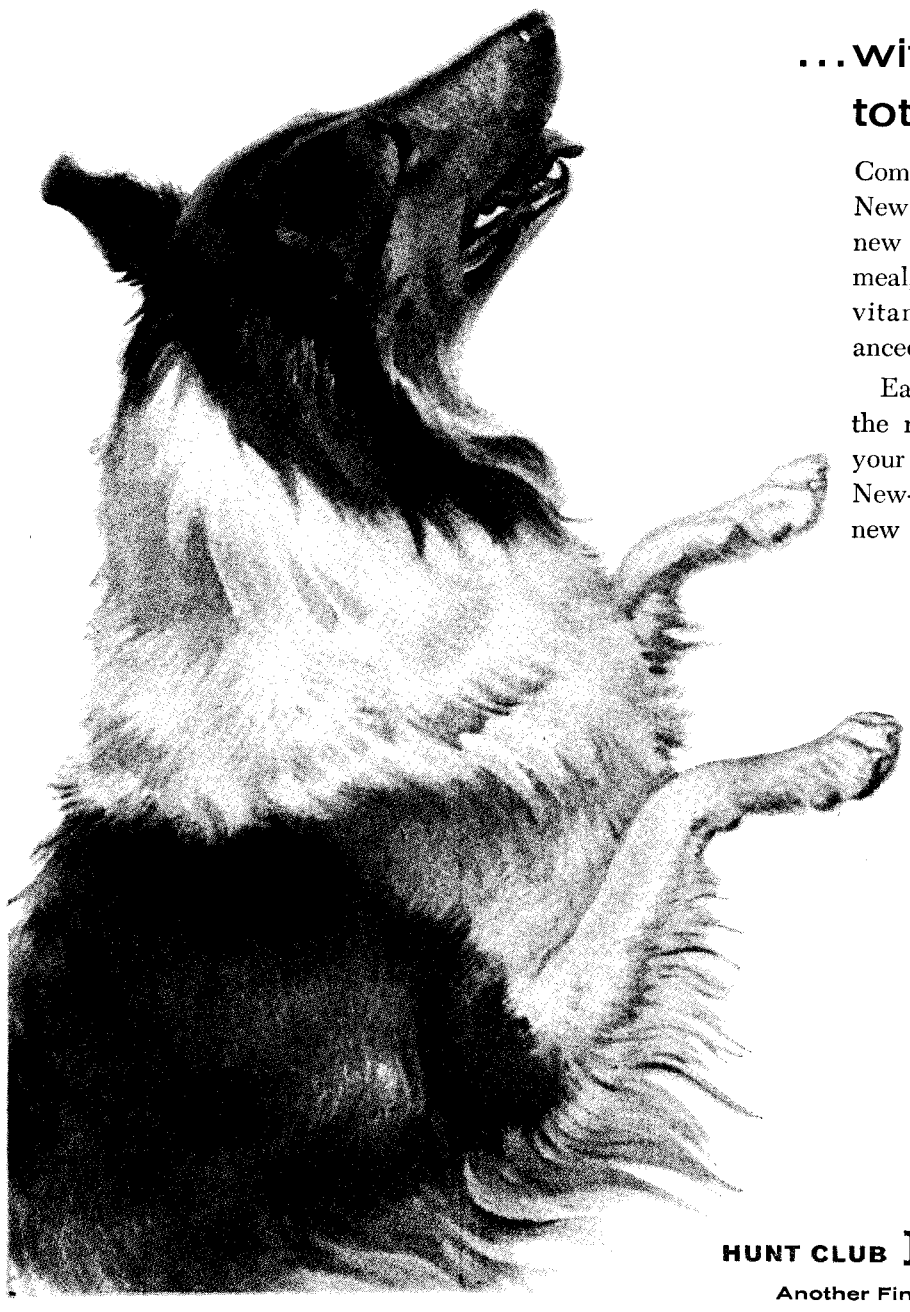
The sun was already low in the southwest on the afternoon of February sixteenth as *Triton* backed away from the Electric Boat Company dock in Groton, Connecticut. A raw wind whipped our faces as she drove down the Thames River and passed between Eastern Point and New London Light.

I waved my white cap with great sweeping motions to the lone feminine figure standing on a rock on Eastern Point. Our three children were not with her; they were beginning a new term in school. When next I embraced that devoted wife

New! ALL NEW!

A completely different dog food that gives...

True Meat Taste



...with total nutrition!

Completely new . . . Completely different! New Burgerbits is made from an exciting new recipe combining wholesome meat meal, healthful vegetables, whole grain, vitamins and bone meal perfectly balanced for Total Nutrition.

Each Burgerbit is precooked to capture the real taste . . . the *True Meat Taste* your dog craves. Today, treat your dog to New-Recipe Burgerbits—the completely new . . . completely different dog food!

HUNT CLUB Burgerbits® DOG FOOD

Another Fine Product of Standard Brands Inc.

FAMOUS BRANDS SPECTACULAR OCTOBER 20-29

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and mother, they would have started summer vacation.

We rang up "standard speed" as we passed Southwest Lodge Lighthouse. Soon after, our speed went to "full"; and as we passed Race Rock abeam to port and set our course through Block Island Sound, I told the officer of the deck to ring up "flank speed."

Triton, the largest and most powerful submarine ever built, is exactly 447 feet, 7 inches long and displaces, in the submerged condition, nearly 8000 tons. She is the first ship in the world successfully to operate with multiple nuclear reactors (a more complicated matter than might at first appear), and there is more horsepower at my command than my father had in his World War I battleship. On board, counting myself, there were this day seventeen officers, thirty-three chief petty officers, 126 "whitehats" (ranging from Bill Constantine, aged forty-one, to John Moulton, seventeen) and six civilian scientists—a total of 182.

Two huge propellers churning water into white froth astern, knife-blade bow splitting the waves, *Triton* swept through the sound over the bar between Long Island and Block Island, and on due south into the darkening sea.

This was part of what *Triton* was built for, and I exulted as the great creature in our charge drove across the waves at a speed attainable by no other submarine. Even so, it was approaching six P.M. before the water over the continental shelf became deep enough for us to submerge.

Officer-of-the-deck was Lt. Jim Hay, just reported aboard from six months' training at *Triton*'s prototype in West Milton, New York. Short of stature but tall of intellect, serious about his job and the Navy, Jim had made an immediate good impression. In order to get his hand in quickly, he had volunteered to stand more than his share of O.O.D. watches.

"Check the bridge well secured, Jim," I said, knowing that two lookouts and a quartermaster were all ears. "We'll be a long time down, you know!"

"Aye, aye, captain," Jim responded.

"I'll leave the bridge now," I said. "When you're ready, take her down!" Gripping the rails around the bridge ladder, I swung myself below as Jim again answered, "Aye, aye."

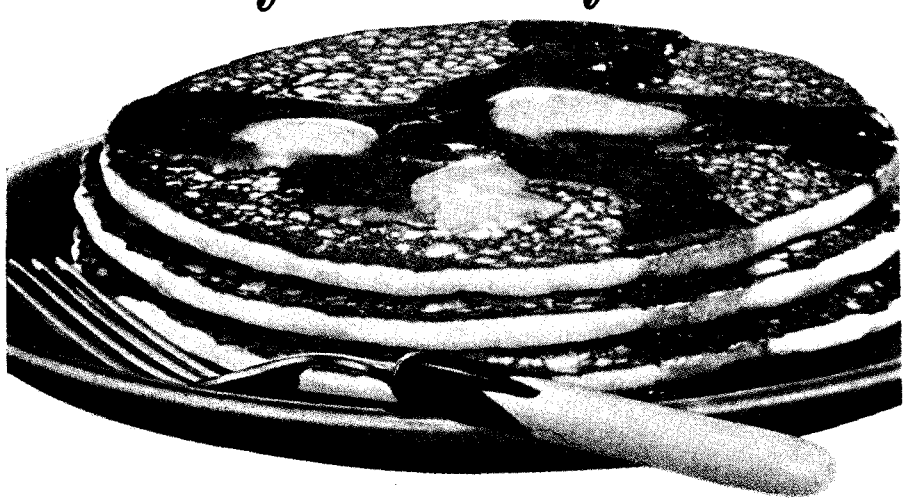
As I passed down through the conning tower into the control room, I knew my appearance heralded the time to dive. Diving was routine; *Triton* had already dived many times. But this was the start of our shakedown cruise, and something out of the ordinary was planned. That much, I was convinced, everyone must already have guessed.

There was a short delay—Jim was making a thorough final check of the bridge—finally came his voice on the bridge speaker system: "Clear the bridge! Clear the bridge!" Almost simultaneously the two blasts of the diving alarm resounded throughout the ship.

Instinctively I stepped clear of the hatch beneath which I had been standing. Moments later a pair of legs clattered down the ladder, followed closely by another pair, as lookouts Thomas Schwartz and William A. McKamey jumped down from the bridge and scrambled toward their seats at the diving stand.

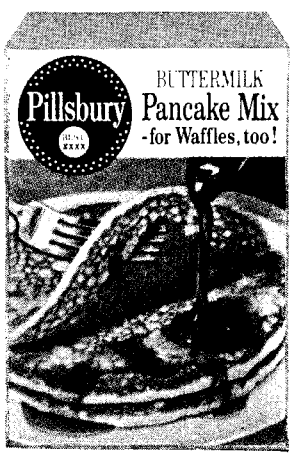
With the second blast of the diving alarm, Joe Walsh, *Triton*'s chief radioman and presently chief of the watch in the control room, swept his hands across the controls in the face of the ballast-control panel, and *Triton*'s twenty-two ballast tanks (*Continued on Page 94*)

New-Fashioned Lightness
old-fashioned flavor

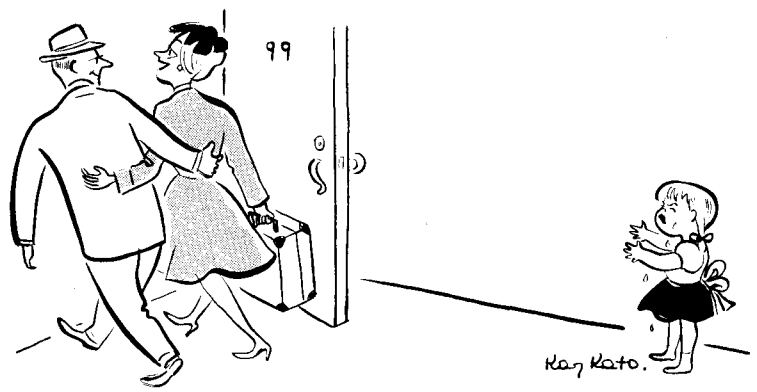


Pillsbury Buttermilks
America's favorite buttermilk pancakes

Catch one or two of these lacy brown Pillsbury beauties as they float off your griddle. Butter them, syrup them, take a tender bite. See? These pancakes *are* lighter, like you like 'em. Made for today's modern tastes. That's why more people eat Pillsbury Buttermilks than any other kind.



FAMOUS BRANDS SPECTACULAR
OCTOBER 20-29



You be the Judge

By ISABEL DRUMMOND

Janie, aged six, liked her mother's boy friend until her mother ran away with him and never returned. Through her father, Janie sued the man for alienating her mother's affections.

"Ridiculous!" the boy friend asserted through his counsel. "Whoever heard of a child bringing a 'heart balm' suit for alienation of maternal affection? This child is cared for well by her father, whose duty it is to support her."

"Nevertheless, a child suffers a distinct loss when deprived of her mother's love, care and company," Janie's lawyer replied. "This child is entitled to damages from the man who enticed her mother away."

If you were the judge, would you compensate Janie?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Janie collected. The court said her right to damages existed even though there was no legal precedent. It added: "There can be no doubt that benefits of the greatest value flow to the child from its mother's love . . . which may be a major factor in the welfare of the child during its entire life. . . ."

Based upon a 1949 Minnesota decision.

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NATURALLY FROM **KRAFT**

It's more than good cheese...

It's a real pleasure...

It's Cracker Barrel!

Only the **very finest cheddar** is selected by Kraft's cheese experts to wear the proud name of Cracker Barrel brand. Each cut is **marked for flavor**—Sharp, Extra Sharp, or Mellow. And sealed in foil so you get this superb natural cheese **as fresh as though it had been cut before your very eyes.** It's always great cheddar . . . **(no guessing!)** . . . when the cheese you set out is Cracker Barrel brand in the handy stick or traditional wedge.

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(*Continued from Page 92*) opened to the sea. The ship immediately began to assume diving attitude. As I watched the light indicator for the bridge hatch, it switched from a round circle to a straight bar, indicating that this important hull opening was closed. The words "hatch secured" floated down from the conning tower. Jim Hay came down the ladder and took his position.

Perhaps fifteen seconds had passed since the diving alarm. The gauges were already indicating our depth at somewhere between thirty and forty feet.

"One hundred and fifty feet, Jim," I told him. "Keep the fathometer going and don't get any closer than seventy-five feet from the bottom."

As the efficient, ordered bustle of diving died away, *Triton* settled into her normal submerged routine. I stepped aft into the next compartment and entered my tiny stateroom.

"Dived," I wrote in the log of *Triton*'s voyage. "We shall not surface until May."

The first leg of our journey was on course southeast into the South Atlantic toward St. Paul Rocks—"the Rock," as we called it—which was to mark the start and end of our actual circumnavigation. On the second day out, with everything running smoothly, I made the announcement I knew all were waiting for. The burst of determined enthusiasm which greeted its conclusion was the sort of music any skipper would give a lot to hear. We had the right ship for the job; and obviously we had the crew. We were going around the world submerged, and nothing resolvable by human endeavor was going to stop us short of this goal!

And as we drove ever southward through the Atlantic, our confidence in our ship and in ourselves, already at a high peak, grew daily.

During the approach to Cape Horn, we planned a photographic reconnaissance of Port Stanley in the Falkland Islands, but on March 3, 1960, with the Falkland Islands just in sight, we were forced to reverse course by a kidney stone belonging to John R. Poole, chief radarman. At my direction, Navigator (and Executive Officer) Will Adams set course for Montevideo, Uruguay, at maximum speed. We sent an urgent message asking help from the United States cruiser *Macon*, then also heading for Montevideo.

We had been watching Poole carefully for three days, hoping he would pass the stone, wondering whether he needed more medical attention than Cmdr. Jim Stark, our ship's doctor, could give him. So far as finally turning back was concerned, there really was no decision to it, though people seemed to give me credit for having made one. The only question was whether or not Poole was going to get well by himself.

In the old days you couldn't turn back—little good it would do, anyway. A sick man either survived or he died. When Magellan set forth on his cruise, he had 243 people in his five ships. By the time he reached the Philippines he was down to three ships and around one hundred and forty men; and when the *Victoria* finally returned alone to Spain, there were only eighteen survivors. By contrast—and it is a measure of the improvement in man's lot today—Poole's health was more important than successful completion of our subsurface voyage.

No one in *Triton* will ever forget the tremendous relief which swept through the ship when we received and decoded the message informing us that *Macon* was being diverted to our assistance.

We made rendezvous exactly when we planned it, at two o'clock in the morning of March fifth, having bored a tunnel through the South Atlantic for more than a day and a half. To my delight we had found that *Macon*'s skipper was the much-admired Reuben Whitaker, one of the more famous submariners in the Navy, and that the commander of the U. S. South Atlantic Forces, flying his flag in that ship, was Rear Adm. E. C. Stephan, a one-time squadron commander of mine in Key West! Neither of these gentlemen was accustomed to using two words when one or none would suffice, and I knew there would be no need for any great exchange of messages. In preparation for the meeting I wrote personal letters to both officers thanking them for their assistance, to be delivered by Poole after his transfer. And that, I knew, would be that.

Despite the size of *Triton*'s "sail," it is mostly composed of supporting structure for the many periscopes and radar masts which it houses. When we stopped and broached, only a few feet of the watertight hull of the ship was out of water, and my first concern was whether there was adequate working surface on the main deck. There was a slight running sea and a drizzle, but the ship's hull, lying deep in the water, was as steady as a sea wall.

Our men would get wet on deck, obviously enough, but it was apparent that the transfer could be effected as we were, and that except for the upper part of the conning tower, the entire pressure hull of the ship would remain submerged. Lt. George Sawyer, Chief of the Ship Chester R. Fitzjarrald, Quartermaster 3rd class Carl Hall, and Torpedoman 3rd Thomas Schwartz, who comprised the first party on deck, were up to their knees in water most of the time. Once or twice, as I watched with concern, they were submerged chest high.

Poole, pretty well loaded with morphine, was experiencing a remission and at the moment in no discomfort. When *Macon*'s expertly handled whaleboat came alongside, Jim Stark and George Sawyer had him ready, and he hardly wet his feet as he stepped into it.

The transfer completed, *Triton* streaked south again. As stated in our report of the voyage, at this point the mighty drive of our huge engines made one lyrical merely thinking of it. Two days later, our 2000-mile diversion having cost us less than four days, we passed Cape Horn. Every man aboard saw it by periscope.

Ferdinand Magellan's voyage across the Pacific was nearly an interminable one. The weather was ideal and the winds steadily blew his ships westward, a fortunate thing for his starving and emaciated crews, but he could catch neither fish nor bird and sighted no inhabited islands until he reached Guam. Unable to obtain provisions or water, his men were reduced to the utmost privation. The trans-Pacific trip took them ninety-eight days; and when they finally reached the Marianas they had eaten every rat, every crumb, even the leather chafing gear on their masts.

Triton also found it a rather long trip; but there was no lack of good food, nor—since we were on our shakedown cruise—was boredom a problem for any of us. We enlivened it by "periscope liberty" at Easter Island and a submerged *luau* near Pearl Harbor, and as we passed the resting place of *Triton I*, lost seventeen years ago, we held memorial services. Still, with all that it was a long voyage, and Guam was a very welcome sight through our periscopes. Again there was "periscope liberty," especially for Edward Carbullido, who hailed from there, and three days later, on March thirty-first, we passed into the waters of the Philippine Archipelago. On the morning of April first, *Triton* entered Hilutangan Channel, bordering the east side of Mactan Island, and it was just eleven o'clock when we entered Magellan Bay.

Our two periscopes were never out of motion as I searched the coastline for the monument reputed to stand somewhere here, and navigators Will Adams and Bob Bulmer obtained constant fixes of our position from landmarks ashore. *Triton* was a pretty big ship to take into tiny Magellan Bay, and we never let more than about five minutes pass without taking bearings.

At 11:20 the monument suddenly burst into view from amid the trees and foliage surrounding it. I could see a masonry structure resembling a rectangle with the long dimension vertical, its top surface slightly domed, standing upon a broader base. It looked as though there should be an obelisk or statue on top, but there was none. The monument was gleaming white, as if newly whitewashed.

Here is where Magellan died, I thought. I wondered how nearly the surrounding area still resembled the view he had seen that fateful morning. At minimum speed we cruised about the bay taking photographs from long range. At this point the following entry appears in our log:

1146: Upon raising the periscope I am looking right into the eyes of a young man in a small dugout, close alongside. Perhaps he had detected the dark bulk of our hull in the relatively clear waters of the bay, or he may have sighted our periscope earlier. He and I study each other gravely. His boat is perhaps twelve feet long, innocent of any paint and without mast or sail (which is why he got so close in on us). He has a paddle with which he easily stays abreast of us at our present slow speed. He looks ahead and looks behind, looks down in the water and maintains position about fifty yards abeam with occasional muscular sweeps of his paddle.

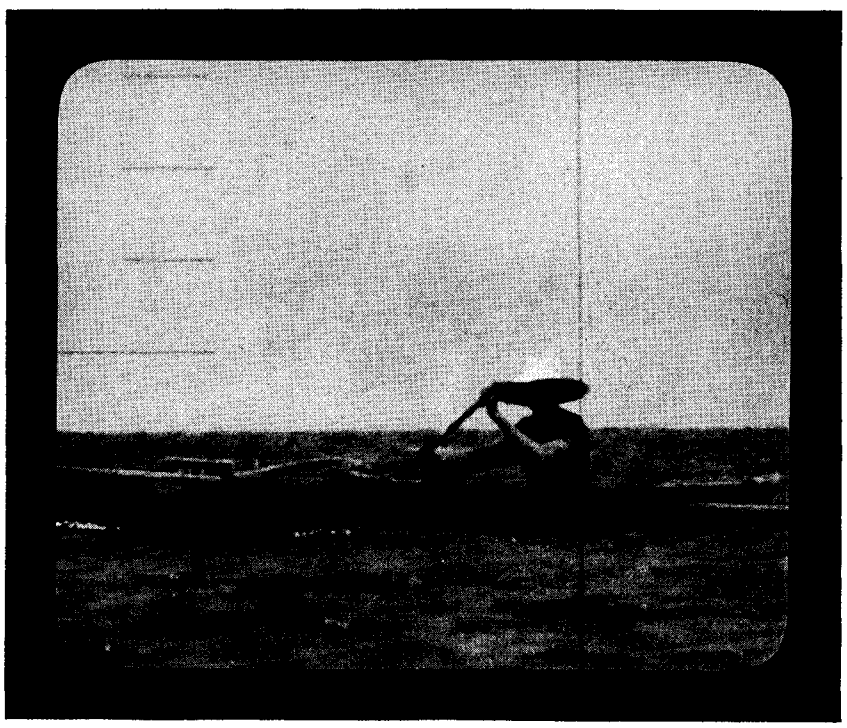
Our friend is a dark complexioned moon-faced young man with a well-fed physique. His clothing is tattered and he wears some kind of a battered hat for protection from the sun. Our photographic party obtains several pictures of him which will be interesting to look over at greater leisure.

"Down periscope!" The steel tube slithers down into its well, as I describe the scene above to people in the conning tower. They would all like to get a look at him, but that isn't too practicable.

I motion for the scope to slide up once more. Sure enough, there is our friend impassively leaning on his gunwales and staring right at the periscope as we raise it barely two inches out of the water. "We've played with this gent long enough," I mumble.

"All ahead two thirds. Right full rudder!" This is something our swarthy friend won't be able to handle. *Triton* slips neatly ahead of him and away to the right. Upon slowing for a look a few minutes later, I spot the dugout many hundreds of yards away, paddling rather strongly in the wrong direction.

In the conning tower irrepressible Chief Quartermaster Bill Marshall says aloud, "Wonder what he is going to tell his friends in Cebu tonight." Quartermaster 2nd-class Russell K. Savage probably has the right answer: "They won't believe a word he says."



This young Filipino was the only person known to have seen the *Triton* during its historic underwater cruise around the world, except for naval personnel, during a prearranged rendezvous. He spotted the sub's periscope on April Fool's Day.

Four days later, having transited the Sulu Sea, Celebes Sea, Macassar Strait, Java Sea and Lombok Strait, we were in the Indian Ocean. The tremendous power and endurance of our nuclear engines made this seem almost child's play. Yet once in a while I could not help considering the extraordinary expanses of distance we were covering and the short time it took to do it. I was losing, I feared, my long-learned respect for distances at sea.

Crossing the Indian Ocean took twelve days. With the psychological high point of the cruise behind us and many miles yet in prospect, we had reached a time for taking stock of ourselves and our ship.

For the entire cruise, some fifty of our crew had been handing in answers to daily questionnaires relating to their general feelings, state of well-being, sleeping habits, work habits, and so on. All were volunteers and had started the project as something of a lark; but as the trip wore on, answering questionnaires several times a day had understandably lost its fun aspect. Dr. Ben Weybrew, a psychologist from the Medical Research Laboratory, had been keeping charts based on these questionnaires, and we found that his graphs showed definite ups and downs.

Doctor Weybrew cautioned us repeatedly against trying to draw too many inferences from the findings; long study and repeated samplings were needed, he insisted. Yet some of the valleys and peaks seemed easily explainable. For example, March third, the day we had turned back for Poole and before we knew the *Macon* would be able to help us, was an obvious low point. Then, after we heard that (*Continued on Page 96*)

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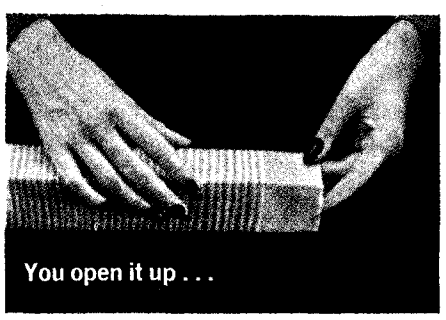
OPEN A STACK PACK, serve Premium Snow Flake Saltine Crackers with "home-made tasting" chili. Browned hamburger added to canned chili does the trick. Chili *needs* the crispest crackers – Premium Snow Flake! They're crisper to start, they're GOLDEN GLOW baked. They *stay* crisp to the last because only Premium Snow Flake have reclosable, wax-wrapped Stack Packs *inside* the package to keep moisture out. No outside wrappers needed – they don't protect crispness once opened. No old-fashioned cracker blocks to break apart, either. Stack Packs serve you Premium Snow Flake Saltines one by one, and every one fresh!


You open it up . . .

Crackers are singly stacked . . .

The Stack Pack keeps them crisp . . .

'Cause you can close it back

Reclosable Stack Packs keep PREMIUM SNOW FLAKE SALTINES crisp to the very last cracker!

FAMOUS BRANDS SPECTACULAR
OCTOBER 20-29

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(*Continued from Page 94*) *Macon* would be standing by, the graph went up sharply. Magellan Bay was also a high. Other results, however, were harder to explain. Fridays, when we completely cleaned ship, were predictable lows—but so were Sundays, when we did no ship's work at all. Why this was so is a question I cheerfully leave to the Research Laboratory.

In *Triton* the Indian Ocean is best remembered for our self-imposed "no smoking" edict. Originally scheduled to last up to ten days, it was terminated in three.

By then, from both psychological and physiological standpoints, reported Doctors Ben Weybrew and Jim Stark, we had already learned all we could from it. Some men, wishing to break the habit, had planned the kick-off of their own personal no-smoking campaign to coincide with the ship's. Not so, however, with most of the Tritons. Many were the jocular complaints when the smoking lamp went out—and there was a sharp edge of tension to be detected behind all of them.

Instead of subsiding as time passed, the griping became all the more strenuous. And it was noticeable that both Ben and Jim, theoretically interested only in scientific aspects of the test, suffered the pangs of withdrawal as much as anyone. Actually they suffered doubly, since all the gibes and semihumorous insults were directed at them.

The captain's traditional job, in a United States Navy ship, is "morale." In addition to preparing the ship's official report of the voyage, I made a special effort during this period to compose a daily "Skipper's Column" for our ship's newspaper.

The *Triton Eagle* (composed, typed, illustrated and distributed by Radioman Harold Marley and Radarman Audley Wilson) received its news in only one way—through radio messages. After one memorable issue in which the *Eagle*'s "news" was copied verbatim from a three-year-old newspaper, it became standard operating procedure for editor Marley to be alerted whenever the ship came to periscope depth for radio reception.

"I'm here to complain about the noise."

JERRY MARCUS THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

About this time a controversy commenced to rage in the *Eagle* relating to the merits of a "two-gauge goose gun" which Lt. Tom Thamm claimed to have seen and operated—and the very existence of which was vigorously denied by Chief Machinist's Mate Lynn Loveland. Tom was hotly defended by his immediate superior in the engineers, Lt. Pat McDonald; and Loveland was joined by Joe Blair, chief electrician's mate. For the next two weeks various others took part in the fray, all of it happily published by Editor Marley, until one day this news item appeared in the *Eagle:*

A heated verbal exchange ensued during an emergency meeting at the U.N. building today as to the validity of the two-gauge goose gun as a national weapon of fearsome proportions. The United States has taken a negative view of the matter due to the recent findings of Navy Lt. Tom B. Thamm, of Bradford, Penna. Russia has sided with the United States, Ambassador Ivan Svensky was quoted as saying, "If such a goose gun existed, Russia would have discovered it first."

In the United States, Lt. Thamm was noncommittal, but a Navy spokesman said that both Lts. Thamm and McDonald were en route to North Cambodia for further investigation of the reported discovery of an actual 2-gauge goose by Prof. Joseph Blair. Additional details will be reported as received. . . ."

But there were no further details. So far as anyone in the *Triton* ever found out, the intrepid explorers may be searching yet.

From Cape of Good Hope, which we sighted, appropriately, on Easter Sunday, back to the Rock took us a week, and from thence to Cadiz—where we broached for the second time—another week. At Cadiz a boat from the destroyer *Weeks* came alongside with mail, and we delivered Tom Thamm's plaque, shiny and beautiful, to be transmitted to our ambassador for further delivery.

And then? Then we eased back down into the sea and came home.

As for the young fisherman in the tiny outrigger canoe, I am still expecting to hear from him. Probably, as Russ Savage suggested, his friends still do not believe he actually saw a periscope in Magellan Bay. But he truly did, and we have his picture to prove it. He was the only person to sight us during the entire voyage, except for our prearranged rendezvous with the two ships. I wonder what his name is, and what he was doing before *Triton* entered those historic waters on her 439-year-old pilgrimage. THE END

New crop's in!

FAMOUS BRANDS SPECTACULAR OCTOBER 20-29

FRESH OCEAN SPRAY CRANBERRIES IN YOUR STORE NOW!

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Ready to make your traditional cranberry recipes, sauce or relish!

They've just been rushed *fresh* to your store . . . plump, wholesome red cranberries just picked from a brand-new crop . . . and *tested* for ripeness! Make them into delicious relishes, sauces, cranberry salads, pies, tarts, muffins, too . . . If you like your cranberries *fresh,* you'll find these new-crop Ocean Spray Cranberries the best you've ever had! Fresh idea: Stock up your freezer with packages of Ocean Spray fresh cranberries!

OCEAN SPRAY FRESH CRANBERRIES

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Something Light (Continued from Page 47)

the occasion meant as much to Jimmy as it did to herself.

The flowers in the vases were tiger lilies. Arranged in saucers on the bamboo coffee table were, besides olives, three kinds of nuts—almond, pecan and plain monkey. There were cocktails ready in a shaker—a trifle sweet to Louisa's taste, but properly cold. The table was already laid, with two candles on it. And all these preparations were evidence of something more striking still: that Jimmy for once in his life had come home early.

This wasn't a guess; he told her. "My assistant got the shock of her life," he added. "However, she's perfectly capable of making an appointment. Perhaps I should do it more often, Louisa?"

"Perhaps you should," said Louisa.

Despite every resolve, it was impossible to help feeling anticipatory. The candles alone —— Actually the candles were a bit of a failure; they simply didn't give half enough light to eat by, and Jimmy had to switch a lamp on after the soup.

"How's the tooth?" asked Louisa.

"Not bad at all," said Jimmy. He'd been eating on one side of his mouth—without complaint.

"Did you have penicillin?"

"I believe so," said Jimmy vaguely.

It was by his motion, not hers, that for coffee they returned to the sofa by the low bamboo table. As he put out the lamp again and produced a bottle of brandy, Louisa had even a moment of delightful nervousness, as of one in danger of seduction. "Just a spot," begged Louisa nervously—who with F. Pennon had knocked back glass for glass. However, a spot was all Jimmy poured.

He sat down beside her. "What a week it's been!" sighed Jimmy. "I can't describe, Louisa, how much I've enjoyed it."

"So have I," breathed Louisa.

"I don't know how to put it," continued Jimmy, "but somehow you've—pepped everything up for me. I mean, a chap may know he's doing pretty well, isn't exactly an oaf, but he'd like an outside opinion, so to speak; from someone with broader experience. Take the shop, for instance; I suppose if *you* needed glasses you'd go to Wimpole Street ——"

"No, I wouldn't," said Louisa. "I'd come to you like a shot—and have bamboo frames."

"There you are; they've been in the window a month, and you're the first person to notice them. You've liked this place too; the Ibsens—for all they read Dylan Thomas!" said Jimmy wryly, "think it's a bit lunatic. *You* come along and back my judgment. Could you live in it yourself, Louisa?"

"Easily," breathed Louisa.

He hesitated. "You're not just being kind? You mustn't be *too* kind," said Jimmy anxiously. "You wouldn't let me make a fool of myself?"

Louisa paused, but only for a moment. "If you asked me, perhaps I *would* live here ——" said Louisa.

They were words to raise him, in one instant, from the depths of faithful yearning to the topmost peak of fulfillment. Louisa's heart beat faster still, as she watched the changing emotions reflected in his face. Incredulity was, naturally, the first; after which came sudden illumination, followed by—plain terror. Just as F. Pennon had done, the love of a lifetime at last zooming into his lap, Jimmy Brown looked plainly terrified.

She understood everything. In a flash, casting her mind back over the past week, she realized that it hadn't been even a last beautiful memory Jimmy wanted. What he wanted was an outside opinion—just like Miss Wilbraham with her silhouettes and Mr. Wright with his collection of bomb fragments. Jimmy Brown had something more interesting to offer—his struggle toward sophistication—but the principle was the same. He didn't want Louisa to marry him; he just wanted her to give him full marks.

"—if I hadn't to go back tomorrow!" finished Louisa.

So fast can thought travel—even while the expression changes on a face—the interval was scarcely noticeable. Jimmy's processes were a little slower; the peril he'd glimpsed had been unnerving. Another moment passed before he could breathe quite freely; but what a happy breath he drew at last!

"That's the nicest thing you could possibly have said, Louisa. You really like *everything?*"

Now all she had to do was give him his marks.

"I honestly think," pronounced Louisa, "you've made something quite special here. Why not have another brandy?" she suggested kindly. "Like the shop," added Louisa. "Those bamboo frames! I only wish I'd had them at Cannes! D'you know you've grown very sophisticated, Jimmy?"

He glowed. "It's made me a bit of a rare bird in Broydon."

"That you must put up with," said Louisa firmly. "D'you know what you should do next? Make the Ibsens read Aristophanes in modern dress. I mean in modern English," amended Louisa. Naturally they'd be in modern dress; she was getting a little tired. She paused; really she couldn't think of anything else. "And now, as I do have to go back tomorrow, it's time I went and packed," said Louisa, rising. "And so as this is good-by, Jimmy, you can give me a kiss."

It was their first; it was their last. Jimmy Brown put everything he knew into it; but what Louisa chiefly recognized was gratitude.

Awaiting her at Broydon Court Louisa unexpectedly found a telegram.

ARRIVED SAFELY ALL WELL ALL THANK YOU STOP CONSIDER YOURSELF GOOD ANGEL ENID PERFECTLY CO-OPERATIVE LOVE FROM ALL AT BOURNEMOUTH FREDDY.

Louisa crumpled it and tossed it into the paper basket.

She unloaded her camera. In the preoccupations of the day she had omitted to do this earlier; now she discovered another omission. She had forgotten to put film in. Ivor and Ivan might have leaped to the firmament—but unrecorded.

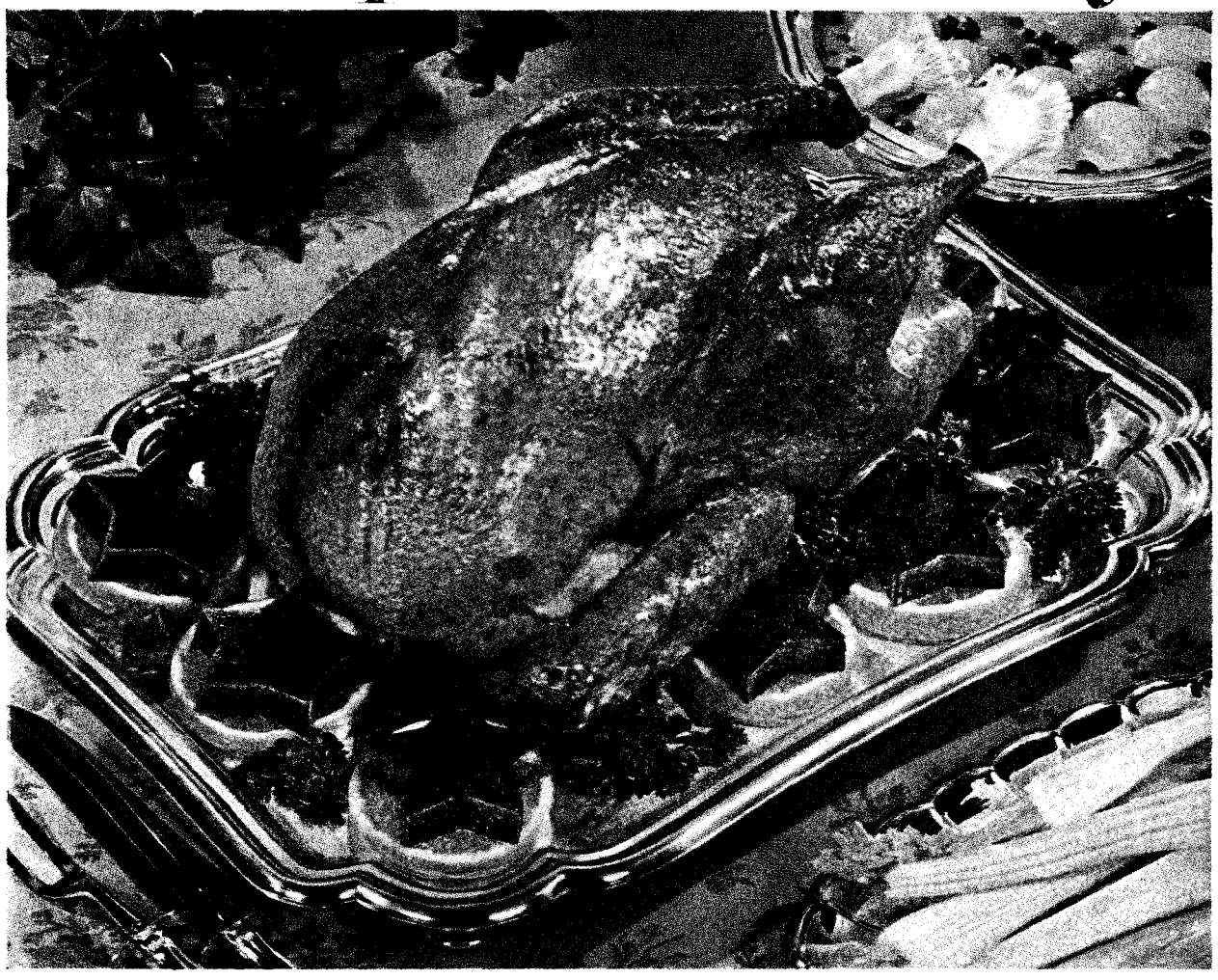
"So you've been away again," said the milkman. "What was it like this time?"

"Disappointing," said Louisa, and shut the door.

She turned on a tap, filled the kettle, lighted the gas, laid the table and reached down the coffee tin, all without moving her feet. Never before had she felt cramped in her kitchenette-dinette; but after the gay, light spaciousness of Freddy's villa and after the gloomy but spacious dining room at Broydon Court, she felt cramped.

The kettle boiling, she made coffee and sat down. The striped oilcloth covering the table was still fairly clean; there was still an adequate supply of paper napkins advertising cider. No china had been broken in her absence—no one, during her absence, had come in to clean. Which was probably why the whole divan-bedroom-bathroom setup looked so tatty.

New pack's ready!



JELLIED OCEAN SPRAY CRANBERRY SAUCE AT YOUR GROCER'S, TOO!

Replacement or a Refund of Money Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping if not as advertised therein

Make your turkey taste better . . . better for you!

Wholesome, bright red Ocean Spray Cranberry Sauce *looks* so good, and *tastes* so good with your holiday dinner! Whether it's turkey, or whatever else you serve these busy days, remember this: Cranberry sauce adds fresh fruit juiciness to dry meats; cuts the rich taste of fat meats; and leaves a clean, fresh taste in your mouth. 14 VITAMINS AND MINERALS, plus more natural fruit pectins than oranges, apples or any other fresh fruit!

OCEAN SPRAY CRANBERRY SAUCE

The natural mate for turkey —and every meat!

FAMOUS BRANDS SPECTACULAR OCTOBER 20-29

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She might have been a good angel to old Freddy and a good angel to the admiral, but if what she now sat down to was a good angel's normal breakfast, Louisa felt she'd been gypped.

In any case she hadn't wanted a halo; what she'd wanted was a wedding ring. Louisa could have wept with disappointment. For hadn't everything started so hopefully? Hadn't Jimmy been truly rejoiced to see her? *And wasn't I made a fool of?* thought Louisa bitterly.

It was noticeable that she gave scarcely a thought to her disappointment over Ivor and Ivan. She wasn't interested in dogs any more; she was interested in husbands. *Some women get three or four,* mused Louisa enviously. *They must go in runs.* Louisa seemed to be on a run of non-starters.

To make the next few days peculiarly trying, all the emotions she'd felt on returning husbandless from Bournemouth, now that she'd returned husbandless from Broydon, were doubled. It was absurd, and with one part of her brain Louisa recognized it, that she couldn't bear to encounter Rossy or Hugo Pym without either a square-cut emerald (F. Pennon) or a neat half hoop (Jimmy Brown) on the appropriate finger. Once again Louisa avoided her usual haunts; almost surreptitiously she developed and printed the straights of Ivor and Ivan—and didn't dare send an order form with them—and when Hugo telephoned, she hung up without answering.

Number Ten resumed his pleasant custom of a rhythmic *aubade;* Louisa didn't answer Number Ten either. She was waiting for a run to break.

"You're losin' weight again," observed the milkman.

"Tell me something I don't know," said Louisa.

"Broodin' too much on Ibsen, p'raps?"

"Actually it's a name I never want to hear again," said Louisa.

"Be that as it may," said the milkman, "you know what I b'lieve Ibsen'd do in your place?"

"No," said Louisa.

"He'd baby-sit."

"Sometimes I can't make up my mind," said Louisa, "whether you're trying to be funny or genuinely cracked."

"You do both me and him an injustice," said the milkman. "What's wrong with three-and-six an hour, nothing to do but watch the telly and eat your supper?"

Louisa hesitated. She hadn't quite gone to pieces, under disappointment. Her general indifference didn't extend to food, especially if free.

"You mean supper's thrown in?"

"Certainly it is," said the milkman. "Likewise tea later on. Besides bringing tears of gratitude to the eyes of some poor distressed young wife and mother wishing to go out on the tiles."

"It's a sad picture all right," agreed Louisa.

"Such as Mrs. P., fr'instance," continued the milkman thoughtfully. "'Oh, milkman,' she cries not half an hour ago, String Street, 'don't *you* know of anyone to help us out this evening?' She's that sort, see; won't have anyone not personally recommended. And rightly, considering it's twins, age four, just like little angels. 'No name occurs at the moment,' I told her, 'but if one should, in the course of the day, I'll get 'em to give you a tinkle.' 'Oh, *do!*' cries she ——"

"You needn't go on," said Louisa hastily. "Just tell me the number."

Both money and meal would be welcome; the necessary concomitant of solitude was positively attractive. To sit alone and brood, though not on Ibsen, exactly suited Louisa's current mood.

As she rang the Peels' bell, Louisa was slightly nervous. Nothing could have been more reassuring, however, than her immediate reception. Louisa's first glance was naturally for the supper tray; there appeared to be at least a half pound of ham on it, besides trimmings; and the young Peels themselves welcomed her with happy enthusiasm. They were in evening dress, they had already the aura of celebration about them; she dark and pretty, he ugly and engaging, the young Peels almost took Louisa into their arms, so glad they were to see her.

"Miss Datchett? How good and kind of you!" cried Mrs. Peel.

"God bless our milkman," agreed her husband warmly.

"Because if we couldn't have found anyone in time —— There's your supper, there's the television," exclaimed Mrs. Peel rapidly, "and lots of books if you'd rather read, and, of course, the children are in bed, but we'll wake them up."

To Louisa this seemed a rash proposal indeed; why not let sleeping dogs lie? But Mrs. Peel—in a rustle of silk skirts, on a patter of silver slippers—had run her into the nursery before she could protest, and then Louisa saw the point. Switching on more candle power than the night lights afforded, Mrs. Peel cried, "Darlings, this is the lady who's come to keep house, just like the other ladies do, while daddy and I go out. Take a good look at her, so that if you wake up and she comes in, you won't be surprised."

The children stared, and accepted the situation. Mrs. Peel embraced each in turn, popped each in turn under its covers with the offhand, expert gesture of a gardener bedding a bulb, switched off the lights again, and that was that. Evidently the Peels were a thoroughly well-adjusted family.

"I'll leave the door ajar," said Mrs. Peel, as she raced Louisa back to the sitting room, "and if you do hear anything, you might just look in. And if you should by any chance need to get in touch with us, you can phone us at the Savoy. We'll be in the River Room."

"Suppose anyone phones here?" asked Louisa.

"No one will," said Mrs. Peel confidently. "Everyone knows we're *always* out on our anniversary!"

So that was it, thought Louisa, the reason for the evening dress, and the River Room at the Savoy, and the general air of happy celebration. It was the Peels' wedding anniversary.

No circumstance could have afforded better food for brooding, but first things first; Louisa sat down to the supper tray. She was uncommonly hungry; she left a last slice of ham—disposed to cover as much of the dish as possible—purely for manners. Of the salad she left half a tomato, and of the long French loaf about four inches.

It must be admitted that the beauty and poetry of family life, by which Louisa was so soon and so forcibly to be struck, would have lost half its impact on an empty stomach. So square a meal left her receptive to wholesome influences.

Thoughtfully she noted a dozen or more photographs, several silver-framed, displayed on desk and mantel. She hadn't noticed them before because none were of dogs; they showed mostly the Peel infants from nappy stage onward. But beside holiday snaps of their parents—and, yes, a wedding group!—stood as well, in the silver frames, photographs obviously of grandparents. *Something's been happening,* thought Louisa. *While I've been nannying Hugo, and all the rest of that Bohemian bunch, something's been going on.*

Could it be that family life had made a comeback? Could it be that what she really needed was a *family* man?

When she considered Mrs. Peel again, Louisa was sure of it. *Only I'll have to find one soon,* reflected Louisa uneasily. *As it is, I'll be about fifty before we've teen-agers.*

She pulled herself up. Temporarily at least she was a family's custodian; it was no time for dreams, but a time to be alert and competent. But there was no reason why she shouldn't read. Louisa selected from the crowded shelves what looked like a promising detective story, and put her feet up. It opened, the detective story, with an unexpected ring at a door. The author would have been really gratified to see Louisa's start, as at that moment the doorbell of the flat rang too.

It rang again. Belatedly telling herself not to be a fool, however, Louisa cautiously opened up.

On the mat stood a man with his hat pulled over his eyes. Obviously it was nothing in his favor, quite the contrary, that the sight of Louisa seemed to surprise him as much as he surprised Louisa.

"I thought there was no one in," said the man.

"Oh, you did, did you?" said Louisa.

"When there wasn't an answer. My name is Clark." He gave it with some confidence, as though expecting it to be recognized; but this might have been just cunning, and Louisa stood her ground—not opening the door another inch.

"Mr. Peel's publisher," elaborated the man. "I've called for the corrected proofs of his book. Ten days ago he assured me they were ready. My secretary has telephoned him since; now I should like to pick them up. Is he in?"

"No," admitted Louisa.

"Are you his secretary? Can you give them to me?"

Louisa shook her head.

"They are probably lying somewhere ready to hand. If I might come in and see ——"

By this time he had taken off his hat. The countenance revealed was middle-aged, kindly and conscientious. Was he speaking the truth? What if by offending him she did the Peels irreparable harm? In Louisa's world publishers were practically father figures.

"Look," said Louisa, making up her mind, "actually I'm baby-sitting. Will you wait outside while I phone?"

To her surprise his expression became positively approving. He stepped back of his own accord. Louisa shut the door and flew to the telephone, already half suspicious that she'd made a fool of herself.

"Miss Datchett? Is anything wrong?" shouted Henry Peel. Evidently his wife had come to the phone with him. "Nothing's wrong with the children?" asked Henry Peel.

"No, sound asleep," reassured Louisa swiftly. "No, sound asleep," she heard him reassure in turn. "Only there's a man here who says he's Mr. Clark."

Henry Peel groaned, "Oh, Lord!"

"He says he ought to have had some proofs back from you ten days ago, and now where are they because he wants to pick them up," finished Louisa.

"Oh, Lord!" groaned Henry Peel again.

"It's no use groaning," said Louisa practically. "Tell me what I'm to do."

"Give him a drink."

"Can't I give him the proofs too?"

"No, because they aren't done," returned Henry Peel. "Just give him a drink and calm him down. I leave the matter entirely," said Mr. Peel blithely, "in your hands."

For a moment, beside the silent telephone, Louisa paused to ask herself how they knew. How did men *know,* the moment they set eyes on her, that they could dump their problems in her lap? Couldn't she even baby-sit without having to calm publishers? Bitter indeed were the thoughts Louisa directed upon Henry Peel—now doubtless waltzing carefree round the River Room! From old habit, however, she did her best for him.

"Mr. Peel couldn't apologize more," said Louisa, opening up again. "He's actually had a terribly punishing week, what with his mother-in-law's operation and the children's teeth. Now he asks me to apologize most sincerely and says the proofs will be with you tomorrow, and he hopes you'll come in all the same for a drink."

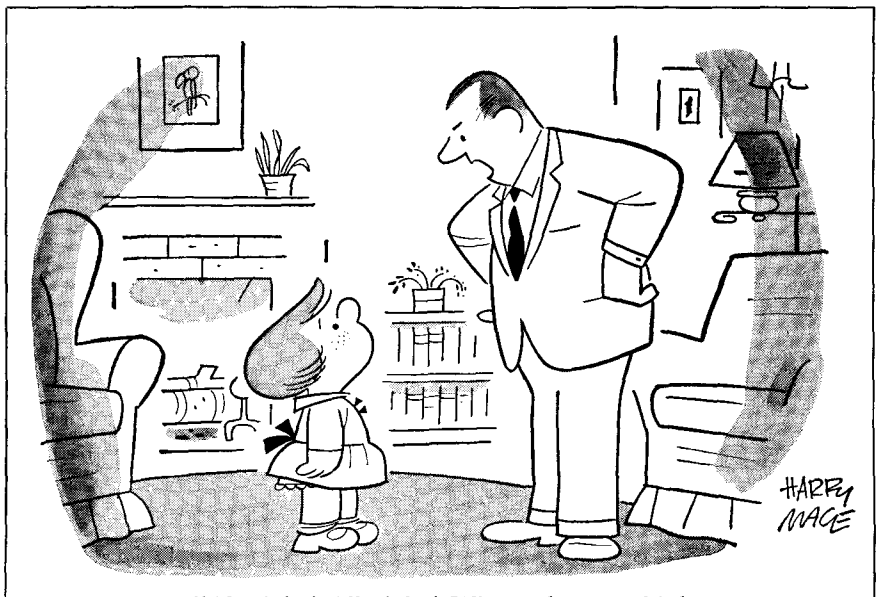
Mr. Clark—indubitably Mr. Clark!—entered. Louisa took a better look at him. His exceptionally well-shaven jaw was exceptionally firm, but his eyes, though shrewd, were also benevolent. Under his light spring overcoat he wore a dinner jacket. In short, Louisa at once recognized such worth and respectability that she felt impelled to apologize on her own account as well.

"I'd two children in my charge," explained Louisa, "and I'm all alone here. Would you like a whisky?"

"Thank you, a weak one," said Mr. Clark. "To my mind," he added kindly, "your reaction was altogether praiseworthy."

They got on like—like a house afire.

The unusualness of the situation and the lateness of the hour put Mr. Clark into such a pleasantly communicative mood that Louisa had (*Continued on Page 100*)



"All right! All right! Whom do you think you're speaking to in that tone of voice?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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(*Continued from Page 98*) little to do but listen. She early formed the opinion that such an act as his descent on the Peels' flat was for him unusual indeed. "I shan't have been home so late in years," confided Mr. Clark. "Generally, after a typographers' dinner, I go straight back. But finding myself so nearby and being, I must say, rather annoyed ——"

"I don't wonder!" said Louisa warmly.

"—I took the step. But, of course, I've telephoned; the children won't worry," said Mr. Clark.

Everything he told Louisa, in fact, pointed to a life of beautiful regularity. Half an hour passed before Louisa grew restive, and then only because she herself wanted to show off as a baby-sitter.

Admirable young Peels!—hitherto no sound had come from the nursery at all. But that didn't stymie Louisa. As Mr. Clark paused between the second and third editions of a Latin grammar, Louisa said, "Hark! I believe I should take a peep at the little ones."

It was remarkable how readily the phrase came to her, as though together with dormant family instincts she was discovering a dormant family vocabulary.

And just as she'd intended, Mr. Clark asked, "May I come too? I know, of course, the Peels have children, but I've never seen them. With three of my own," he added pleasantly, "I count myself a bit of an expert!"

Thus put on her mettle, Louisa stole noiselessly through the nursery door; efficiently, like an old hand, she checked the night lights. She'd have pricked down the wicks if she'd known how—dormant vocabulary again!—but in any case they looked O.K. Both young Peels appeared to be sleeping soundly; Louisa rapidly decided which was sleeping sounder, and bent over its cot in what she hoped was a becoming yet efficient attitude. The unconscious infant co-operated by remaining so; Louisa risked a maternal smoothing of the pillow.

"One can see you're fond of children," observed Mr. Clark.

"Hush!" said Louisa. "Indeed I am," she added, stealing out again. She mightn't have been until a couple of hours ago, but she was now. She wasn't foxing.

"I don't wonder Mrs. Peel feels she can trust you," said Mr. Clark, stealing out behind her.

"Actually it was the milkman ——" began Louisa, and for once in her own interests held her tongue. Why not, for once, take the credit and let the explanations go? For once Louisa did. As they stole back to the sitting room and settled themselves comfortably again over Mr. Clark's half-finished whisky—Louisa hoped he noticed she wasn't drinking anything herself—she simply basked in his approval without a word about the milkman. Instead she merely remarked, in a modest sort of way, that perhaps she *was* rather good with children.

"Mine are somewhat older," observed Mr. Clark.

"Have you their photographs?" asked Louisa eagerly.

With the pleasantly conscious smile of a fond parent who knows his weakness, Mr. Clark nodded.

"May I see?" begged Louisa.

He produced his wallet and extracted a sizable snapshot. Louisa received it with reverence.

"Catherine, Toby and Paul," said Mr. Clark. He paused; his expression grew melancholy. "Toby doesn't remember his mother at all, and the others scarcely more. They're all I have left," stated Mr. Clark sadly; "the children."

Louisa looked; she gazed. For there upon those few square inches was pictured the family of her new dream—*ready-made.*

They were rather older than from their father's tone she would have expected: two boys and a girl apparently in their later teens. Just the ages she'd have chosen! The girl stood tall and slim between her stockier brothers. Mr. Clark evidently thought them the world's wonders.

"And no mother!" sighed Louisa.

Sadly he nodded. "I do my best to make them a home. But it isn't easy."

"Especially with a daughter."

"As to that, Cathy's a real father's girl," said Mr. Clark whimsically. "They're all three very good children indeed."

"I'm sure they are."

"But as I say, it isn't easy. Though Catherine is at home, the full burden of a household is too much for young shoulders."

"Indeed it is!" agreed Louisa warmly.

"And besides she has her own amusements. When the boys come in—they attend an excellent local grammar school—I'm afraid they all too often find an empty house."

"But that's terrible!" cried Louisa.

"Not that we haven't very competent daily help. When I say empty, I mean empty of any affectionate welcome, such as children have a right to expect. Even the most competent daily help cannot make a house a home."

> People who persist in driving too fast may get to where they're going years ahead of time.
>
> CHESTER L. MARKS

"That's one of the truest things I've ever heard," said Louisa.

"Friends have advised me to engage a resident housekeeper," mused Mr. Clark, "but there again difficulties present themselves. The truth is, Miss ——"

He broke off to fix Louisa in surprise.

"Here I am telling you all my troubles," marveled Mr. Clark, "without even knowing your name!"

The circumstance was less extraordinary than he imagined it; its only unusualness lay in the fact that Mr. Clark's were troubles Louisa wanted to hear much more of. Hastily, not to break the thread, she said "Louisa Datchett."

"The truth is, Miss Datchett, we need someone quite exceptional," continued Mr. Clark—and broke off again. Again he fixed Louisa; not this time in surprise, but with the expression of one upon whom an idea suddenly dawns. Possibly it was a surprising idea at that—at least to him.

"Someone to make a house a home?" prompted Louisa.

"Exactly. Someone with both a genuine love of children—or young people—and a genuine sense of responsibility. Such as you showed yourself," added Mr. Clark, with a pleasant touch of humor, "when you made me wait outside! Joking apart, that struck me very much; it did indeed. But our essential want is for a person who could become, so to speak, one of the family, which without wishing to sound snobbish implies certain standards of education and interests. How do I put all *that* up to an employment agency, or into an advertisement? I admit it," confessed Mr. Clark. "I admit that I am completely baffled!"

A slight silence fell, and no wonder. Mr. Clark had probably never confessed himself baffled before. How glad Louisa was that she hadn't met Mr. Clark in an *espresso* bar! Here every object breathed of that cordial family life he so pathetically yearned after. The benevolent influences did their work.

"This is going to surprise you," said Mr. Clark abruptly, "but could I possibly persuade you yourself, Miss Datchett, to come and give us a try? Just for a week, say?"

Louisa, while her heart leaped, looked as surprised as she could. She only wished he hadn't suggested a week. It was a period that had lately been unlucky to her. Her hesitation did her no harm, however, since Mr. Clark misinterpreted it.

"Naturally you'll want references ——"

"Indeed I don't!" protested Louisa.

"You do—and rightly," corrected Mr. Clark. "I wouldn't wish it otherwise. However, your friends the Peels will, I dare say, vouch for me. As to remuneration ——"

"Wait," said Louisa.

For it was a moment to reflect. Louisa reflected. The photographed images of Catherine and Toby and Paul still lay in her lap—the ready-made family of her new dream. Already Louisa's heart opened to Catherine and Toby and Paul. She had no doubts on their account; she was prepared to do her utmost to make them happy. But that she was also prepared to marry their father by this time went without saying, and in the circumstances she wanted to keep remuneration out of it.

"D'you know what I'd like best?" said Louisa at last. "I'd like to come just as—well, just as a friend of the family. For a week or perhaps more or less, just as it turns out. Then if we find we all get on together, can't everything else be settled afterward?"

"That's very generous of you," said Mr. Clark appreciatively. "Perhaps you might have a word with your friends, the Peels, this evening."

Before he left it was agreed that if the Peels' account of him proved satisfactory, he should drive Louisa home with him to Wendover after office hours next day.

"Darling Miss Datchett, are we terribly, terribly late?" cried Mrs. Peel at about two in the morning. "But we've kept the taxi for you. . . . Henry, do look after Miss Datchett! . . . And were the children good?"

"Absolute angels," said Louisa warmly.

"How did you get on with old Clark?" asked Henry Peel, pressing paper into Louisa's palm. "Did you calm him down?"

"Well, I had to tell him he'd have those proofs tomorrow ——"

"Oh, Lord!"

"—but I think he left," said Louisa, "quite happy."

And that was all she did say. She didn't want to rouse any scruples in Mrs. Peel's maternal breast; Mrs. Peel might feel bound to telephone Mr. Clark and explain how very slightly her baby sitter was, in fact, known to her. As for Mr. Clark himself, Louisa felt she could safely take him on trust.

Like a gambler who sees rouge turn up after noir, like an Arab watching rain fall after drought, she felt that a run had broken at last.

Louisa was no more superstitious than the next woman, but a benevolent star having at last directed its rays upon her, she was particularly careful, next morning, not to walk under any ladders. Indeed, her first impulse on waking had been to stay safely in bed until it was time to go and meet Mr. Clark; however, she needed several articles of toilet, and there was a chemist's on the same side of the street—which reduced the risk of getting run over.

Thus only ineradicable habit led her to pick up a free lunch from—of all people—Mr. McAndrew.

She was just returning with her purchases, shortly after midday, when she observed him standing on the pavement immediately opposite her front door. Or rather, she didn't observe him, she bumped into him. She was rehearsing conversation with Mr. Clark. Fortunately the architect's substantial form made a good buffer; Louisa in full stride merely bounced off. "I'm so sorry, I beg your pardon ——" began Louisa, and only then saw who it was.

"If you don't watch out, you'll be falling over your own feet," said Mr. McAndrew severely, "let alone losing all your wee parcels. It's to be hoped none's fragile."

"Not at all," said Louisa—saving a bottle of skin lotion just in time. Naturally she wondered what he was doing there, no stately home within miles; more pressingly, what did he think *she* was? Recalling the build-up she'd given herself at Broyden Court, Louisa would greatly have preferred to be encountered in Bond Street or Park Lane. "This is my favorite shopping district—away from the crowds," explained Louisa lightly.

"I imagined you lived here," said Mr. McAndrew, checking the house number, "that is, according to the phonebook."

"My *pied-à-terre*," Louisa told him. She could have wrung Number Ten's neck for creeping out just at that moment, in a tattered dressing gown, to empty tea leaves into one of the dustbins. He peered up through the area railings and tactlessly coo-ooed the first notes of a Brandenburg Concerto; Louisa felt almost a liking for Mr. McAndrew, as the latter took no notice.

"The fact is," said Mr. McAndrew, "I happen to be lunching in town; I thought you might join me."

This was where old habit came in. Ninety per cent of Louisa's mind might be fixed on her ready-made family, but the odd ten was still in a rut.

"Where?" asked Louisa uncontrollably.

"I had thought of Stack's in the Strand."

The mention of this world-famous chophouse settled it. Stack's had the reputation, now almost historic, of providing a second helping gratis to any client capable of tackling one. However, she consulted her engagement book.

"Thank you, I believe I can," said Louisa, surprised.

"Then that's my car parked opposite," said Mr. McAndrew.

He was undoubtedly competent. If she hadn't been so preoccupied, Louisa could almost have enjoyed being taken out by him; regarded merely as a meal ticket, he was a very good one. At Stack's in the Strand he was recognized by both hat-check girl and headwaiter; the latter immediately ushered them to a first-rate table. Seen at close quarters, moreover, across the starched white cloth, Mr. McAndrew proved better-looking than Louisa remembered him. His sheer bulk was, of course, familiar; what she hadn't before appreciated was the really excellent shape of his head. Also, his sandy eyebrows, like his sandy hair, showed quite noticeable glints of gold.

But during the car drive Louisa had once more become a prey to superstitious fears, and was more than ever determined not to let her thoughts stray. Thus while Mr. McAndrew talked about restoring stately homes, Louisa, though preserving every appearance of attention, concentrated on Mr. Clark. She was so used to men that she could do this quite easily—put in just (*Continued on Page 102*)

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(*Continued from Page 100*) sufficient words to keep the flow going, such as, "But where did you find the right stone?" or, "What about the staircase?" And, in fact, she gave Mr. McAndrew a very fair opinion of her intelligence. Only over the saddle of lamb did she fall really silent, because she wanted to empty her plate in good time.

"Apple tart?" suggested the waiter.

"Thank you, I'll have a second helping," said Louisa boldly.

His look was genuinely admiring—also regretful. "I'm sorry, madam; but not since the last war. . . ."

Louisa's face fell. "Are you quite certain?"

"The 'Fourteen war, madam."

"Then just serve madam again," said Mr. McAndrew.

Louisa had to admit it was big of him. Not all men would have come up to scratch. Though she refused, she was appreciative. "Really it was just because I'd heard about it," explained Louisa, "and besides I don't often get the chance of carrying on a tradition." For the first time, however, she gave Mr. McAndrew a more than absent, indeed a grateful, smile.

"I recall your appetite from the Court," observed Mr. McAndrew reflectively.

The smile faded. Any reference to Broydon Court, reviving so many painful memories, acted on Louisa's nerves like a dentist's drill on a sentient tooth.

"You left very unexpectedly," added Mr. McAndrew. "I was surprised."

You weren't the only one! thought Louisa, not bothering to examine his meaning. All she wanted now was to finish her lunch and get away as soon as possible. Attacking her apple tart, she became altogether dumb; so did Mr. McAndrew.

Such a silence might have been companionable, even cordial. For all her preoccupation, Louisa vaguely acknowledged it. She hadn't yet begun positively to dislike Mr. McAndrew again. There was indeed something in his quiet, trustable demeanor—as they scoffed down apple tart together—that made her almost forgive his crime of having breathed the same air as Jimmy Brown, and if he'd had the wit to stay quiet, they might have ended in amity. Unfortunately Mr. McAndrew with something on his mind was impervious to emotional climate.

"Who was yon old ruffian with the big car?" demanded Mr. McAndrew abruptly.

Louisa actually put down a forkful untouched. "If you mean Freddy ——" she began indignantly.

"I mean he who drenched a decent hotel in champagne," stated Mr. McAndrew—in less than grateful tones.

"Didn't you have any yourself?" retorted Louisa.

"You mayn't have noticed, but I did not," said Mr. McAndrew. "What small amount of whisky I consumed in the course of the evening I saw put down to my own bill."

"How very silly," said Louisa. "Will you tell me what we're arguing about?"

"Nothing at all," said Mr. McAndrew, "I hope. I merely inquired, in a perfectly friendly way, whether this Freddy ——"

"F. Pennon."

"—whether this F. Pennon, apart from being old enough for your grandfather, happened to be a special—well, crony. I see now it may have been a misplaced question."

"Very," agreed Louisa coldly. "If you must know, he's going to marry a friend of mine."

"Ah!" said Mr. McAndrew.

"A middle-aged widow," added Louisa, taking a swipe at Enid on the side. "Have you any more—misplaced questions? Because if not, though I've enjoyed my lunch enormously, I've a rather important engagement for this afternoon."

Naturally she got no reply. She didn't expect one. Just as effectively as at Broydon Court, Mr. McAndrew was slammed down again. While he was checking the bill, moreover, Louisa managed to transmit, through her friend the waiter, so urgent a message to the doorman that there was a taxi waiting for her at the curb as they emerged. Probably five shillings back to Paddington, but well worth it.

"Cannot I drive you?" suggested Mr. McAndrew.

"Thanks, I think this is mine," said Louisa, slamming him down again. For so large a man Mr. McAndrew looked almost disconsolate as Louisa abandoned him on the pavement outside Stack's in the Strand.

"My dear Miss Datchett," exclaimed Mr. Clark warmly, "what admirable punctuality!"

Indeed Louisa was punctual. She'd been lurking in the alley adjacent to his office building at least ten minutes, flanked by her airline giveaway bags, waiting for the nearest church clock to chime the half hour. It had been arranged that she was to present herself at five-thirty. No less punctual was Mr. Clark; they actually met in the lobby, he emerging from the lift just as Louisa was about to summon it. "May we perceive a good omen?" added Mr. Clark shyly.

Earnestly Louisa hoped so; but she had in fact recognized a good omen already in Mr. Clark's mere recollection of her. Mr. Clark plainly remembered not only who she was but also, so to speak, *why* she was; and Louisa regarded him with such open gratitude and admiration, the modest man looked quite surprised—though by no means displeased.

"I only hope you'll like the house," said Mr. Clark kindly.

"I'm sure I shall," said Louisa.

"And the children. I hope you'll take to them."

"I'm sure I shall!" repeated Louisa.

"That they'll take to you I've no doubt," said Mr. Clark, confidently. "Shall we be on our way?"

The house was called Glenarvon. It was a family house. Mr. Clark led Louisa systematically over the entire ample accommodation. None of the children were in, and however eager to meet them, Louisa wasn't altogether sorry; the house was quite enough for her as a start. With every step her admiration grew. There was a dining room and a drawing room and a morning room. There was a study, though Mr. Clark refused to dignify it by the name. "Just where I do a little extra breadwinning at night!" explained the modest man. Louisa peeped over his shoulder respectfully. No epithet he could have found for himself would have roused her admiration more. There was a kitchen slightly larger than the whole of Louisa's flat—actually with a servant in it preparing dinner.

"Mrs. Temple," said Mr. Clark casually. "Mrs. Temple, this is the Miss Datchett I mentioned to you at breakfast."

Just like the old family servant Louisa cast her for, Mrs. Temple darted a suspicious glance. *We'll see about that later!* thought Louisa confidently.

Only at the doors of the children's bedrooms did she hang back a moment. "You're sure they wouldn't mind ——" began Louisa.

"Dear me, no!" said Mr. Clark. "It will fall to your lot, I'm afraid, to try and keep them a little tidy. . . . This is Cathy's."

Thus encouraged, Louisa looked inside and beheld flowery, rosy paper; flowery, rosy chintz; a dressing table petticoated like a dancer; a thick white sheepskin rug—the bedroom of a young girl's dreams. That it was also indeed untidy gave her nothing but pleasure; how she would enjoy, if not making Catherine tidy, tidying up *for* her! The boys' rooms offered equal scope; both, just as boys' rooms should be, were littered with fragments of ironmongery. Louisa wasn't quite sure how one got out oil stains, but she'd have a darn good try.

"Mrs. Temple," explained Mr. Clark fairly, "simply comes in to cook; also once a week performs what she calls a 'going over.' I'm told we're fortunate, but you see how much such a person as yourself is needed, to make us pull our socks up! Now shall we take a look at the garden?"

Here too there was a splendid amount of space. Beyond the French windows of the drawing room stretched a neatly mowed lawn, its flower beds filled with polyantha roses, and beyond again a wicket gate gave access to the rougher grass of a small orchard, at the limit of which stood a couple of outbuildings fronting the final boundary of a quiet, trafficless road. Like everything else about Glenarvon they were beautifully kept up; as Louisa approached, she could see the pointing between the bricks.

Pausing at the first, Mr. Clark explained, "Where the boys keep their Vespas. They're at an age—as you must have gathered from the state of their rooms!—when they're mad about machinery. Of course, both will eventually join me in publishing, but just at the moment they're mad about machinery."

"I suppose most boys are," said Louisa. "But they don't all get Vespas!"

Mr. Clark smiled and led her on. Inside the second building, housed in a neat stall, stood what to Louisa looked like a very superior pony.

Like the Queen of Sheba, she hadn't seen the half!

"Cathy's," said Mr. Clark. "Cathy's Tomboy. She looks after him entirely herself. I should tell you," added Mr. Clark with a pleasant mixture of pride and resignation. "that my daughter Catherine is mad about horses."

Louisa wasn't entirely surprised. She'd read in more than one newspaper article of the rising generation's passion for horses. But the kindness and understanding of Mr. Clark, in actually providing his daughter with a pony of her own, struck her with uncommon force, and she looked all the admiration she truly felt.

"One does one's best," said Mr. Clark simply.

"But lucky Catherine!" cried Louisa.

"I hope so," said Mr. Clark modestly. "Tomboy certainly takes up all her time. I wouldn't wish it otherwise," he added—as it were, defending his daughter from any breath of criticism—though heaven knew Louisa wasn't going to criticize. "Isn't youth the time for enjoying oneself? I'm afraid you won't find Cathy as helpful in the house as she might be—but mayn't we forgive her, while she's young and enjoying herself?"

Precious to Louisa as had been Jimmy Brown's use of the phrase 'as usual,' even more precious to her was Mr. Clark's use of 'we.' As he put his hand in his pocket and brought out two lumps of sugar—he gave one to Louisa as Tomboy blew, and then gobbled, first into Mr. Clark's palm, then into hers—Louisa felt herself already on the verge of acceptance as one of the family.

Everything still depended on the children. For all her quick optimism, Louisa remained thoroughly aware of this. Thus it was with most anxious expectation that Louisa, some fifteen minutes later, observed from her new bedroom window the return of her potential stepchildren.

They all came in together. It might have been chance; nonetheless, the impression Louisa (*Continued on Page 104*)

"Nonsense. Why, sixty-eight isn't as old as Nixon and Kennedy combined."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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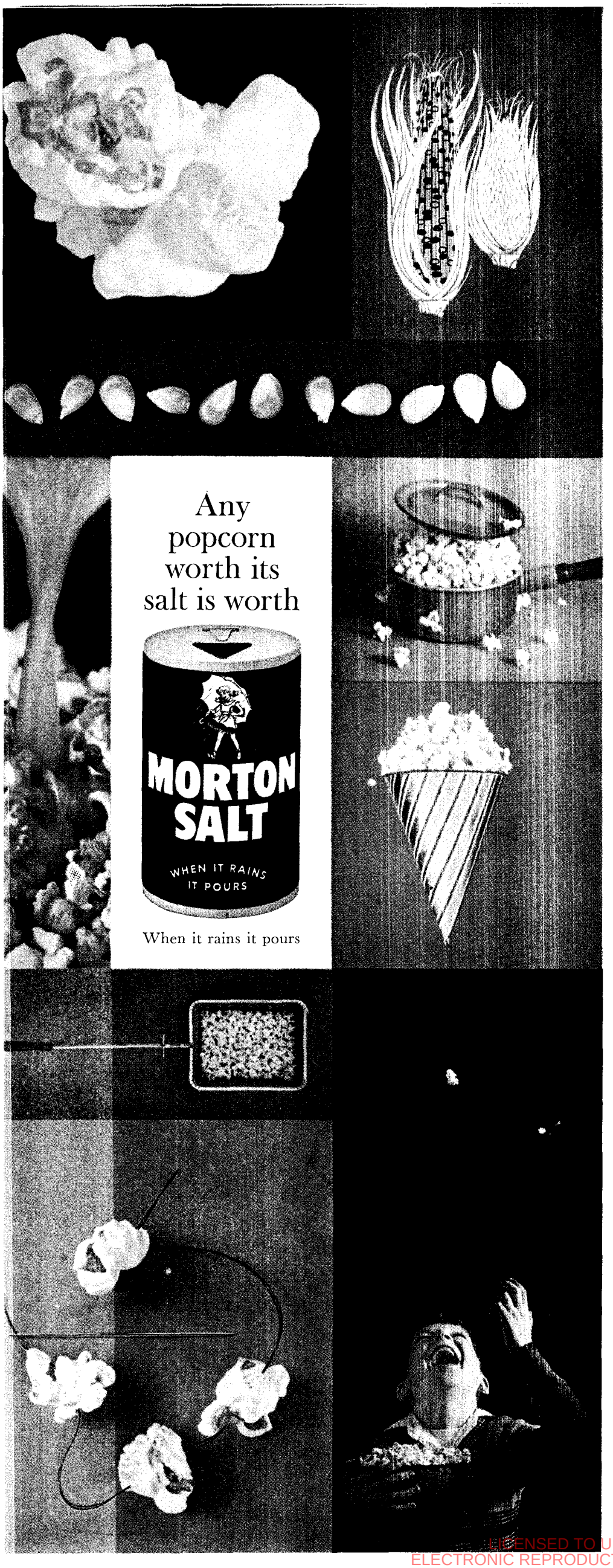

(*Continued from Page 102*) immediately received was subsequently to prove correct: an impression of unitedness. Whatever they were discussing, so quietly and seriously, as they crossed first the orchard and then the lawn together, they were evidently in complete agreement. They looked as though they were always in agreement, as though they hadn't quarreled since the nursery.

Catherine, the eldest, was tall, slim and blond, and even in summer dress and jersey characterized by a horsewomanly neatness. Her long, fair hair didn't hang in the fashionable elf locks, but was combed back and plaited in a door knocker behind—the very thing to go under a hard hat. Nor was her sweater the fashionably baggy sort; it fitted, from beneath the turned-down points of a white collar to the ribbing at a trim waist. However disheveled she might leave counterpane and dressing table, Catherine's personal neatness was indeed so striking that Louisa instantly resolved to let the room go hang, in case it was a kind of compensation.

Of the boys, Paul already reached toward his sister's poise; Toby was still rough as a puppy. Paul appeared to use brilliantine; Toby had a double crown. As the trio of matching heads bent together they made a really delightful picture, which Louisa would have enjoyed more if she hadn't received a further impression: that Catherine and Toby and Paul, joined in such earnest conference, weren't merely discussing, but plotting.

On the surface at least, their reception of her over the dinner table was perfect.

"Catherine, Paul, Toby," Mr. Clark introduced them cheerfully. "Children, this is Miss Datchett, who is going to see if she can put up with us and keep us in order."

The eyes of all three turned intelligently upon Louisa. What the deuce they were thinking she couldn't guess.

"But how nice!" said Catherine warmly.

Had she or hadn't she kicked Paul under the table? In any case, both boys were ready on the mark.

"You'll find my underwear in absolute chaos," offered Paul. "To anyone who cares for darning, I'm an absolute gift."

"I haven't had a clean vest for months," offered Toby.

"Don't be silly, Toby," said Catherine sharply. "Of course it isn't quite as bad as that, Miss Datchett, but we do honestly need you like mad. Perhaps I should do more myself ——"

"No, no," said Mr. Clark. "You have Tomboy to look after. Enjoy yourself while you can! Miss Datchett will see to things."

"That's what I'm here for," agreed Louisa brightly.

The three children looked at her again. Their eyes were really quite disconcertingly intelligent. Yes, but is that all? Louisa fancied each thinking; and to cover her nervousness she plunged into talk of pony clubs and praise of Tomboy.

"I'm told they're spreading all over the country," babbled Louisa. "What a lovely soft nose he has!"

"Yes, they are, and hasn't he?" agreed Catherine politely.

"I half expected to find you out on him this evening," observed Mr. Clark.

Catherine at once looked martyred. "Tuesday's my first-aid class, Daddy."

Mr. Clark glanced proudly at Louisa. Mad on horses as she was, his daughter Catherine attended first-aid classes. What conscientiousness, what self-sacrifice, his look implied, with Tomboy waiting in his stall! Indeed, Louisa thoroughly agreed.

"I don't suppose you boys were exactly *kept in* either?" said Mr. Clark—as it were, bringing forward Paul and Toby for their meed of praise. "What was it tonight—the scouts?"

"No, sir; overhauling our Vespas," said Paul.

"I'm glad to know you take such care of them," approved Mr. Clark. . . . "Those infernal machines, Miss Datchett, are overhauled at least once a week! However, it doesn't affect their schoolwork; they both get very good marks indeed, and I expect great things of them at the university. . . . Now, children, shall we ask Miss Datchett to give us our pudding?"

Louisa flushed with pleasure as Mrs. Temple deposited before her an enormous spotted dog. She still glanced warily at Catherine and Toby and Paul, alert for signs of resentment. It was practically taking a mother's place already! But all three returned her look with perfect cheerfulness, Toby volunteering that he liked the middle; and Louisa sank the knife tenderly into the warm, rich duff.

Next day was one of the happiest of Louisa's life. Mr. Clark went off to work just as a breadwinner should, the boys were to lunch at school, and Catherine took out Tomboy and a packet of sandwiches. Louisa, as soon as she had the house to herself, plunged into domesticity with the joyous abandon of a dolphin released in the waves.

She had more qualifications for domesticity than might be imagined. Long years of being fond of men had made her an expert darner of socks, washer of woolen underwear, sewer-on of buttons. Even at Cannes, a good proportion of her time had been spent on René's and Kurt's and Bobby's drip-dry shirts. Now with happy anticipation she went methodically through the linen baskets and extracted all smalls.

"Laundry goes tomorrow," offered Mrs. Temple, pinning on her hat. They had come to terms over washing up the breakfast. Louisa knew better than to attempt Mrs. Anstruther's methods with Karen; instead she just let Mrs. Temple talk.

Mrs. Temple dwelt in a council house, which some might look down upon, but for laborsaving no more to desire; also being a bare ten minutes off was why she could nip in to do breakfast and dinner without inconvenience, apart from fighting her way through wind, rain and fog. Mrs. Temple also achieved the necessary shopping through wind, rain and fog; she was quite a byword for it.

"What the tradespeople'll think to see someone fresh come in, I'm sure I don't know," said Mrs. Temple.

"They won't see me come in," said Louisa cheerfully. "Mrs. Temple, you're a wonder!"

It was delightful, after the narrowness of Paddington, to have a whole separate kitchen to splash about in. It wasn't modern enough for a washing machine; Louisa plunged to the elbows in authentic suds. She soaked, she squeezed, rinsed in two waters, (*Continued on Page 106*)

... ...

Whose I. Q.?

The line between pest and
prodigy
Is a slender line,
No wider than the picket fence
Between your kid and mine.

Sheldon White

... ...

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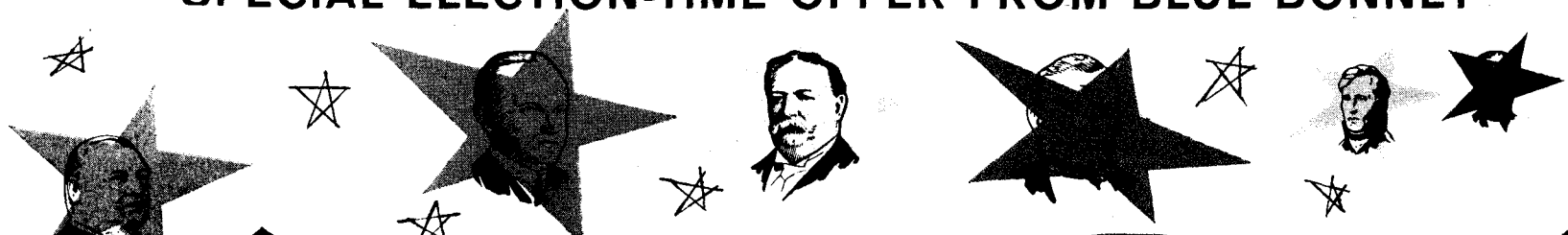

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34

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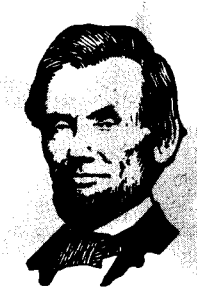

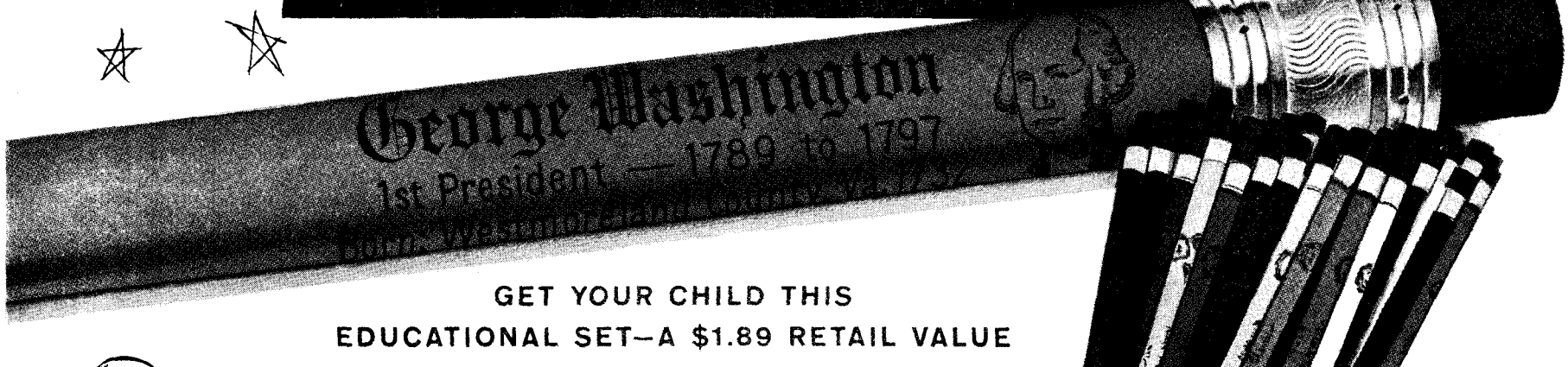

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*Street*_____

*City*_____ *Zone*_____ *State*_____

Please remember to include $1.00 and a "zip-open" end panel for each set desired. Void where prohibited, taxed or restricted; offer good only in the Continental U.S., Alaska and Hawaii; expires 90 days after purchase.

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FAMOUS BRANDS SPECTACULAR

OCTOBER 20-29

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(*Continued from Page 104*) rolled in towels, and at last staggered out with the clothesbasket to peg in open air.

Only those who have perpetually dried smalls on radiators—or, in a pinch, above a gas ring—can appreciate the pleasure of pegging on an open-air clothesline. To Louisa, as she strung up the last sock—in the warmth of a summer morning, on green grass, under old apple trees—the moment was almost poetic in its beauty. Drops of moisture from Mr. Clark's long underwear sparkled on a dandelion like drops of dew; a gentle aroma of clean wool enhanced the scent of trodden grass. Somewhere up in the apple boughs a bird went "tweet."

"I'll put suet out for you!" Louisa promised the bird. She didn't know what sort it was—it might be the sort that wintered in Africa—but in any case there'd be robins. "Just pass the word round!" Louisa adjured the bird. "Suet on the house!"

So soft and warm blew the drying wind from the west that Mr. Clark came home to find her seated before a big basket of clean mending.

"My dear girl ——" began Mr. Clark, and checked himself. "My dear Miss Datchett," he began again, "have you set to work already?"

"I've been enjoying myself," beamed Louisa.

Mr. Clark stood quite still, contemplating her. "It's something I never thought to come home to again," he said solemnly. "I believe I'm going to be a very lucky man."

All still depended on the children.

It was surprising how little they were at home. Or not surprising, reflected Louisa uneasily. If they, in fact, couldn't stand the sight of her. They seemed to keep roughly their father's hours; even Catherine departed daily with a packet lunch. Louisa was too wise to probe, but she was disappointed; with Cathy in particular she longed for nice cozy chats. As it was, after a couple of days she felt she knew her three potential stepchildren hardly better at all. Only in the most general terms could she have summed their characters. Briefly, they were the opposite of juvenile delinquents.

Let it not be supposed for a moment that Louisa was disappointed here. She would have been horrified and alarmed to find Paul and Toby carrying flick knives, or Catherine smoking marijuana. But she did feel it would have helped her position had she been called on to smooth over some slight misunderstanding with their father, for instance, or to hear and soothe some tale of youthful frustration. If Catherine hadn't owned a pony already, how eagerly would Louisa have pleaded with Mr. Clark to buy her one! The same went for the boys' Vespas: Louisa would have fought for the boys' Vespas tooth and nail, but there they were, too, like Tomboy in his stall.

In fact, it was Louisa who was frustrated, no call being made on her special *expertise;* and though this in a way was precisely what she wanted, after years of being a good sort she felt slightly lost. So might the coxswain of a lifeboat feel, retired from service, or a fireman drawing his pension. It was wonderfully restful, but took getting used to.

Whenever the children appeared, their manners toward Louisa were perfect. They expressed warm appreciation of everything she did for them. Paul and Toby came separately to thank her for darning their socks. Catherine exclaimed more than once how lovely it was not to find any chores waiting when she came in from grooming and feeding Tomboy. Louisa, recalling how difficult this sort of thing is to adolescents, was both touched and heartened; but she recalled also the remarkable aptitude of adolescence for concealing its true sentiments.

Distasteful as it was to put herself in the position of her Aunt May, Louisa made the effort—and came to the conclusion that she really hadn't the slightest idea what the children truly thought about her.

It didn't stop her from looking ahead. Louisa devoted a considerable portion of her solitary daytime hours to wondering what Catherine and Toby and Paul were going to call her after she was married to Mr. Clark. "Mother" was out of the question—Louisa humbly, regretfully, set "mother" aside at once. The Victorian "mamma," which she believed currently fashionable among such sophisticated son-in-law types as Henry Peel, was unsuited to the children's age group. The appellation "mummy," on the lips of Catherine, would have made Louisa happy indeed—but hardly suited the lips of Paul and Toby. The shorter version "mum" Louisa set aside as too common. She had traveled a long way already from Paddington. In the end she mentally settled for the plain-spokenness of "stepmother."

Fortunately for Louisa's peace of mind, already sufficiently precarious, her apprehensions as to Miss Lindrum were scotched almost before they took shape.

Miss Lindrum was Catherine's riding mistress, from whose pony-club stables had been purchased Tomboy; thus at least a business relationship existed with Mr. Clark, and Louisa at first wondered nervously whether there existed any other. To have no rival at all, for such a potential husband, struck her as too good to believe. True, Mr. Clark did no more than once or twice pronounce Miss Lindrum's name, and then always in connection with Cathy's riding; but since he pronounced no other female name whatever, Louisa was very glad to have her mind relieved.

"There's Cathy coming back from her ride," said Mr. Clark one evening. "Shall we go and meet her?"

They walked down the drive to see Cathy pass the gate on her way round to the stable; and Cathy wasn't alone. Beside her trotted Miss Lindrum on a stocky bay. It was a rather handsome animal, well up to weight; it had need to be—Miss Lindrum was well up to weight herself, as a pair of ill-advised white breeches emphasized. Nonetheless her bare, flaxen, Saxon head and weather-ruddied cheeks had a certain earthy attraction; and Louisa knew that some men liked big *derrières*. She glanced swiftly at Mr. Clark. But obviously he had eyes only for his daughter. His greeting to Miss Lindrum was briefly courteous, no more. And Miss Lindrum merely waved and trotted on.

Louisa still flew a slight kite, so to speak, watching Catherine rub down Tomboy in the stable. Mr. Clark stayed only to see her unsaddle.

"I dare say Miss Lindrum usually comes in for a drink?" suggested Louisa.

"What, our Lindy? Not on your life," returned Catherine. "She's never been inside the house."

Louisa hung about a bit, very willing to lend a hand if she could. But Catherine rubbed away with such fierce concentration, it was plain that any such offer would only be resented.

Louisa didn't mind. She felt Catherine's fixation on horses entirely acceptable, so long as Catherine's father hadn't an eye for Catherine's riding mistress.

Louisa's nerves steadied. They were still daily overstretched between enjoyment of the present and doubts of the future; but after this particular incident they definitely steadied. Which was just as well, considering what the next evening held in store.

Another instance of Mr. Clark's sympathy with youth was that Glenarvon possessed a television set. He himself disapproved the invention; as the telephone had killed the art of letter writing, so television, according to Mr. Clark, would kill the art of conversation. Louisa thoroughly enjoyed such pronouncements. She felt it was just the way a family man ought to talk. But with a household of young people, acknowledged Mr. Clark—Louisa hanging on every word—to deny them the universal pabulum would be like denying them bread and butter. Sometimes the family watched even commercial television, if there was a worthwhile program on some serious subject; thus on the Friday they all went down a coal mine, and though Paul for one came up again with a convinced prejudice in favor of oil, all agreed that it was a wonderfully interesting experience.

"But as for *this* rubbish ——" groaned Mr. Clark, as a first singing commercial replaced the fading pit head. "Paul, Toby, turn the thing off!"

"Can't we just see if it's the soapbubbly one?" pleaded Catherine. . . . "Miss Datchett, don't you like the soapbubbly one?"

Louisa, her eye on Mr. Clark, hesitated. He gave back a whimsical, understanding smile. "Though neither of us cares for this sort of thing," that smile seemed to say, "I see you mean to side with Cathy!" He nodded; Louisa felt it a minor triumph.

Only what came next wasn't the soapbubbly one; what came next was F. Pennon.

Old Freddy had evidently got himself up for the occasion. Though only his head and shoulders were on view, he was in a dinner jacket. From the buttonhole sprouted an outsize white carnation, and his handkerchief was equally overdone—arranged to display two white peaks, like the sails of a miniature schooner. Were his eyebrows powdered? In any case they added enormously to the general effect—as of Sealyham crossed with clubman.

"And here," announced a disembodied voice, "on forty seconds' private time, a speaker who prefers to remain anonymous. Let's just call him, shall we, a Man With a Message."

"It's the first time I've ever seen *that*," commented Paul interestedly. "I believe it costs the earth. . . ."

Even Mr. Clark's attention was held. Louisa froze. What Freddy was doing with a message she couldn't imagine—unless he was going to make an appeal on behalf of Distressed British Admirals. She could think of nothing else; but still, presciently, froze.

"There are times," opened F. Pennon, "when what a chap wants above all is to hear a voice from the past. What I mean ter say is, the sound of a voice that is silent, the touch of a hand that is still."

"That's very true," observed Mr. Clark, showing unexpected emotion.

"It's just going to be another appeal," said Catherine.

"And in a welfare state," murmured Louisa censoriously.

But as his next words showed, Freddy's message was uncapitaled. It was simply and strictly a message—like a telegram.

"Not necessarily from the *far* past," continued Freddy briskly; "say just a couple of weeks ago. Still an' all it may mean much, (*Continued on Page 108*)

The Perfect Squelch

The sled-dog races at a city in Alaska were in full swing, and one M.C. was having a wonderful time enjoying his own humor. Instead of giving interesting facts about the contestants, he tried to turn each interview into a comedy routine.

"Hi, Charley, my boy," he greeted one older native driver. "You're doing pretty well in these races." He paused to put his arm around the driver's shoulders. "Now tell me, Charley, just what do you call your lead dog?"

"Lead dog Kibbee," the driver said.

"How's that again? Libby, Wibby, Gibby, Tibby? That sounds like a lot of breakfast cereal. Tell me, Charley, my boy, just how do you spell that name?"

Understandably irritated, Charley said, "I don't write him, I just call him."

Amelia LyBarger

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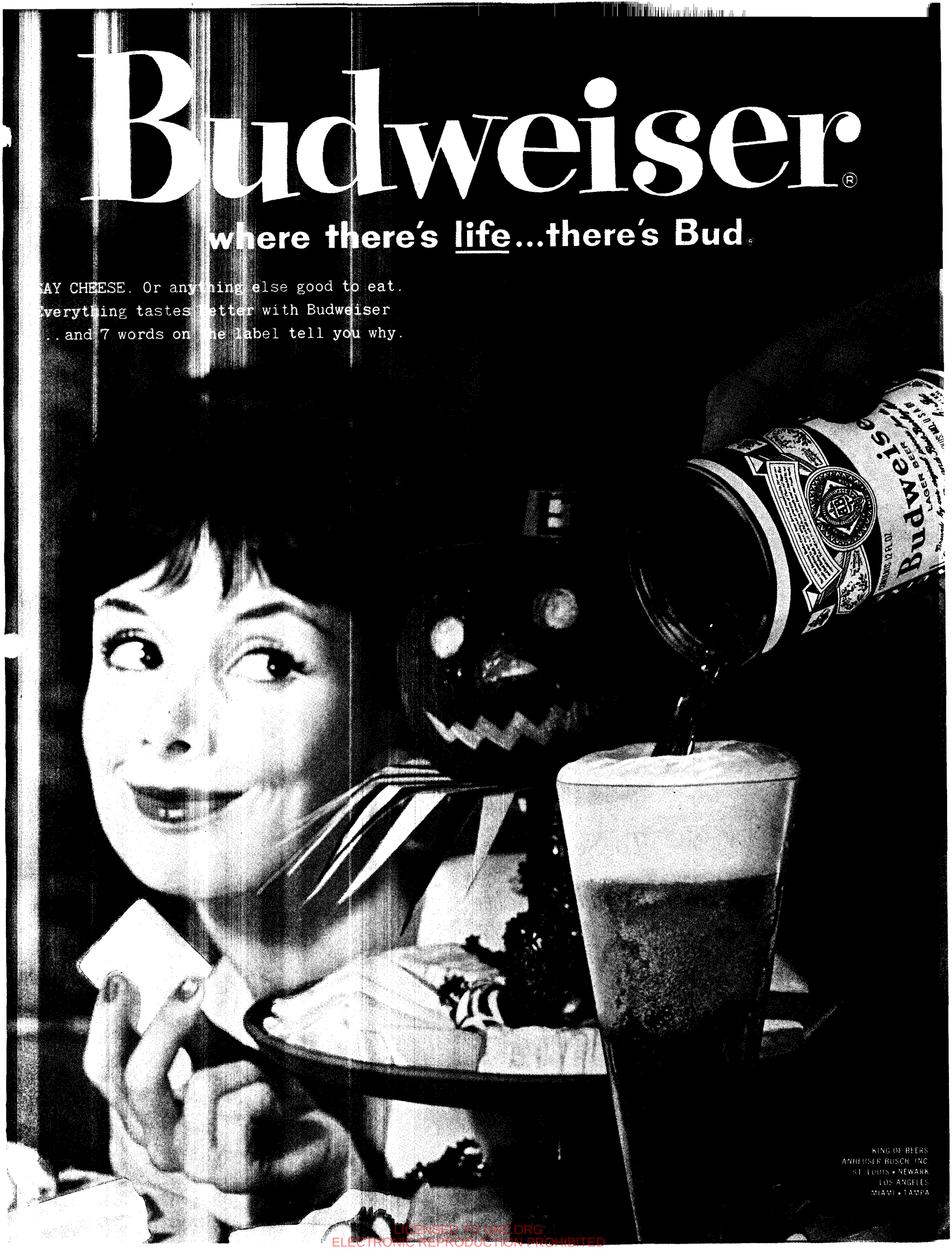

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(*Continued from Page 106*) let alone the admiral mislaying his full-dress uniform. For though a chap may be right as rain—no doubts as to the future, no intention of skating out of his obligations—there are times when that voice from the past would fall like refreshin' Highland dew. All telephone charges to be reversed," finished Freddy, "because I'm not here really, I'm back at Bournemouth. Good night!"

He faded like the Cheshire cat. It was absurd to fancy that his eyebrows faded last; but that was the impression.

"What an extraordinary thing!" exclaimed Mr. Clark.

It wasn't in the least extraordinary to Louisa. She saw commercial television absolutely made for old Freddy. She saw him employing it, over the years to come, quite recklessly: to advertise for a cook, to relieve his mind on the subject of supertax, or just to complain about the weather. It was probably the most rewarding use of money he'd ever encountered. He was probably rarin' to go again already—especially if that voice from the past didn't immediately respond.

Louisa's nerves had been steady enough to carry her through his first effort; but if his next, as it well might, began with a "Dammit, Louisa, where are you?" she felt disinclined to trust them. She would almost certainly give herself away, and had a strong impression that Mr. Clark might consider the whole thing a little odd.

As soon as she was alone next day Louisa telephoned Bournemouth—reversing charges.

"Hi," called Louisa. "This is the voice from the past."

"Did you see me on television? I thought you might," said F. Pennon complacently. "How are you, Louisa?"

"Fine," said Louisa.

"Well, where are you? I've been telephoning your flat, I've been telephoning that morgue at Broydon ——"

"Staying with friends," said Louisa. "How are things at Bournemouth?"

"Oh, we're all fine too," said Freddy cheerfully. "You couldn't have been righter, Louisa, about Enid and the admiral. Enid's all over him, and the difference it's made to me no one could believe. You don't happen to know what became of his full-dress uniform?"

"No," said Louisa. "He'll have to hire one. For heaven's sake, Freddy, you didn't go on television just to ask me *that?*"

"Of course not," said Freddy. "It slipped in. What we really want is to get you to the party. It was Colley's idea," added Freddy loyally, "when I couldn't find you on the phone, to send out some sort of a signal. *I* thought of television, though."

There was no doubt, reflected Louisa, that the admiral and Freddy were as much made for each other as were Freddy and commercial television. What with the admiral's ideas and Freddy's money, she foresaw a thoroughly enjoyable future for the pair of them.

"Dear Freddy, I think you're both very sweet," said Louisa kindly. "When is it, the party?"

"Tomorrow. That's what the hurry was about. Tomorrow at six, here. Of course you'll stay overnight ——"

Just as though he could see her, Louisa shook her head. She was sorry. The beano at Broydon Court was still fresh in her mind; however vowed to domesticity, the idea of such another—and probably her last—had its appeal. If she could have nipped up to town and back, to Gladstone Mansions, or the Savoy, the thing might have been feasible; but not an absence of two days in the middle of her trial week.

"I'm sorry, I can't possibly," said Louisa.

"I never knew such a girl for refusing," complained F. Pennon. "First I ask you to marry me, then I ask you to come and live with me and Enid, now you won't even come to a party. It isn't an *ordinary* party," persuaded F. Pennon.

"I don't suppose any of yours are," said Louisa.

"Actually, in a way, it's more Enid's."

Louisa waited.

"She's invited a lot of nice friends."

"From Poole?"

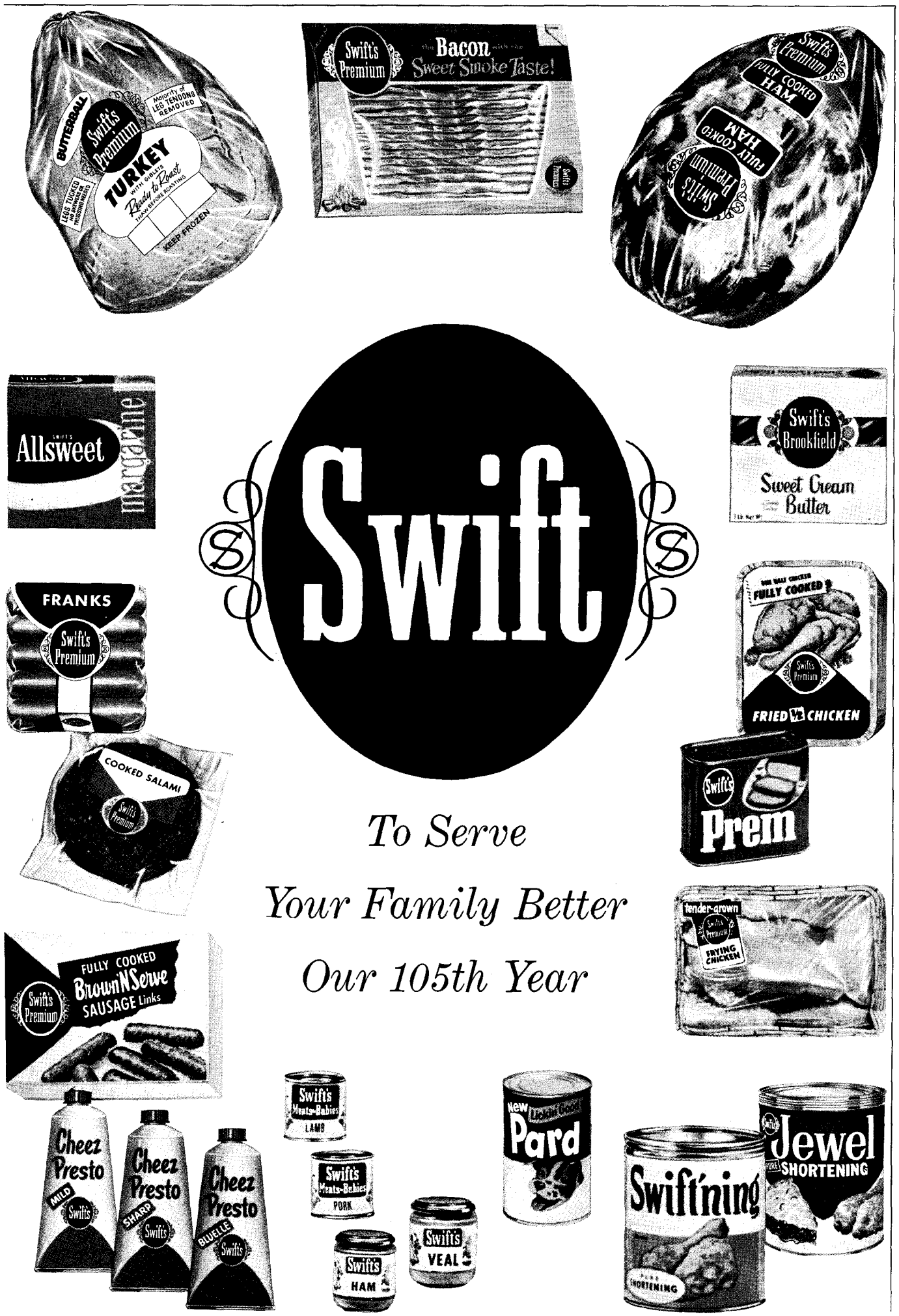
"That's right. She started out with just a couple, but it's quite remarkable how the number has grown. To tell you the truth, Louisa," said old Freddy, coming clean at last, "it's an engagement party."

There are times, recalled Louisa. Undoubtedly his engagement party was such a time for F. Pennon—right as rain though he was, with no intention of skating out of his obligations. She did her best to encourage him, if only by telephone.

"You'll have the admiral," pointed out Louisa.

"He just keeps telling me what a lucky chap I am. He just wants you to come because he likes you; what *I* need is, well, moral support. Don't think I'm squealing," added Freddy bravely; "I'm not. No one's ever heard a whimper out of me. But it'd mean a lot, Louisa, to have you there, just to catch my eye from time to time, perhaps nip out for a spot of brandy ——"

Louisa was touched. She was touched, but she had at last learned to put her own



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concerns first. Only a month before, so appealed to, she would probably have wrecked all her chances with Mr. Clark to rush to old Freddy's aid. But not now! Now she wasn't even torn.

"I hate to say it, Freddy, but there's no question. I can't possibly be away a night. Not possibly."

"If that's all ——" began Freddy.

"And it's no use saying you'll send me back by car—and getting me here at four in the morning."

"Wait," said Freddy. "Hold on."

He was away a couple of minutes. Louisa—the charges reversed—quite agreeably employed the time in composing suitable messages to Enid and the admiral. She felt sure of the admiral's getting his; the one to Enid she composed on the off chance.

"Louisa?"

"Still here," said Louisa.

"Is there a decent-sized lawn where you are?"

"Fair," said Louisa, surprised.

"The admiral says we could charter a helicopter."

Again Louisa reflected with pleasure, and now admiration, on the happy results of money allied to enterprise. Not that old Freddy wasn't enterprising enough on his own hook, but undoubtedly the admiral stimulated him; while

---

When people say you are mellowing with age, they probably mean that you finally are agreeing with their opinions.

BOB ALLEGER

---

for Admiral Colley, how delightful to see his good ideas—each as wild as helpful—so immediately and unquestioningly translated into action! *In two shakes they'll be* buying *themselves a helicopter*, thought Louisa.

For a moment she was undeniably tempted on her own account. Not only was the gesture uncommonly flattering; she'd flown only twice in her life before, to Cannes and back, and had adored it. To whoever under *B* for Biography equated heaven with caviar to the sound of trumpets, Louisa would confidently have recommended trying lunch in a jet. But now, for once, she thought before she leaped. Carefully.

Carefully Louisa attempted to visualize the reactions of the Clarks to the sight of a helicopter descending on their back lawn—come to fetch herself, Louisa, to a cocktail party at Bournemouth.

Though with the children, especially Paul and Toby, it might send her stock up, Louisa fancied their father not caring for it at all.

In Mr. Clark's picture of a conscientious, home-loving helpmate—a picture Louisa hoped he was picturing—that helicopter, felt Louisa, was out of place.

Especially to take her to a cocktail party. To a *lighthouse* would have been another thing—and had Louisa been a female surgeon. Louisa whipped out an appendix in parentheses, but not seriously, and had her oilskins off almost before she put them on.

She sighed, but didn't weaken. "Dear Freddy," said Louisa, "try and get it into your head. I couldn't be fonder of you, but it's no go. Tell the admiral to phone Moss Brothers about his uniform, lay on enough champagne for the party, and you won't have a care. But get it into your head—the voice *is* silent, also the hand is still. I'm very, very fond of you, Freddy; but it's no go." She cut the connection.

Unhappily this act of prudence and sacrifice looked like being on both counts equally ill-rewarded. It was that same night that Louisa overheard the row between Catherine and Mr. Clark.

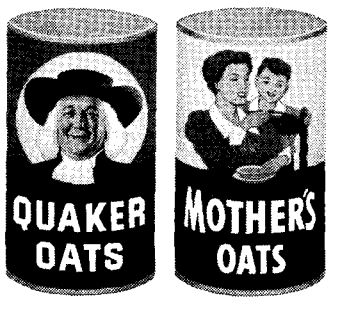
Louisa always went up to bed first; she punctiliously left the Clarks alone together whenever possible, in case they wanted to discuss her. It was rarely more than a few minutes, however, before first Toby, then Paul, then Catherine came up too; and then ensued the cheerful sounds of a family settling down for the night. There were no unnecessary inhibitions, Louisa was glad to note; not only did Paul march in on Toby soaking too long in the bath, but Catherine marched in on Paul—and audibly pulled the plug out. A little Alsatia each night was the first-floor landing, a little riotous enclave within the bounds of a benevolent dictatorship; and Louisa loved to hear its rumor. There was nothing at Glenarvon she enjoyed more than hearing the children come up to bed.

On that Saturday night she heard something else besides—from down below, in Mr. Clark's study. Paul had left the bath taps running for his sister; Louisa, when Catherine didn't come up, went to turn them off—and the study door was open.

Not this time—as once at Bournemouth—did Louisa deliberately eavesdrop. The ethos of the family was already sacred to her; as Catherine's voice rose, and the voice of Mr. Clark rose in answer, she loyally hurried on to her own room. All the same, she could not help catching a phrase or two. "But we don't *want* to have a home made for us!" cried Catherine. (*Continued on Page 111*)

"...to keep Ruthie going all morning long I usually give her a good hot oatmeal breakfast...oatmeal's easy enough to fix and it seems to stay with her 'til lunch...I do think it makes us both feel better..."

(from a taped interview with a Buffalo, N.Y. housewife)



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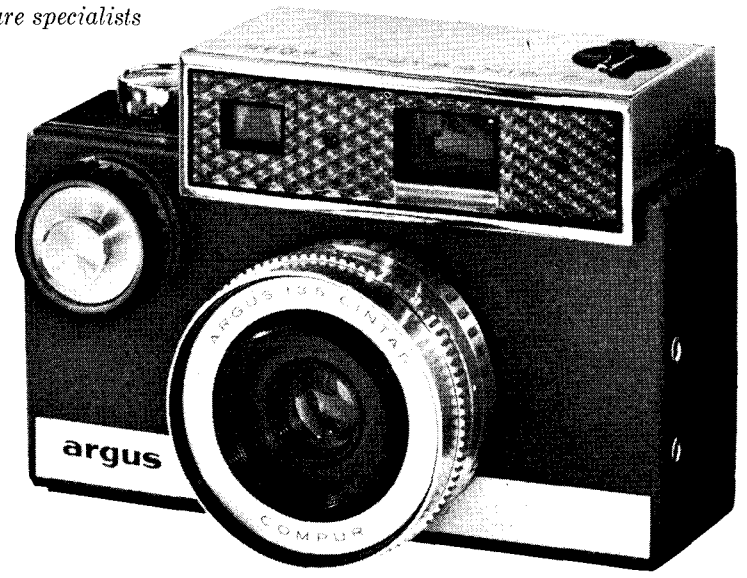

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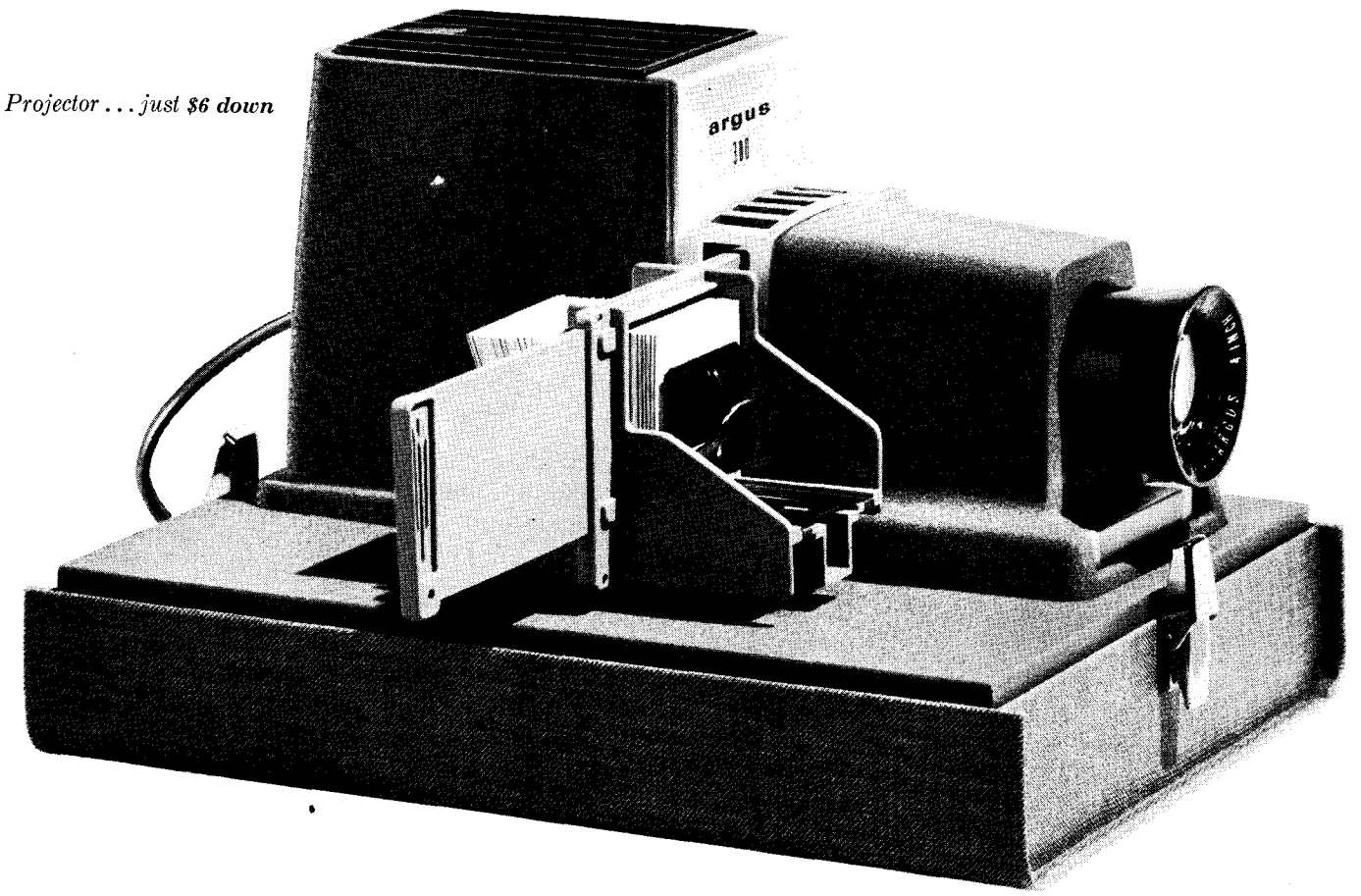

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(*Continued from Page 109*) "Be quiet; Miss Datchett will hear you," ordered her father.

Louisa crept into bed and put her head under the pillow. If there were to be any arguments, before the children finally accepted her, she wisely determined to know as little of them as possible.

And how loyally and successfully must Mr. Clark have stood up for her! Because at breakfast next morning Cathy couldn't have been more amiable.

"Marmalade, Miss Datchett?" asked Catherine sweetly. Louisa shot Mr. Clark a grateful glance. "Toby, pass Miss Datchett the marmalade!"

"Unless she'd rather have honey?" suggested Paul. "Was it you who got it for us in the comb, Miss Datchett? It's smashing!"

"Mrs. Temple *never* did," said Toby.

Three fresh young faces turned innocently toward her like flowers to the sun. *They've been talking*, thought Louisa, with sudden insight. She saw them all talking and talking, probably into the small hours of that morning—Paul wrapped in an eider down on the foot of Catherine's bed, Toby squatted on the sheepskin rug—and finally agreeing to accept her. How otherwise explain this more-than-their-usual courtesy?

Or were those faces too innocent?

Unless it's part of a plan, thought Louisa warily.

At least Mr. Clark had no such unworthy suspicions. That is, Louisa hoped they were unworthy. He basked in domestic sunshine; his glance, from his children to Louisa, was warm with self-congratulation. Whatever storm had raged the night before, to Mr. Clark the barometer was evidently set fair, glass rising; and if he didn't know his family, who should?

"Who's coming with father to church?" asked Mr. Clark pleasantly.

"But all of us, sir," answered Paul at once.

"That will be very nice indeed," said Mr. Clark. Louisa fancied his eye to rest with particular pleasure on Catherine. "And you, Miss Datchett?"

"I'd like to," said Louisa sincerely, "very much. Only Mrs. Temple won't be here, and there's the dinner to cook."

"Mightn't we have something cold?" he suggested.

Evidently the suggestion was revolutionary. From the corner of her eye Louisa saw the children exchange a glance of mingled astonishment and gladness.

"Or an omelet?" co-operated Catherine an instant later.

"Or sausages?" offered Toby.

"In any case, I don't see that we need leave Miss Datchett behind," adjudged their father. "Whatever she provides I'm sure we shall find very acceptable. All ready, then, at ten-forty-five."

As she entered the Clark pew at St. Michael and All Angels, such was Louisa's happiness that she temporarily forgot every anxiety.

It was a splendid pew, well up in front, and she entered it immediately after Mr. Clark; with Toby and Catherine and Paul filing in behind, she felt just like one of the family. *Every Sunday!* thought Louisa uncontrollably, and with genuine reverence and thankfulness joined vigorously in all the parts open to the congregation.

During the second lesson—what a landmark in her career!—she said "Hush" to Toby. The footstool before him was the big, old-fashioned kind, adapted to take a top hat; his fidgeting toecap prized the lid open, so that it fell back with a gentle thud. "Hush!" said Louisa.

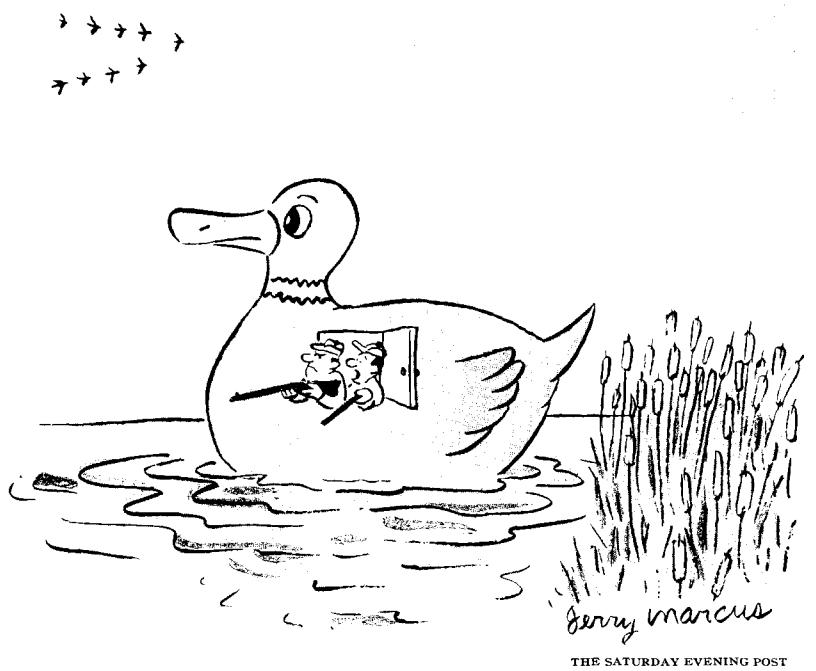
It was only during the sermon that her mind wandered. St. Michael and All Angels had an uncommonly broad aisle; all her talks with Enid Anstruther rushing back on her, Louisa absolutely couldn't help filling it with three pairs of bridesmaids. Even in crinolines there'd be ample room; while for the cloud of white tulle, about four-foot clearance on either side.

What *color* for the bridesmaids? Pale amber?

Not that I'd ever round up six, thought Louisa more practically; in fact, Catherine's—if Catherine *would*—was the only name that came immediately to mind. Louisa cast a fleeting glance toward Pammy—toward Pammy and four other Pammies. *But they'd ham it!* thought Louisa—and in their place substituted Enid Anstruther as matron of honor in very pale blue. Undoubtedly Enid would do matron of honor quite beautifully—and why not F. Pennon to give away the bride?

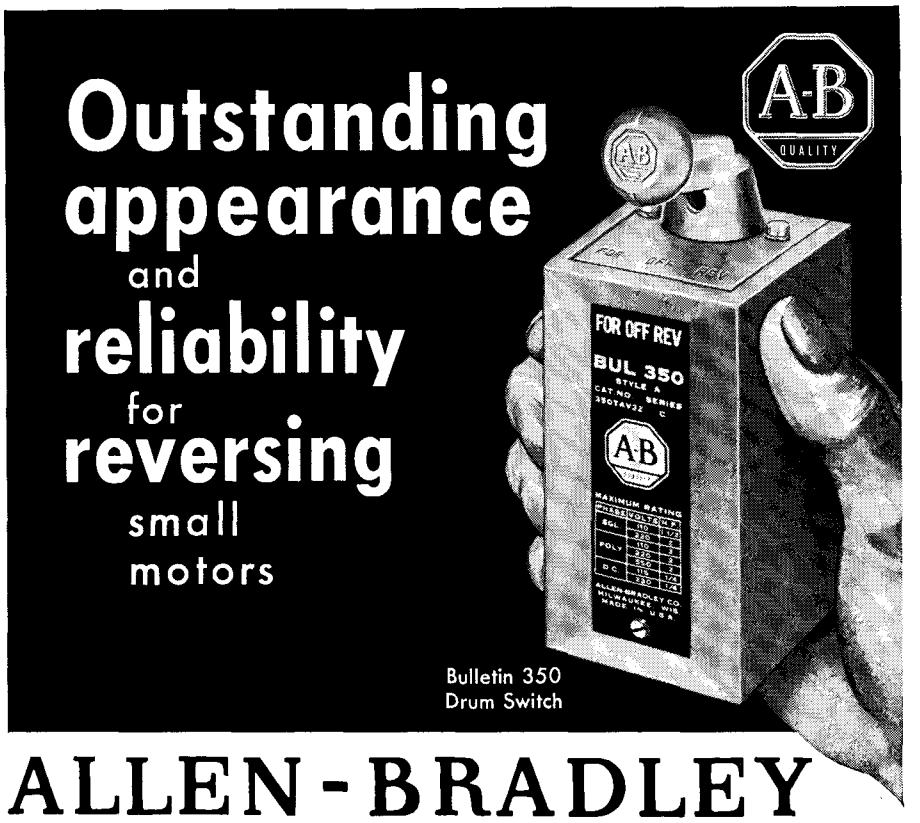
Or the admiral? Freddy could provide the wedding breakfast, decided Louisa, there was nothing he'd enjoy more; she herself would make a better effect on the arm of Admiral Colley's full-dress uniform.

He'll be hiring one anyway, for Enid, thought Louisa. *He may just as well use it twice.*



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Personally I don't think you're fooling them one bit."



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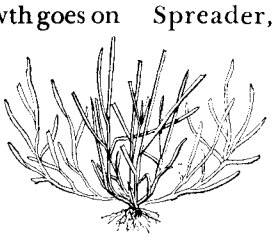

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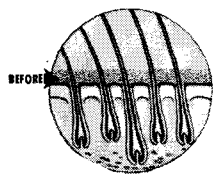

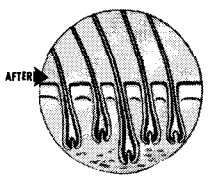

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To strains inaudible, except to herself, of the Wedding March, she stationed Mr. Clark by the front right-hand pew—only two up, Louisa noted, from where they actually sat. To those joyful POM, POM, POM-POM strains, Louisa thought, *I'll ask Number Ten.* And why not Mr. McAndrew? At least he'd look well, and he'd stood her a splendid lunch. It had once or twice occurred to her that she'd treated him rather cavalierly.

The small but exquisite cortege advanced: first Louisa in a cloud of white tulle, on the arm of Admiral Colley in full-dress uniform; then Enid in very pale blue and probably a hyacinth toque, followed by Cathy in an amber crinoline. Which she could afterward wear to dances, reflected Louisa—with already-maternal forethought. How to work in Paul and Toby? It was a pity, they were too old to be pages; but perhaps they'd care to have a bang at ushering.

The sermon neared its end. Louisa was in fact just saying "I do" as they all stood up for the final hymn. She had experienced such happiness that she thoroughly regretted not having more than a shilling for the collection, but that was all she could find in her purse. The children, she observed, put in shillings too; their father a folded note. Paying for the family!

Sunday dinner was almost a picnic. They didn't actually have it out of doors, but, because Louisa decided on omelets, ate in the kitchen; the unusualness, the general sketchiness of which arrangement produced a picnickish euphoria. Catherine laid the table, and Mr. Clark and the boys sat around watching Louisa crack eggs. And it was just as she began to beat that Paul suddenly answered the question so long present in her mind.

"I see Miss Datchett is an expert hand," observed Mr. Clark approvingly.

"Miss Datchett, who's going to serve?" asked Catherine.

"Are you putting in ham, Miss Datchett?" asked Toby.

"Look here," said Paul, "why don't we all call her Louisa?"

Louisa naturally glanced first at Mr. Clark before she beamed. He accepted the look approvingly; approving her tacit submission to his judgment. His approval broadened to include Paul—and Catherine and Toby, who by their cheerful looks were welcoming the idea.

"If Miss Datchett has no objection ——" he began pleasantly.

"Indeed I haven't!" cried Louisa. "I'd love it!"

"—then on high days and holidays, and while you're all behaving yourselves, I think 'Louisa' might be very well admissible—to us all," said Mr. Clark.

What could have been more delightful, or more promising, or more thoroughly flattering to Louisa's hopes? Nothing. She still wasn't easy. Her experiences at Bournemouth and Broydon had taught her, all too painfully, to watch out for the stone in the snowball, the gunshot in the partridge, the horseshoe in the mitt.

The children's behavior to her was perfect—it always had been. Nor had she now to fear what they might be saying about her to their father. Their line was too plainly taken, and Mr. Clark the last man alive to countenance double-dealing. What she wanted to know was what they said about her among themselves.

As usual, Louisa went up first. But almost immediately the pleasant sounds she'd grown accustomed to—the to and fro between bedroom and bathroom, the subdued family chatter—followed. No arguments tonight! It seemed the children were turning in early too; probably leaving Mr. Clark to do a little extra breadwinning. Louisa cast a thought toward Henry Peel and his criminal neglect of proofs. Compared with Mr. Clark, what a feckless breadwinner was *there!* She wondered his wife ever got a night's sleep. But this was merely a side wind, so to speak, blowing lightly across the strong current of her own preoccupations. As soon as she heard Catherine leave the bathroom, Louisa dismissed the Peels—to whom she owed her very presence at Glenarvon—completely from mind.

There is always one way of finding out something, and that is to ask.

In a few moments of intense activity Louisa leaped out of bed, wiped off face cream, applied powder, pulled on her zebra-pattern housecoat, sprang between the sheets again, and not without a certain nervousness called through the door. "Catherine!"

The padding footsteps halted.

"Catherine," called Louisa nervously, "come in a minute, will you?"

TO BE CONCLUDED

"Swallow it."

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The Evolution of Cabot Lodge

(Continued from Page 29)

with him on his campaign plane and to his boyhood haunts in New England. My reportorial assignment turned up many surprises and confirmed my thoughts that Lodge has never been explained.

I had first met Cabot Lodge at the headquarters of the United States Mission to the United Nations at 2 Park Avenue in New York City. He is much taller than he appears on television—a striking six feet two and three quarter inches. He has broad shoulders, a trim waist, exceedingly long arms, large, powerful hands, graying hair and intense, deep-blue eyes. His voice is polished, deep and loud, with little trace of Boston or Harvard, although he does say "'tis" instead of "it is." He was once voted one of America's best-dressed men. His attire—conservative, Eastern style—is impeccable and expensive.

Lodge, who was engaged in a staff meeting, waved me into his office with a friendly, booming greeting, rising from his swivel chair and crossing the room with great speed and agility. Then he plumped back into his chair and listened while an aide with astonishing candor reported his reaction to a paper Lodge had written. "The paper is diffused, murky, unclear. Some of the writing is poor. I'm afraid it will require considerable reworking."

When the aide concluded his remarks, Lodge seized a yellow, legal-size tablet on his desk and scrawled a few pencil notes in bold, but almost illegible hand. I later he had sweated blood writ-er, so the aide's reaction must eply. But Lodge gave no hint ve minutes the matter had been d of.

One of the aides explained later: "Lodge is not a contemplator. He is a pure activist. You learn three things right off around here. The first is that everything must be disposed of immediately. The second is that he can't stand intrigue. Everything must be completely straightforward. The third is that he cannot tolerate yes men. He wants you to tell him exactly what you think. At the same time he'll tell you exactly what he thinks, without diplomacy."

A day or so later I rode with Lodge in his air-conditioned car to the glass-plated U.N. building. Inside his private office he relaxed, propping his feet on the edge of the desk, clasping his hands behind his head, staring at the boats on the East River. For a few moments I saw another side of Lodge.

"You know," he said softly and with an odd note of sentimentality, "I've spent a lot of my life in this building—seven and a half years. I've made a lot of friends here and I'm going to miss them."

We talked briefly of Lodge's many cold-war battles with the Soviet Union in the U.N. Security Council—from Formosa to Suez to Lebanon. Lodge turned aside all discussion of the great diplomatic debates which had brought him his vast television fame. His mind was absorbed not with those matters, but rather with specific events over the years which had directly involved fighting men. These included his efforts to secure the release of some Air Force pilots held by the Chinese Communists long after the Korean armistice, the placing of U.N. soldiers in the Gaza Strip and the landing of United States troops in Lebanon. Curiously, he singled out as one of his greatest victories the dedication of a plaque in the U.N. building in memory of soldiers who had died fighting in Korea. "In some ways," he said, "that means more to me than all the rest."

The Lodge I saw the next day in his New York political-campaign headquarters was more familiar. When I arrived, he was giving unshirted hell to an aide who had misplaced a press release. "Green staff," he said tersely, waving me to a chair. He was preparing to open his campaign in New York State, having vetoed Nixon's suggestion that he begin in the South. His desk was clean. An aide asked him a perfectly sensible question about his schedule, then being revised every hour. Lodge dismissed him curtly, "You ask too many questions."

While Lodge boomed on the telephone to Nelson Rockefeller, with whom he would shortly tour Coney Island and the Catskill resorts, I strolled into the outer office, where I met the campaign manager, Cammann Newberry, an urbane Ivy Leaguer, a former editor of Little, Brown, the book publishers. We briefly discussed Lodge's public "image."

One aide commented, "If we could just put Cabot in orbit and bring him back on November eighth, I think we would be better off."

The full significance of this remark didn't sink in until several days later on Lodge's campaign plane. As he stumped through states east of the Mississippi, outwardly he was the perfect politician, eating hot dogs, kissing babies, waving and smiling in motorcades. Yet, as I looked close, I had the feeling that something was amiss. Behind the scenes—and often on the scene—Lodge seemed contemptuous of the proceedings. During press conferences he ducked many chances to tangle with his political opponents and growled at some local reporters for asking "improper" questions.

On a nationwide television show, for example, when a reporter asked him for his position on the "religious issue," Episcopalian Lodge replied with smothered anger, "I do not want anybody to vote for me on religious grounds. I refuse to accept the proposition that my three Catholic grandchildren . . . or anybody's children or grandchildren are debarred from becoming President because of religion or race . . . even for a journalist to bring it up violates the spirit of the Constitution."

Indeed, as the campaign unfolded, Lodge presented not a picture of a politician out gathering votes, but a picture of a tough-minded general just back from the wars, describing the course of the battle, setting the record straight. As I discovered later, the soldier analogy happens to be appropriate. Lodge *is* a general—a major general in the United States Army Reserve, with a long and bona fide military record.

In the days following, as I probed deeper into Lodge's life and background, I came to realize that this Army association is no "hobby" as it is sometimes described, but actually the essence of Lodge. He does his best to downplay or ignore it, but it generated the dramatic, formative periods in his life. It goes a long way toward explaining his philosophy, his working habits, his state of health and it makes sense of his strange, zigzagging, and at times lackluster, political career.

Without doubt, Cabot Lodge's consuming interest in things military sprang from his well-advertised boyhood contact with two older men of considerable note—his grandfather, Sen. Henry Cabot Lodge, and his grandfather's closest friend, sometime-soldier Teddy Roosevelt. When Cabot was seven, his father,

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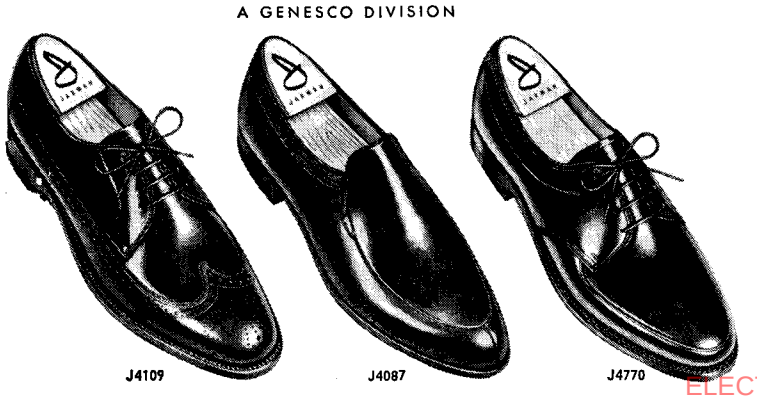

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an intense, moody poet, died of a heart attack. From that point on, young Lodge was raised in Massachusetts and Washington under his grandfather's supervision. In the evening of his fabulous, kingmaking political career, the elder Lodge led a successful fight to keep the United States out of the League of Nations. For this reason he is usually remembered as an isolationist, but the contrary is true. Like his friend Roosevelt, Lodge was a firm advocate of Manifest Destiny and, with Roosevelt, he consistently urged an ever more powerful military establishment to protect the nation's growing interests abroad. The elder Lodge set his grandson on the road to public service with these beliefs firmly implanted.

One year after he received his degree from Harvard with the class of 1924, Cabot Lodge, then twenty-three and working in Washington as a reporter for the New York *Herald Tribune*, received a commission as a buck lieutenant in the Army Reserve. Many afternoons, Lodge huddled in Washington's Metropolitan Club with Maj. Willis D. Crittenberger, who coached him in Army fundamentals. West Pointer Crittenberger, a member of the Army's close inner circle then surrounding George C. Marshall, was a tough, serious-minded teacher. Not long ago I sat with Crittenberger in the same room of the Metropolitan Club to talk about Lodge. Crittenberger, now a retired three-star general, recalled that his young student was "an extraordinarily dedicated man." In retrospect, there are three significant facts about Lodge's choice to join the Army—(1) he picked the hard-core Reserve, not the National Guard, which is the orthodox club for aspiring politicians; (2) he joined more than sixteen years before World War II, when the Army was small and unpopular, especially among eggheads and journalists, most of whom, Lodge has said, served either wittingly or unwittingly for pacifist groups; and (3) Lodge took his service tours not in a comfortable War Department office, but in the most rugged of Army outfits, the United States cavalry.

As I discovered, these peacetime tours, which Lodge usually served in the field under Crittenberger, were not casual larks. Interestingly, the first recollection of Lodge's older son, George, is his father decked out in Army uniform, departing for an active-duty tour.

Crittenberger told me, "I was amazed at the man. It was no easy transition from desk to horseback, pounding those trails out West. Yet Cabot never complained. And he was a good officer. If you told him to take a hill, you knew it would be taken."

In 1952 Lodge told a reporter, "I'll always miss the maneuvers in Texas and New Mexico, before the cavalry was mechanized. There's no more pleasant experience than waking up at first light and watching your horse's ears take shape against the far horizon." When the Army got tanks, Lodge was one of the first Reserve officers to qualify. Slowly he worked his way up the ladder, from platoon to company to regiment to division level. A retired officer who drove tanks with Lodge recalls, "By the war, he knew as much about the Army as anyone. Because of his name, he might have asked for special privilege. But he started at the bottom and earned his way to the top."

Cabot Lodge's preoccupation with the military transcended his public life. The need for military preparedness is one subject on which his record is firm and unwavering. It rings through in his early, plodding newspaper articles. It stands out in the single book he has written, a curious tract called *The Cult of Weakness*, published in 1932 about the time he gave up journalism for politics. After his election to the United States Senate in 1936, Lodge emerged as a high-level champion of the military, with no particular bias. In 1938 he urged expansion of the Navy. In 1939 he called for a vast increase in the United States Army Air Corps, and voted in favor of lend-lease. In 1940 he proposed a compulsory selective-service act in advance of the Roosevelt Administration. In the year following he fought against a bill which would have required the Army to keep all eighteen-year-old recruits on United States soil for one year.

"It's forgotten now," an Army officer told me, "but that was a hell of a bill. It would have decimated all our divisions and hamstrung the Army tremendously. But politically it was a very popular bill, and it took real guts to vote against it."

... ...

Breather

By Loyd Rosenfield

If I've a fixed and glassy
stare
When you pass by my easy
chair
Don't fret yourself, I'm
quite alive,
But I'm this way at
half-past five—
Post-work-day whirl, post-
rush-hour crush,
I'm just adjusting to the
hush;

When dinner's served at
six o'clock
I'll strut in like a fighting
cock,
But, meanwhile, kith or
kin, be kind
And tiptoe by while I
unwind.

... ...

Digging further into Lodge's military life, I discovered that by 1941 he was a fully accepted member of the Army's inner circle and a Reserve captain. Laying aside his senatorial duties, Lodge signed up for prolonged active duty during the Army's Louisiana maneuvers, serving on the staff of George Patton's 2nd—"Hell on Wheels"—Armored Division.

One comer on the war games' "opposing" force was a colonel named Dwight David Eisenhower. Patton growled to his staff, "I'll give fifty dollars to anyone who takes prisoner a certain s.o.b. called Eisenhower." Ike was never captured. But after the maneuvers, Lodge met and talked with Ike. This was the beginning of a lasting friendship, which culminated in 1952 in a battle of a different kind.

Shortly after the United States declared war, Lodge virtually gave up the Senate altogether. In February, 1942, Lodge, then forty and a Reserve major, joined Crittenberger, who had taken command of the 2nd Armored Division at Fort Benning, Georgia. A full-time soldier, Lodge was the first member of the Senate to serve on active duty since the Civil War. The division had just been equipped with new tanks, and Crittenberger drove it hard in maneuvers across the dusty Georgia countryside. An army colonel, now retired, admiringly told me, "That was a crazy, eager outfit, and Lodge was a hard-working, eager soldier. He may not have been admired in the Senate, but was worshiped by the men in that tank division. He was a born leader."

A few weeks after Lodge joined the 2nd Division, Crittenberger hand-picked him to lead a team of tank experts to North Africa to find out, on a nuts-and-bolts level, what problems, apart from Rommel, the British tankers had encountered in the desert. These Americans, the first to fight the Germans in World War II, were attached to the British 8th Army, then desperately slugging it out with Rommel near Tobruk. It was no easy tour. Lodge and his men were shot at by German tanks, infantry, artillery and aircraft. One night when Rommel's tanks turned the desert flank, Lodge came within an ace of being captured—an event Lodge refused to discuss with me. He turned in a report, but was debarred from further Army service by a directive from President Roosevelt, who ruled that no congressman could serve on active duty.

A close look at Lodge during those turbulent years shows that he was irresistibly drawn to Army service. After an easy wartime re-election to the Senate in 1942, he made a 41,000-mile tour across five continents to investigate United States troops in battle. One evening in early 1944 Crittenberger, then a major general, passed through Washington en route to command the United States 4th Corps. On the following morning Lodge resigned completely from the United States Senate to join Crittenberger as a deputy chief of staff in Africa. The corps soon moved into the bloody Italian campaign on the front just south of Anzio.

Attached to corps headquarters, Lodge was not a foxhole soldier. His job then was high strategy, but with Crittenberger he flew over the front almost daily in a liaison airplane. Once when a unit bogged down in the face of fierce fire from a German *Panzer* division, Lodge flew up to the front to investigate and brought back a report to Crittenberger. It was a blunt recommendation that the officer in charge be relieved.

In battle, ironically, Lodge was felled not by an enemy bullet but by an ailing stomach. His friends described the malady to me as "ulcers" or a "spasmodic stomach." It had plagued Lodge since his newspaper days, and in deference to it he had long since forsworn cigarettes (two packs a day) and alcohol (although today, if pressed, he will drink one, possibly two, Scotch-and-sodas, but no more).

In the field he had attempted, with notable lack of success, to adhere to his customarily rigid, bland diet. One day his stomach cramped violently, and he reported to a hospital. The senior Army physician in the area, Morrison Clay Stayer, explained to me recently he thought Lodge might have had hepatitis, then rampant among United States troops, so he ordered Lodge flown back to Walter Reed Army Hospital in Washington. At Walter Reed the Army doctors informed Lodge that he would probably be discharged for medical reasons. This day, Lodge said to me with considerable feeling, was the "darkest" in his life.

To the astonishment of all, Lodge recovered completely within a few weeks and, although he surely could have requested a discharge, promptly returned to the battle in Italy. (His stomach has not seriously bothered him since, he says.) There another old Army friend, Gen. Jacob L. (Jakie) Devers, who stepped into Eisenhower's shoes in North Africa when Ike moved on to England and who was then commanding the 6th Army Group and preparing for the invasion of southern France, tapped Lodge for special duty. Devers assigned Lodge as a liaison officer between himself and temperamental French General de Lattre de Tassigny, commanding the French 1st Army, part of Devers's invasion force.

As right-hand man to Devers, Lodge, who had become fluent in French while studying in France as a young boy, fought with the 6th Army Group through southern France and Germany. Devers recently briefed me at length on this relatively unknown phase of Lodge's life. It was very high-level duty. For example, one of Lodge's special assignments was to hurry visiting firemen Churchill and De Gaulle out of the combat theater so the French Army could jump off and attack a German force. Lodge came out of the war a lieutenant colonel, with six battle stars, a Bronze Star medal for valor, a Legion of Merit and two French decorations—the *Légion d'honneur* and the *Croix de guerre* with palm.

The war had a profound impact on Lodge in many ways. He so admired the Army life and the men he served with that he seriously considered making it a full-time career. "Older and wiser," as he puts it, like other military men, he saw Communism as the new enemy and believed, as the military believed, that the correct strategy was to stop it dead in its tracks right then. However, Lodge's friends persuaded him that he could play a larger role in the coming battle against Communism in the United States Senate.

After an easy election to the Senate again in 1946 (Lodge defeated Sen. David I. Walsh), he reverted to his prewar role as one of the Senate's outstanding champions of the military. He opposed demobilization of the Armed Forces following World War II. He backed the Truman Doctrine, the Marshall Plan, NATO and other anti-Communist measures. He urged a larger NATO ground force ar a dramatic expansion of the Air Fo During the Korean War, Lodge ca for the use of tactical atomic weapo and blasted Truman for "inexcusable and terrible negligence."

Lodge had no confidence in the Democratic Administration to fight that war. He also believed the Republican Party stood little chance at the polls with Taft in command, so he not unnaturally turned to his old Army acquaintance for help. Lodge was not the first to think of Eisenhower as President, but he was the most persistent and appealing political ambassador.

In a meeting at Columbia University in June, 1950, Lodge talked in terms of "duty"—a word which Ike well understood. But Ike was reluctant. As Lodge's egghead writer-lecturer friend, John Mason Brown, reports it, Ike told Lodge, "It would be the bitterest day of my life if it ever became my duty to run. But if my duty, I would not flinch from doing it."

In 1951, when Ike took command of SHAPE in Paris, Lodge journeyed there to plead that "duty" called him. In the fall of 1951, although Ike had not yet publicly agreed to run, Lodge became Ike's campaign manager and stateside political chief of staff.

In the spring of 1952, when Ike finally agreed, Lodge jumped off. Charging the competing Taft forces like a tank commander, he became so preoccupied with seizing the nomination hill for Ike that he left his flanks wide open. John Fitzgerald Kennedy, with the help of outraged Taftmen in Massachusetts, who sat on their hands, defeated Lodge for re-election to the Senate. Ike gave Lodge the UN job, considered oblivion enough by the Taft forces in Congress, though the President elevated the job to Cabinet status.

As is now well known, in the cold-war battle, General Eisenhower designated the United Nations as a key command

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post and Lodge an important general in the field of foreign policy. Lodge was no stranger to the U.N. His old commander and close friend, General Crittenberger, had served there from 1948 to 1952, as an Army representative on the U.N. military staff committee.

Perhaps because of this, Lodge himself had served briefly in 1950, as an "alternate delegate" to the U.N. But after Lodge took over from Warren Austin, the tone changed. When reporters asked him to pose with Soviet delegate Vishinsky, he snapped, "Don't you know there's a new administration in Washington?" Although he was our principal ambassador for peace, he was really a soldier in mufti, and this fact explains his extraordinarily tough-minded approach to the opposition. Just how successfully Lodge "steered" the United States through the cold-war labyrinth at the U.N., or whether the often-prolonged U.N. debates gained prestige for the United States in the eyes of the world, history must judge. As of now, there is less than solid agreement. On two points, however, everyone agrees—at the U.N., Lodge, as he carefully stresses in his speeches, did accumulate vast experience in dealing with the Communists, and television made him a new force in United States politics.

Interestingly, although he never wears a uniform and seldom refers to his military record in public, Lodge advanced steadily in the Reserve ranks. In February, 1954, he was promoted to brigadier general; in December, 1959, to major general.

In contrast to this steady, soldierly course, Lodge's political career is a curious on-again-off-again affair, emerging, on close inspection, almost as a side line. In his fifty-eight years, thirty-seven of which have been devoted to public service, I do not believe it is unfair to say that Lodge has spent only thirteen years—or roughly one third of his adult life—purely in politics. His famous grandfather hoped the young Lodge would enter politics early and move quickly into the United States Senate. But having grown up in politics—contrary to the general belief—Lodge developed a youthful contempt for the profession, which he still finds difficult to hide.

At first determinedly set upon having a "private personal life," young Lodge chose to render his predestined public service not as a politician but as a journalist, a job at which he worked steadily for nine years. Eager for the city room, Lodge chose a course of study at Harvard that he could master in minimum time with minimum effort—Romance languages. (Bilinguist Lodge recently told a reporter that he "would have taken elementary French if they had let me.")

Talking to his childhood friends, I got the impression that Lodge was a lone-wolf type. As a boy he avoided team sports, preferring to sail Massachusetts Bay waters alone in his dory. At Harvard, Lodge showed total disdain for the organized social life of the Yard, a facet of his life which friends told me they have yet to puzzle out. He was turned down by the snootiest social club, Porcellian, but was tapped by Fox.

To be the center of his "private" life, Lodge chose a slender, tall, twenty-year-old blonde named Emily Sears, the daughter of Boston's Dr. Henry F. Sears, a wealthy blue blood. Their wedding, in July, 1926, was held in the Sears mansion in Beverly, Massachusetts, a sleepy, coastal satellite of Boston. It was a spectacular social event—many of the guests came by yacht.

Emily Lodge, as I found when I interviewed her not long ago, is in maturity a woman of exceptional charm and stability, poised and thoroughly grounded in the social graces. She became the vital balance wheel and confidante in Lodge's life, which has been singularly devoid of "close pals" his own age. Emily's money helped too. By the time Cabot Lodge was born, the shipping fortune which had been amassed by his famous New England forebears, the Cabots and the Lodges, had suffered two generations of erosion.

Emily helped to shape that "private personal life" that was—and still is—so important to Cabot. In 1927 George Cabot, their eldest son, now an assistant Secretary of Labor, was born. George, a handsome blond, six feet four and a half inches tall, is married to Nancy Kunhardt and has five children. Three years later came Henry Sears (called Harry), now an executive for an electronics firm. Harry is married to a Catholic, Elenita Ziegler, and his three sons are being reared in the Catholic faith.

Lodge has been extraordinarily close to his sons. An admiring friend told me that because Lodge grew up without a father, he himself became "an obsessive father" to his own sons. Whatever the reason, all his spare time away from public service is tailored exclusively for family group activities. "He has never learned to play golf," a golfing neighbor explained, "because he feels the game would keep him away from the family."

Today most of this family activity centers at Lodge's home, a fifteen-room, French-style, brick villa which he and Emily built on the Sears estate in Beverly in 1931. On my tour of Lodge's boyhood haunts, I noted the many pictures and mementos of his famous ancestors, including a large brass cannon in the downstairs library. Son Harry's house is located on the same seventeen-acre property, so there are always grandchildren about.

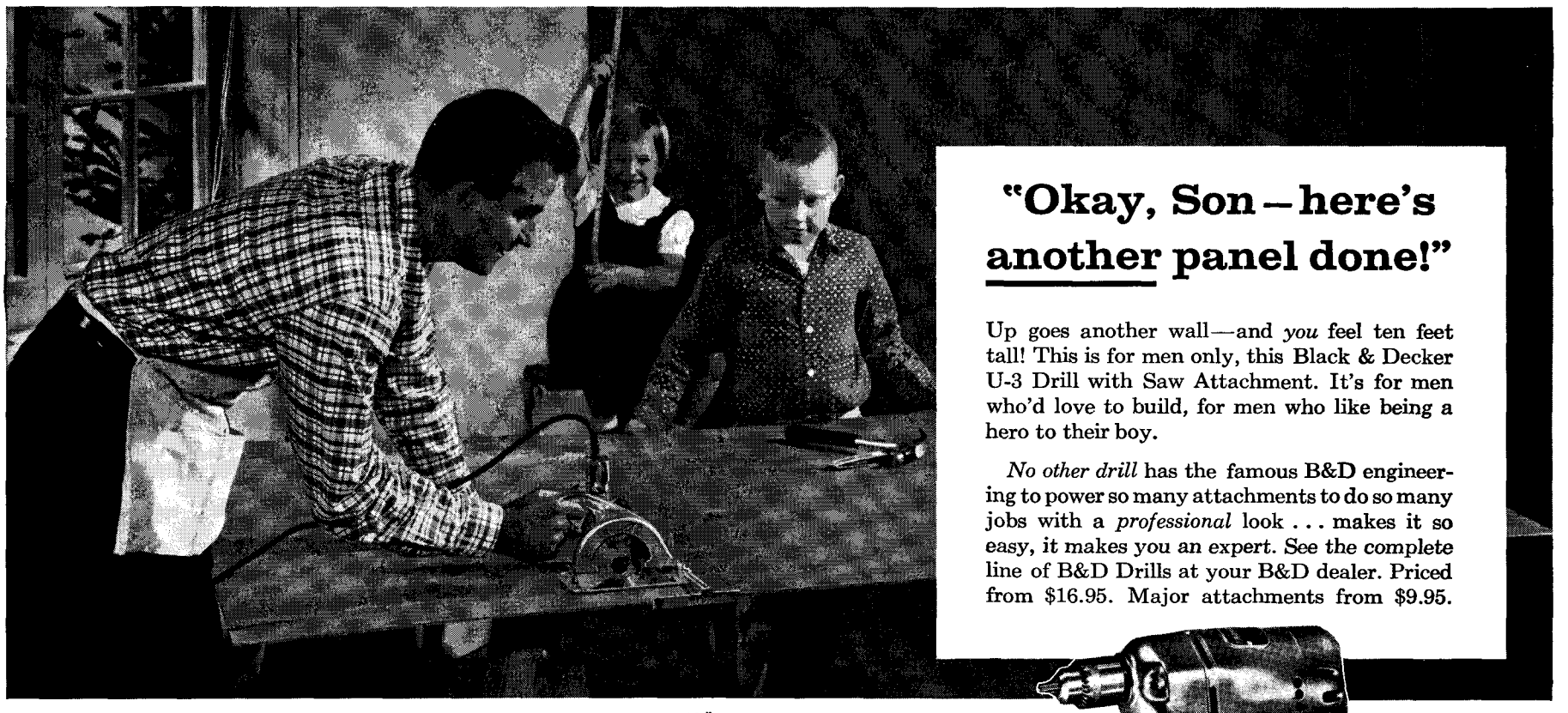
"An unwritten rule," reported a frequent visitor to the Lodge home, "is a minimum of fourteen for lunch, and if you're looking for semiorganized pandemonium, go there."

In his home Lodge is completely unmilitary, according to this visitor. "I have seen him flop on the couch in the living room and pop off to sleep with half a dozen children bouncing about the room, yelling and playing the piano. He seems content with his family drawn close about him. I don't think he likes to be alone."

Lodge was away when I visited the villa, but the family told me that unless he is bone-tired, Lodge usually marks his arrival at home with an expert soft-shoe routine just inside the doorway. The meals are plain, and as the visitor explained, "the Lodges are the fastest eaters in the world." "In fact," an in-law told me, "the food goes around twice and out. It takes about three years' experience before you're quick enough to get any food at all."

In the evenings Lodge plays jazz records or, if George is on hand, sings blues songs for hours—"cold sober." "He is a loud, but not necessarily exceptional baritone," George said. When time permits, nothing pleases him more than to recruit his sons, or a few of the eight grandchildren, for a ride in his fast, sixteen-foot, twin-outboard runabout. ("I wish I could afford a twenty-two-foot inboard," he said.) Since early Army days, he has made a point of keeping in good physical shape. He does this mainly by long brisk walks—two to three miles—usually in company with Emily or his sons. Of late, the family reports, he has become a bird-watcher.

Exactly what changed Lodge's mind about politics has never been explained


"Okay, Son—here's another panel done!"
Up goes another wall—and you feel ten feet tall! This is for men only, this Black & Decker U-3 Drill with Saw Attachment. It's for men who'd love to build, for men who like being a hero to their boy.
No other drill has the famous B&D engineering to power so many attachments to do so many jobs with a professional look . . . makes it so easy, it makes you an expert. See the complete line of B&D Drills at your B&D dealer. Priced from $16.95. Major attachments from $9.95.
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satisfactorily. In *The Cult of Weakness*, which he wrote in 1931 in his new home in Beverly and which turned out to be his swan song to journalism, Lodge was severely critical of politics. "We have the zestful politician and the febrile intellectuals," he wrote, "but where are there combinations of the two? . . . Certainly some of our problems would be nearer a solution if the gap between the thinkers and doers were narrowed."

Shortly after the book was published, Lodge recalls, he was persuaded by an automobile salesman in Beverly—John Trowt, "who could sell anybody anything"—to run for a seat in the Massachusetts legislature. Lodge says simply it was "one of my snap decisions." But in reading *Cult*, I formed the impression that Lodge embarked on his undesired political career as a rebellious gap-closer.

Probing his political record, I found that the lone-wolf role, which had characterized Lodge's boyhood and college days, flared prominently in his "public life." He seemed at his political best when engaged in lone battle either with his own party or with the opposition. The fighting began, I discovered, during a four-year internship in the Massachusetts legislature, where he turned his back on the Boston Brahmins and became a friend of labor.

In the United States Senate during the prewar years, thirty-four-year old Cabot Lodge fell under the spell of Sen. Arthur Vandenberg of Michigan, who had known and admired grandfather Lodge. Although an advocate of preparedness, Lodge, under Vandenberg's influence, voted an almost straight isolationist ticket. (In 1946 Lodge said, "I was one hundred per cent wrong in thinking the United States could stay out of World War Two.")

Almost constantly at war with the conservative elements of his own party, lone-wolf Lodge pushed Willkie for the Presidential nomination in 1940 and, in 1948, Arthur Vandenberg, who had himself spectacularly switched from isolationist to internationalist. One year later Lodge and Sen. Robert Taft engaged in a showdown for control of the powerful Senate Republican Policy Committee. Lodge lost, 28 to 14, but with Eisenhower leading his battle, he evened the score with Taft in Chicago in 1952. In domestic affairs, particularly welfare and labor measures, the moderate Lodge frequently outpaced New and Fair Deal leaders, much to the consternation of both Democrats and Republicans. The "image" he projected from the U.N. was essentially that of a lone-wolf chewing up his opponents.

In summing up Lodge's political fights and voting record, together with his unwavering stand on preparedness, I came away confused and uncertain. Since his prolonged battles with Taft and other conservatives to "modernize" the party, Lodge has generated considerable enmity within the conservative ranks. Yet, oddly, archconservative Barry Goldwater, who urged Nixon to name Thruston Morton for the second place on the Republican ticket, announced, on reflection, that the choice of Lodge was "brilliant." Liberal Eleanor Roosevelt wrote that Lodge's nomination was a good move. But the liberal New York *Post* thunderingly proclaimed that Lodge's record remained "spotty and unconvincing by any liberal standard."

"What all this demonstrates," one astute politician told me, "is that Lodge is a damned poor politician if your definition of a politician is a man who is successful at getting people to work in harmony." Indeed, a thorough study of Lodge's part-time political career leads me to the conclusion that he widened more gaps than he closed. But he did win the decisive fight to put Eisenhower and the Republican Party in the White House, and this must count for a great deal.

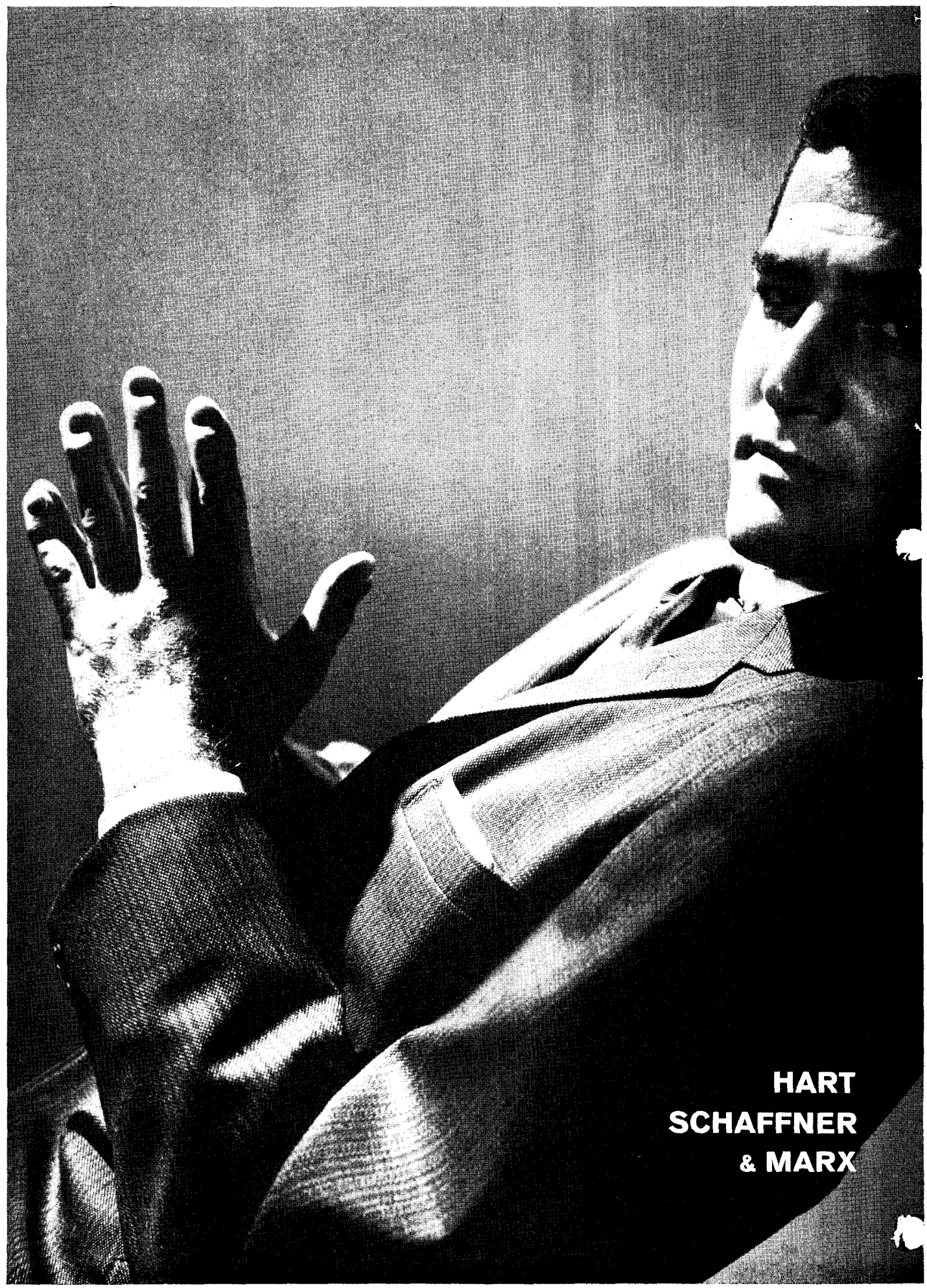
Many political experts told me that Lodge's great national "image" may prove decisive for the Republicans in the forthcoming voting. But as many television stars have discovered, an "image" is a highly perishable commodity. No one is more keenly aware of this than candidate Lodge and his aides. This is why they wished they could put him in orbit until November eighth.

Lodge himself told me on a New York sidewalk, "As Napoleon's mother said, '*Pourvu que ça dure*—Let's hope it lasts.'" If it does, lone-wolf Lodge, according to Nixon, will be granted unprecedented prime-ministerlike status in the Federal Government. If he is elected, it's safe to predict that he will discharge these new vice-presidential responsibilities with force and dedication, ruffling many Washington bureaucrats in the process.

If the Republicans lose, what then of Cabot Lodge? One of his sons told me, "Pa will go on active duty in the Army. We tease him about his nineteenth-century concept of public service. But it's his whole life." THE END

A talking point is any point where two women meet.

CAROLINE CLARK



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Tough Twins at U.S.C.

(Continued from Page 31)

expectations stemmed from their performance last season, when they starred on a U.S.C. team that would have qualified for the Rose Bowl if the school hadn't been barred from post-season games by the National Collegiate Athletic Association. The N.C.A.A. had found U.S.C. guilty of importing an athlete illegally from Pennsylvania.

The powerful 1959 Trojans won eight of ten games. One of the toughest was a mid-season match with California, a traditional rival, at Berkeley. Roughness has been common enough in the series between these schools, but this time it went farther than usual. In the second quarter, Steve Bates, a Cal halfback, was sweeping left end when a U.S.C. tackler bumped him out of bounds. As Bates lay on his back, Mike McKeever, pursuing him across the field, crashed heavily on top of him. Many observers felt that Mike could and should have avoided the fallen ball-carrier.

Bates came out of the skirmish with a fractured cheekbone, a broken nose and several loosened teeth. It has never been ascertained whether Mike McKeever's elbow or his hip did the damage. Anyway, Bates required major surgery.

A wild and raucous sequence of events followed. Pete Elliott, the California coach, who has since switched to Illinois, publicly accused Mike McKeever of committing a deliberate foul—"the most flagrant violation I have ever seen in football."

The president of California, Dr. Clark Kerr, examined movies of the play and backed up his coach. He intimated that unless Southern Cal took steps to punish Mike McKeever, athletic relations between the schools might cease.

U.S.C. coach Don Clark was outraged. He contended that piling on was a common occurrence in football. "Nobody would have given the Bates incident a second thought," he said, "if the boy hadn't been injured." McKeever drew no penalty on the play, but later was thrown out of the game for striking a California passer. The week before, Mike had been ejected from the Stanford game for hitting a blocker in the face with a forearm.

The Bates-McKeever case occupied glaring headlines for days. Letters by the hundreds poured in to U.S.C., some defending Mike, others attacking him. The twins personally received a stack of mail. One writer in Fresno, California, vowed to shoot them dead in the Coliseum the following week. Other writers threatened them with bodily harm. When the issue provoked debate in the California legislature, Gov. Edmund G. Brown released a statement urging that any coach in the state teaching or condoning dirty football be fired.

U.S.C. players took a firm stand behind their teammate. They met secretly and agreed to walk out if Mike should be suspended. However, such a measure didn't prove necessary. Dr. Norman Topping, the president of Southern Cal, apologized to California, and the boiling incident soon cooled.

Mike contends that in his hot pursuit of Bates, he was never aware that the man was (a) lying on the ground or (b) out of bounds. "In a tough game," he says, "you get so intense that you're not always conscious of what's happening. To my recollection, I merely saw the man moving and I jumped on him. I have no idea what part of me struck his face. It all took place in just a flash."

U.S.C. won the game, 14–7, and, still undefeated at that point, was rated a three-touchdown favorite over West Virginia the following week. By this time the pressure on Mike was agonizing.

"We drew thirty-four thousand and sixty-six people," says brother Marlin. "Sixty-six came to see the game—and thirty-four thousand to watch Mike. This made me mad for two reasons. First, it put Mike in a goldfish bowl, which was unfair to him. And second, with everyone watching him, nobody was paying attention to me."

Coach Clark admits that he summoned his players before the game and told them to proceed with extreme caution. "Instructions like this can cost you a game," said Clark, "but in view of all the trouble the previous week, we couldn't afford to take a chance."

To be doubly safe with Mike McKeever, the coach ordered him to drift, rather than charge, on West Virginia punts and passes.

U.S.C. expected West Virginia players to be rough on Mike, but there was only one incident. As Mike was blocking in the second quarter, an opposing lineman hit him in the face with an elbow. Recalls Mike, "I smiled and said to him, 'I've been hit harder than that.' He answered, 'I'm sorry, fella. It wasn't meant the way you think. It was an accident.'"

Southern Cal romped to a 36–0 victory, and went on to finish the season with eight wins and two defeats. The U.S.C. squad voted Mike McKeever the team award for "most inspirational player of the year." Marlin was honored as the team's best pass receiver, and both McKeevers were cited for outstanding defensive work.

Southern Cal keeps individual defensive records on a point system. An unaided tackle, for instance, is worth three points. An aided tackle nets two points. Credit is given for other accomplishments on defense, with a maximum of six points going for a blocked kick. In both their sophomore and junior years, Mike and Marlin finished one-two, respectively, in the defensive point standings.

"The competition between them last year was murderous," says Don Simonian, U.S.C. athletic publicity man and custodian of the defensive statistics. "Every Monday morning the twins were at my desk, checking up on the figures and arguing. Marlin would claim, for example, that Mike falsely was credited with three points for a clean tackle when it should have been only two because he, Marlin, gave an assist.

"They had a whale of a beef after our game with Pittsburgh last year. Mike blocked a punt, worth six points, but Marlin was offside, so it went for nothing. As it turned out, Mike didn't need those points. He outscored Marlin for the season, two hundred and ten to a hundred and sixty-four."

Away from football Mike and Marlin needle each other constantly, and take great pains to get the better of one another in contests, no matter how insignificant. For instance the two often bowl on Sunday afternoons. Marlin whispered to this reporter, "I'll soon slaughter him. I've been sneaking in secret practice during the week." Mike confided to me that he was doing the same thing.

On a Wednesday night last June they finally found each other out. Marlin told Mike that he was going to the library to study. "I've got reading to do," answered Mike. "I'll stay here." Fifteen minutes later the twins ran into one another in the bowling alley.

The twins look so much alike that even those who see them often have trouble distinguishing between the two. When they were small, their father painted their names across their stomachs with Mercurochrome to avoid any possible confusion. Without this aid, the U.S.C. coaching staff sometimes has problems.

Marlin is one of the squad's best punters. On the practice field last year head coach Don Clark, who has since retired, was delivering a lecture on kicking technique to a McKeever he believed to be Marlin. The boy listened respectfully. Finally Clark tossed him the ball and told him to boot it. The player obeyed—and kicked a dribbler about ten yards.

"Nice going, Marlin," said Clark tartly.

"I'm Mike," said the athlete.

"Then why did you let me keep jawing?" snapped Clark.

"Your talk was very interesting," said Mike.

The twins are weight throwers on the track team during the spring. Last year Marlin was invited to compete in the shot-put at the Modesto Relays in California. Swamped with studies, he asked Mike to pinch-hit for him, posing as Marlin. Nobody knew the difference. However, when Mike failed to place, Marlin got angry. He accused his brother of dogging it to make him look bad. "You were out to besmirch my record," Marlin told Mike sharply. "I hadn't finished out of the money all year."

Unlike most youthful athletes, who are naturally modest—or at least so shy that they seem that way—the brash McKeevers love to get their names in print. "Gosh, that's part of the fun of playing football," says Marlin. "My fiancée keeps a scrapbook of my stuff. Mike's fiancée keeps a scrapbook on him. And our mother keeps one on both of us."

The twins often entertain friends with dramatic readings of their press clippings. For this reporter's amusement, Mike did an excerpt from a story about the Ohio State game last year.

"The Buckeye fullback charged," read Mike with feeling, "but once again he was met by McKeever, 220 pounds of fighting fury. Savagely"—Mike paused here to bare his teeth—"McKeever hurled him back." In pantomime, Mike lifted the fullback and hurled him.

The twins have turned their theatrical flair to profit in Hollywood, where they work in motion pictures when their time allows. In *Spartacus* they were slaves who revolted against the Roman Army. They switched to being policemen in *Elmer Gantry*, helping to hold back a crowd during a fire on a pier. A rehearsal of the scene was interrupted when Mike and Marlin drifted too close together. Understandably, the director felt it might be confusing to the audience to see two cops with identical faces. The twins were placed at opposite corners of the scene, their faces largely obscured.

In other movies they have variously represented high-school delinquents, interns and guests in a Las Vegas gambling casino. The money they earn in this way supplements the $96.60 a month the university allows them as athletes for room and board. For this income, they must perform a job on the campus. They also get free tuition.

The twins did maintenance work for two years, but now have landed softer positions as office assistants in the athletic news bureau. Says Marlin waggishly, "Think of it! Thousands of clippings about the McKeevers—and now all within arm's reach."

Grabbing the twins in the first place wasn't the easiest job for U.S.C. recruiters. As widely publicized Mount Carmel High School stars who had won just about all the important football honors in Los Angeles and the state, the McKeevers found themselves besieged with college offers. In their senior year in high school each stood six feet and weighed 215 pounds. Thirty-eight universities contacted them.

"We gained eight pounds during our recruiting days," says Mike. "The bird dogs took us out for breakfast, lunch, dinner and late-evening snacks."

Marlin adds, "In one stretch, we set a record of five free meals consecutively. We began with breakfast with U.S.C. Then it was lunch with Oklahoma and dinner with Stanford. The next morning it was breakfast with Notre Dame, followed by lunch with Iowa State."

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The boys' father, William McKeever, an electrical-maintenance supervisor for a Los Angeles molding company, remained neutral through these hectic days. "Pop was willing to leave the choice to Mike and me," says Marlin. "Mom didn't care which school we picked, either—as long as it was Notre Dame."

Moneta McKeever, the twins' mother, is a quiet, strong-willed woman who works as a dining-room hostess at the fashionable Bel-Air Bay Club in Santa Monica. Like her husband, she is of Irish descent. Her maiden name was Conlogue. The McKeevers are devout Catholics who never miss Sunday Mass.

"From the time my boys were tots," she says, "I dreamed of seeing them at Notre Dame. My sister started a trust fund to send them there, but she passed away when they were very young. We couldn't afford to continue the payments, but my sentiments for Notre Dame remained strong."

The recruiters closed in so heavily on the twins after their graduation in 1957 that they decided, in their confused state, to hide out. They got summer jobs in the fruit-packing sheds in Arvin, California, an obscure farm community in the San Joaquin Valley.

"We wanted to be alone and do some thinking," says Marlin. "Well, we look up one day and who is standing there but Terry Brennan, then coach of Notre Dame. Mike and I looked at each other and said, 'Dear old Moneta.'"

The boys finally selected U.S.C. on the practical ground that it was located in Los Angeles, where one day they hoped to be selling securities.

"I got so angry at their choice," Mrs. McKeever admits, "that I told the twins I would never watch them in another game." To date she has yet to miss one played at home.

When U.S.C. was preparing for its game with Notre Dame at South Bend, Indiana, last year, Mrs. McKeever was summoned by her employers at the Bel-Air Club and handed an envelope.

"I was scared to death," she recalls. "I thought maybe I was being laid off."

Instead she found inside the envelope a ticket for the Trojan Special, a train carrying U.S.C. followers to the game at South Bend. Moneta wept.

"At last," she says, "I was going to see Notre Dame. When the train pulled into South Bend, the temperature was about twenty degrees. It was icy and gray and dreary. My feet almost froze. I said to myself, *I'm glad my boys are going to school in Southern California.*"

U.S.C. receives an average of 300 requests a year for autographed pictures of the twins. All who write in are accommodated. Many of the requests come from twin girls who suggest correspondence or, in some cases, a meeting in person.

Such ideas, of course, aren't looked upon favorably by the two pretty coeds at Southern Cal to whom the McKeevers are engaged. Mike's fiancée is blond, blue-eyed Judy Primrose, an honor student from Monterey Park, California. Susan Blackman, a green-eyed, auburn-haired beauty from Tarzana, California, is the bride-to-be of Marlin.

Having studied the twins closely, Miss Primrose, a strong prospect for Phi Beta Kappa, concludes that Mike is the more reserved. "He doesn't reveal his troubles as Marlin does," she says. "Mike holds things to himself. But he is more even-tempered than Marlin. It is hard to get Mike angry. Marlin flares up quickly."

Miss Blackman agrees, "Marlin will get irritated easily, but he makes up fast and even admits he's wrong. He talks more than Mike, but I find him very gentlemanly. And one thing else—he wants his girl to be quiet, unlike him."

Others on the Southern Cal campus seem to be fascinated most by the bickering that goes on between the twins. "They squabble over everything," says Al Prukop, a U.S.C. quarterback. "In a tight game one day, we had a hot drive going. Time was running out. All of a sudden the twins started arguing in the huddle over a blocking assignment. The clock was going and they were yakking. I said, 'Will you guys shut up so I can call this play?'

"They apologized. They're really great kids. They work so hard in practice and give out with so much in a game that everyone on the team respects them."

Rented tuxedos touched off a battle between the two in the writer's presence not long ago. The twins had attended a function on campus requiring tuxes. Since they wear the same size, Mike had picked up both garments at the rental shop. The day after, in the midst of our interview, he turned to Marlin and said, "You take the tuxes back this afternoon. I picked 'em up yesterday."

Marlin was annoyed. "Do you ever do a thorough job of anything?" he replied. "If you start a project, finish it. Take 'em back! Next time we need tuxes, I'll pick 'em up and take 'em back."

"Your tux will rot before I return it," roared Mike. "Each day it sits in the closet it's going to cost you money."

Marlin smiled sweetly. "What you mean is," he answered, "it's going to cost *you.* You forget who signed up for these things."

It occurred painfully to Mike that he was stuck. Though opposed in principle to yielding, his business logic dictated that he return the tuxedos. Grudgingly he did.

As majors in finance, the boys study the stock-market reports daily and make "mind" investments together—that is, without cash. They keep meticulous records of the stocks they "buy" and "sell." Mike contends that Marlin cost them $150,000 on one such imaginary transaction last year by selling General Telephone and Electronics at the wrong time.

With real money, the boys did make a property investment in 1959 after completing a course at U.S.C. called "Principles of Real Estate." For twenty-five dollars down each bought a lot in Ridgecrest, California, a tiny oasis on the Mojave Desert, some ninety miles from Los Angeles. Payments run ten dollars a month and the taxes are fixed at $8.56 a year. The total cost of each lot was $795.

Asked what inspired this investment, Mike explained, "We investigated carefully and concluded there were three reasons for growth. First, there is a large missile base nearby and it is steadily expanding. Second, the payroll in the area, due to the missile base, has increased to three million dollars a year. And third, the area is ideal for small-income, retired people who want to move there for their health."

The value of the boys' lots had zoomed to $1400 each at last report. "We could get out now and take our capital gains," says Mike coolly, "but we're going to watch it for a while."

The McKeever boys and their girls plan to get married in a double ceremony on December third. "I figure it's financially sounder getting married this year than waiting until after graduation in June," says Marlin. "Since I'll be signing with a pro-football team and getting a bonus, it'll be helpful to have that extra tax write-off this year. Secondly, I'll probably be invited to the Hula Bowl game in Honolulu in January. My wife will be invited, too, so we'll have a free honeymoon."

Rarely at a loss for words, the twins are in heavy demand for radio and television appearances. They also are flooded with requests from business clubs, church groups, high schools, and the like, to speak at banquets. Their bookings are handled through the office of Nick Pappas, assistant to the vice-president of U.S.C. and co-ordinator of recruiting activities. Pappas describes the boys as the school's finest good-will emissaries.

"Speaking takes a lot of our time," says Mike, "but we figure that everyone we talk to is a prospect some day for stocks and bonds. Each talk also assures us a meal—not always the best, but it's still better than paying for one."

The university makes direct use of the boys in recruiting athletes. Pappas figures that 80 per cent of the high-school football players who visit the campus ask to meet the McKeevers.

"The twins make a wonderful impression," says Pappas. "They're friendly and take it upon themselves to entertain out-of-town boys. They'll drive them to Disneyland, or take them some place for a hamburger, or even fix them up with a date. They have landed ten to twelve topflight football players for us."

Talking idly on the campus one day to Marlin McKeever, Forrest Twogood, the U.S.C. basketball coach, expressed fear that a Los Angeles high-school star he had been pursuing might choose a university other than Southern Cal.

Marlin listened sympathetically. "Don't worry," he assured Twogood, patting the coach on the cheek, "we'll take care of it." The exact routine followed by the twins isn't known to Twogood, but the boy today is playing for U.S.C.

The new head football coach of Southern Cal, John McKay, who served as backfield assistant last year, was banking heavily on the McKeevers this season to help his team through one of the roughest schedules in its history. In order, the Trojans booked games with Oregon State, Texas Christian, Ohio State, Georgia, California, Stanford, Washington, Baylor, U.C.L.A. and Notre Dame.

"With those fellows (the McKeevers), I'm sure we'll at least be sound defensively," said McKay. "They're about the best college linemen I've seen. They've got speed, strength, agility, brains—everything a football player needs."

U.S.C.'s start this season was less than sparkling. Despite some heroic work by the McKeevers, the Trojans took trimmings in their first two games from Oregon State and T.C.U. Coach McKay experimented in the opening game with Marlin McKeever at fullback, but soon shifted him back to end.

Next year the twins plan to play professionally, but they have made it clear to the pro leagues that they will not be separated. They insist upon playing for the same team. At a meeting last winter, the National Football League is reported to have agreed quietly to permit the McKeevers to be drafted as one unit, with the team choosing them having to forgo its next round in the draft.

Asked if he and his brother favored any league in particular—National, American or Canadian—Mike replied, as a good student of finance, "In college you play for love. In pro you play for money. We will play for the league that pays the most." THE END

NEXT WEEK

A POST EDITOR REPORTS ON:

THE KENNEDY CAMPAIGN

EILEEN FARRELL, OFFBEAT PRIMA DONNA OF GRAND OPERA:

MAMMA'S AT THE MET

By Stanley Frank

HOW TO CATCH A SPACE CAPSULE

By Capt. Harold E. Mitchell, USAF

BEN SCHWARTZWALDER OF SYRACUSE:

FOOTBALL'S ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSOR

By Mal Mallette

HAS OUR FREE PRESS FAILED US?

By Harry Ashmore

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A Slight Case of Exposure (Continued from Page 35)

remembrance of the days when I had run to her and clung to her leg and her hands had reached down to me. Behind me my father's voice ran out to her. "You should be proud this day, Marged Davies, of Owen."

She hunched her broad back over the black coal range. "I am only his mother," she said stiffly. "I am but a woman. Ours to carry and give birth and tend through sickness and"—she whirled—"yes, I shall drop everything and write my thanks to that old Mr. Woodrow for keeping us from war as he promised."

"Woodrow Wilson, Marged, not Woodrow." Father threw up his hands. "True that the Republicans, as only Mr. Evans warned us ——"

"Republicans and Mr. Evans go scratch!" My mother's black eyes snapped. "They are men too, and men make wars. So run along to yours, Owen, but with no blessing of mine."

"There is another thing," I said uneasily to her back. "I am going to ask Olwen Pen Bach to marry me this morning."

That was good for two minutes more of bedlam. My father sat down on the kitchen chair, a thing he never did in his pit clothes, and rubbed at his chin with a worried glance in my direction. My mother and sisters had never been too smitten with Olwen during my long on-again-off-again relations with her; but now, in the bombshell excitement that the word "wedding" stirs in female minds, they seemed to have forgotten that consideration.

The warm May sunshine dazzled. Even the drab miners' houses of Price Hill strung down the valley seemed beautiful as I ran to the horse barn and the used Model T touring car that father and I had bought between us. This was my lucky day; the engine started on the third spin of the crank. Coming fast out the curving drive, I had to make a quick turn to avoid the girl standing in my way and waving me down. *Oh, dammo!* I thought, hoping that Bronwyn Roberts wouldn't hold me up too long.

"Can I have a lift to town, Owen?" she asked.

"Get in, old Girl Next Door." That nonsensical name I had given her years back. Bron was eighteen, the same as my sister Glynnis. I still had hopes that Bron might blossom out rather pretty, once she learned what a bit of paint and powder could do to a scrubbed face and when dancing gowns meant more to her than beating the boys in a swimming race.

She opened the door and leaped in, tucking one leg beneath her on the seat. "Glynnis told me. I hope you'll be very happy."

I laughed, studying her slim, tanned face, her blue eyes that stared ahead. "There is a riddle, Bron. Happy where? Out of the pits or in the Army or married to Olwen or the whole caboodle?"

Her head lifted. "Out of the pits and in the Army."

"And what is wrong with Olwen, then?" I spoke stiffly. I had been through this before with my mother and sisters. "As pretty a girl as in Price Hill—smart, ambitious. Oh, granted perhaps a bit of temper and a mind of her own, but ——"

"As you will find," Bron interrupted, unsmiling. "Men are fools. A pretty face and legs—that makes a proper wife? That will laugh with you when work is slow and no money for pretty trinkets and do your shirts starched just so and keep the house shining and change the whimpering babies with a smile?"

"You are carrying the point to extreme—as calculated," I snapped. Her face grew red. We rode unspeaking, past Ellis's hardware store and Willy Sims's tavern, over the sagging bridge at the river running through the center of town. I pulled up and set the brake in the shade of a big oak, where the road split in two directions. "Let us not part quarreling," I said. "I have only four days more and no time to stay mad." I watched her still face, and the memory was on me of the good times we had shared together. We had lived neighbors all our lives, and Bron had been like another sister, only not so much bother. "When the war is done," I said, grinning, "and I come home staggering beneath my medals, I shall find old Girl Next Door has snagged a proper husband. Probably Brinley Williams at the bank, or Giles Pritchard, the greengrocer."

She groaned and closed her eyes. I began to laugh, and then she joined in, till the old car fairly rocked and passers-by stared and went on, shaking their heads. In a flash it was over, and she was out of the car, walking away, never looking back.

Olwen lived with her father on the edge of town. The house sagged, but things were neatly kept. A double flight of wooden steps climbed to its perch above the dusty road. The gold in Government vaults could not have been guarded with more devotion than that of Gomer Pen Bach in showing concern for his only daughter, Olwen. He was the second-trick blacksmith at Number Nine Pit, and behind his back he was better known as "Old Devil" Pen Bach. Both roles he filled with no effort. Until my arrival on the scene Old Devil had run up an unbroken streak of rejections of numerous suitors for Olwen's hand—either by being thrashed or thrown off the property. On the surface it appeared that my own big size had pointed up to him that he grew no younger for his favorite sport; but never did I doubt that the day must come when he would try to pick up where he had left off.

He sat on the front porch as I came up the long steps. His stockinged feet were propped on the rail. Fifteen feet away I could smell the pipe held in his heavy, bulldog-appearing face. With Old Devil, you did best to stay on top in every respect. So, you did not ask; you stated. "Summon your daughter," I said.

"Call her yourself." His rocker resumed its squeaking chant. Olwen came out at my call. Truth she was a beautiful girl—black hair, black eyes, always just so, and never a hair out of place. If only her father's stubborn and unpredictable ways could have been watered down, there would have been the prize package indeed.

It was the same with Olwen. You got further by telling, not asking; otherwise all could be confusion in a hurry. "Olwen," I said, "I have joined the Army. In four days I leave for the war. No time for shilly-shallying. You will marry with me today, or this is the end of things with us. Well, then?"

It would be nice to say that Olwen ran and threw herself in my arms right off, but it was not that easy. Her hand went to her mouth, and you could see the surprise in her widened eyes, but she only murmured, "Owen. Oh, Owen."

Old Devil was coming fast out of his own shock. "The Army is it?" He snorted. "High hopes I had for our side till now."

I grinned. "We shall see."

He swung his feet down from the rail with a groan. "What manner of villain be you, Owen Davies? Steal in and out of a man's home, snatch his only babe young, innocence in flower ——"

"Your baby is eighteen, Gomer Pen Bach, and not (*Continued on Page 122*)

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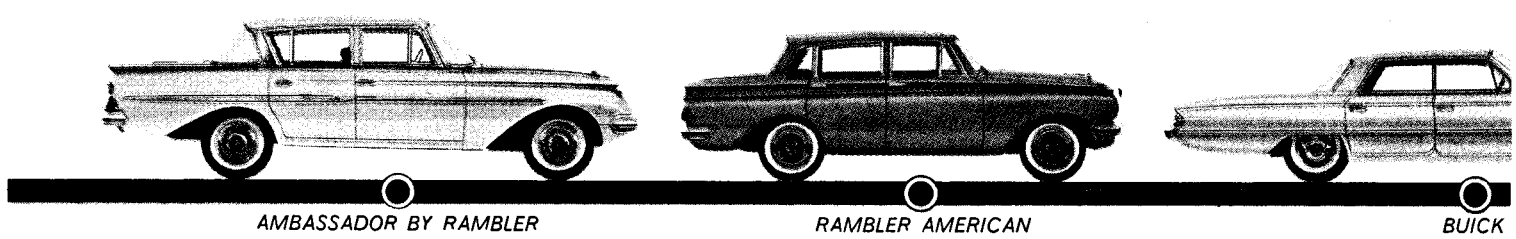

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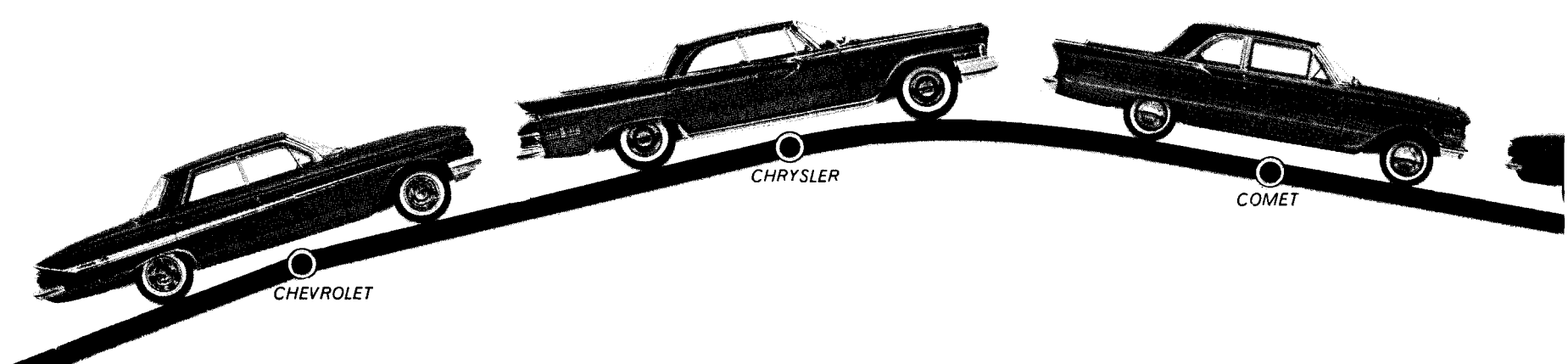

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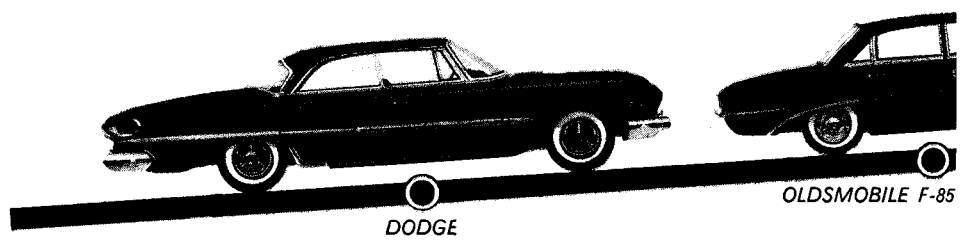

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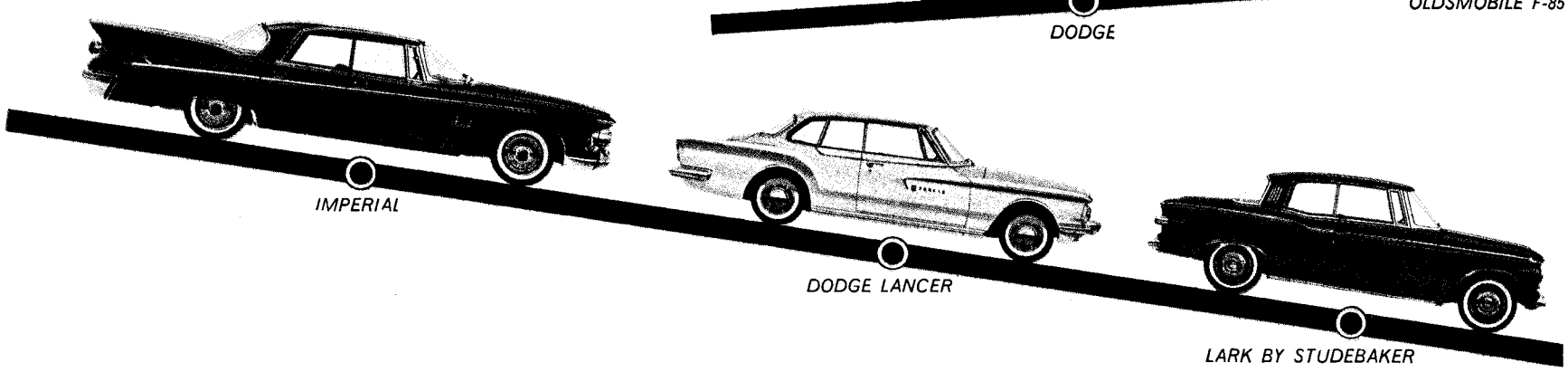

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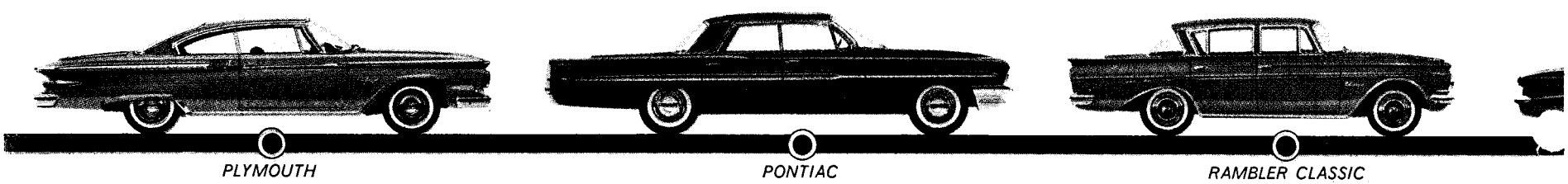

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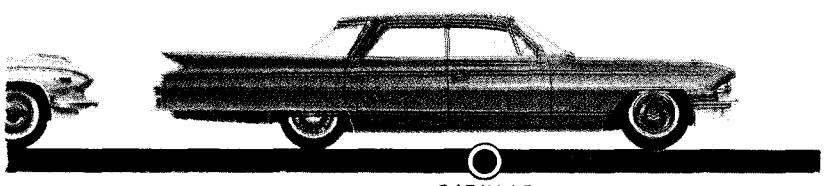

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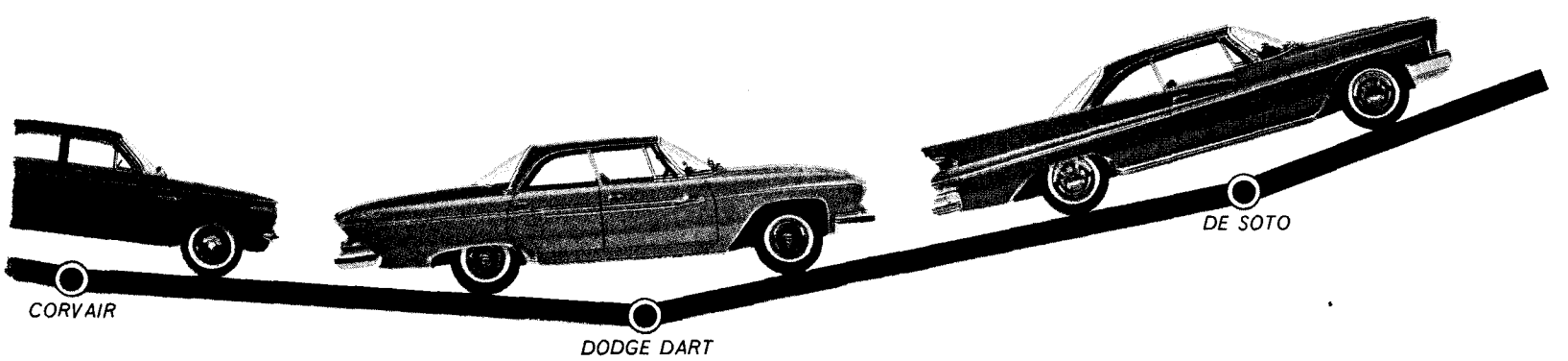

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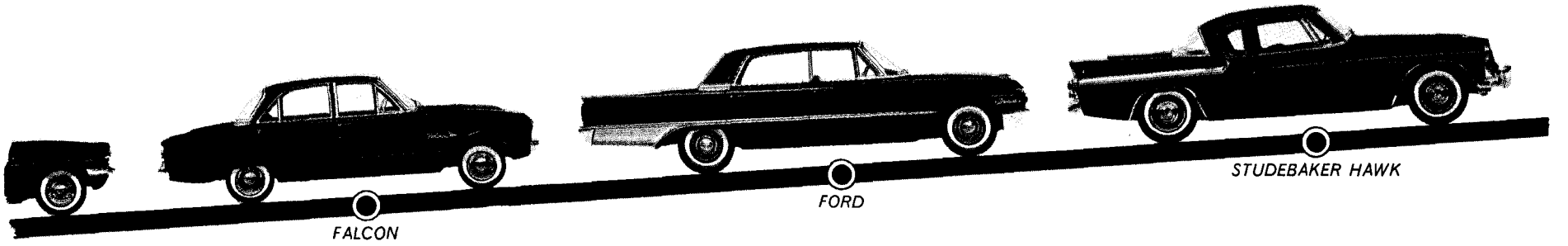

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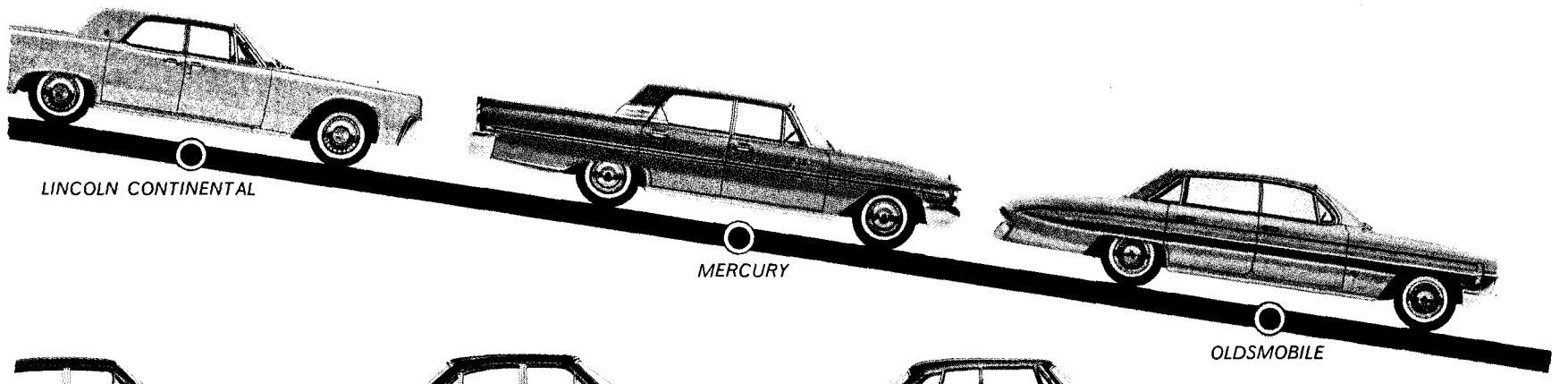

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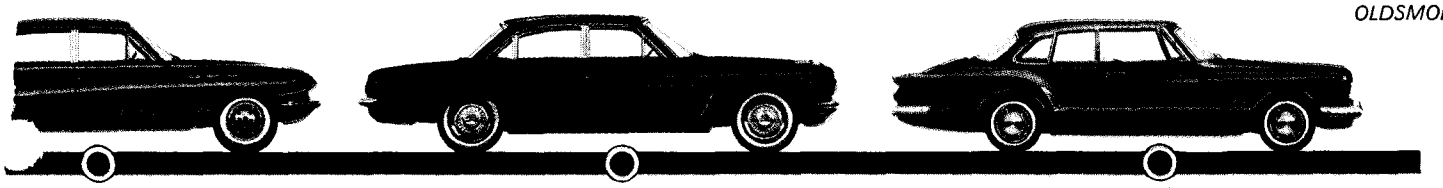

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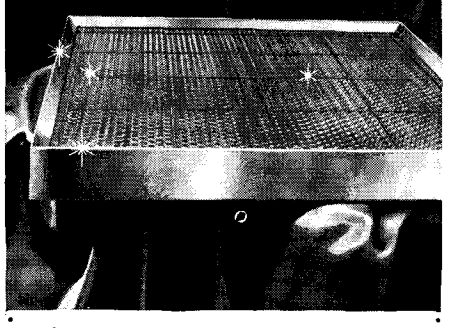

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(*Continued from Page 119*) so helpless but what she will make the wife and mother God had in mind."

He came out of his rocker with a roar. His finger accused me. "Wife indeed! Mother indeed! Perhaps I have misjudged ——"

Olwen came to life. "Oh, father, be quiet. Owen has made a figure of speech, not stated a fact." She stared him down to a muttering. Her eyes met mine. "All right. Why not, Owen?"

How strange the feeling on me then—a surge of joy, and behind it the echo, as if somehow, somewhere a door had shut behind me, and now there was no going back. I took her in my arms. Then I remembered frowning Old Devil and I dropped my hands.

"Where will you live while your lover is making things hot for the Germans on the entire Western Front?" he grumbled.

"With my folks," I said. A chill settled over me as I thought of this surprise when I brought it home today.

"I shall be all alone." The tragedy of the world lay in his sulking face. An actor he should have been, that Old Devil.

Olwen knelt where he slouched in his rocker and ran a lovely hand through his wiry, gray hair. "Then I shall stay on here, papa. Owen will pay for me." That part made his eyes brighten.

Silently I made the resolution that when I came home, I was not living with Old Devil at any price. Now he almost became civil, and I felt uneasy. "Take the girl down to her aunt's," he urged. "There are two chests stored from her mother—the good Lord rest her soul—and Olwen must have them now as a bride."

At her aunt's I had to get help from Tom Jonas Lewis, living next door, to load my bride's merchandise. What was in those chests I did not know, but they lifted like bars of gold.

Back at Old Devil's he came complaining down the long steps, and together we fought the two chests to safe landing in Olwen's bedroom. An odd feeling that—walking into the privacy of that room and feeling so out of place and knowing that in a matter of hours I would be put to a similar test.

I rang two longs and three shorts on the wall phone and raised the scratchy voice of the Reverend David Davis. "Eight this evening in the parsonage will do nicely," he said. "Miss Olwen, is it?" He paused. "A bit of a shock, lad. And more so that I will encounter Old Devil in my professional capacity other than on Easter or Christmas."

If a man will read history, he will learn how fate in the guise of petty happenings altered great events. Mrs. O'Leary's cow kicked over a lantern, and it ended in the famed Chicago fire of 1871. For Olwen and me, fate lay an hour away in the form of a goat belonging to Timothy Elias's farm.

Price Hill was the county seat, so procuring our license was a matter of few if agonizing moments; then we were back at her house. There things stood. The idea struck me that Olwen and I should have one last outing before we became man and wife, while yet we were lovers. The idea appealed secondly because it was a thing Old Devil had never consented to and now could not prevent. Horror widened his beady eyes as I said, "Get on your bathing suit, Olwen. Mine is in the car. We will have a nice little outing together before tonight."

Credit to him he kept his tongue until Olwen came tripping down the steps with her suit on and her clothes in a tidy bundle under her arm. He stiffened, nostrils flaring. "Glad I am that your mother cannot know of this. Nakedness paraded and no shame." The sturdy wool suit came almost to Olwen's knees, and I was tempted to argue his estimate, but I let it pass.

In the soft May morning the river stretched away, a dark green ribbon between wooded hills. Straight off I found that Olwen was a poor swimmer and would not think of venturing into deep water. My disappointment conjured the memory of Bron Roberts racing ahead of me with smooth, sure strokes. We lay on the sand and talked, and I took her in my arms; but somehow the magic of the day had dimmed. "You are not sorry are you, Olwen?" I asked.

She wormed away from me and sat up, her dark eyes mirroring moody anger. "Did I say that?" She let sand trickle through her fingers. "If you aren't sure now, Owen, then what of the months when you are gone?" She tossed her head. "But if you want to wait ——"

"Enough of waiting." I was angry, for she spoke the truth.

I was still sitting there when she screamed from the willow thicket. I bounced to my feet in time to see the goat that went racing up the hill. If his belly looked swollen, it should have; he had dined well on Olwen's clothes left in the bushes. I got the Indian blanket from the car seat and tossed it to her. After a while she stormed out, draped in it and carrying her wet suit in one hand. A hearty laugh I was having until she dropped a sobering thought.

"Very funny, Owen. Papa will roll on the ground when I parade in before the nosy neighbors—bride-to-be or no!"

She had made a good point—one I had no answer to, though I put my head at it. I was no closer to a soothing solution when we came slowly chugging up to Old Devil's house once more.

He was still cemented in his front-porch rocker, but those big feet hit the boards with a thump as he spied us coming up the steps. He intercepted us in the front yard and commented in a voice that neighbors up and down the street had no trouble hearing, "Explain the meaning of this masquerade, Olwen Pen Bach!"

Olwen's eyes, gone to slits, flicked right and left to first inform the neighbors where they should go, then back to Old Devil. "My only shame is for an old man's nasty, suspicious mind—never for Owen or for myself." Right then Old Devil looked like a fat boy caught red-handed in the cooky jar.

"Girl, girl," he pleaded.

She made a regal sweep of rejection and marched away. I saw the trailing edge of the long blanket hook on a rosebush and I froze, as might a man watching a burning fuse run hissing toward a keg of blasting powder.

I did not turn to a pillar of salt as in that flashing moment the rising angle of the tightening blanket revealed Olwen to waist height, then mercifully sagged at her recoil; but from the storm-cloud wrath on Old Devil's face, I could see he was expecting a repetition of the Biblical incident of Lot's wife any second. His meaty hand hooked my shirt front, his eyes wild, staring. "You have surely lied and connived, Owen Davies, and led my baby from the paths of rectitude; but vengeance is mine!"

If his swing had connected, he would have had his vengeance in apple-pie order. But I ducked, then ducked his second attempt to decapitate me. Under stress the mind can truly perform miracles. Mine told me then that clouting Old Devil on his granite jaw would gain me little but a broken hand. My fists, right then left, went in wrist deep where his belly overhung his blue denim pants, thanks to long hours spent at Willy Sims's tavern. He sat down, then lay down, gasping for air, and I thought of the picture of a beached whale I had seen one time in an old *National Geographic*.

I turned for Olwen's approval for defending her honor and fair name, and here I had a second tiger on my hands. Her eyes shot sparks. "I hate you, Owen Davies. Poor little papa—lying in the valley of the shadow, for all we know."

"No luck." I bit off the end of a stogie and spat it away.

"Do you hurt, little papa?" Like honey her voice went to him.

He thrust himself up on one elbow and stabbed his finger at me. "Struck down by a fiend of Satan, betrayer of ——"

I had a bellyful by now. "Perhaps I should call (*Continued on Page 124*)

"'Marry me,' he said, 'and get the Bureau of Internal Revenue Service off my back!'"

M. BLANCHARD THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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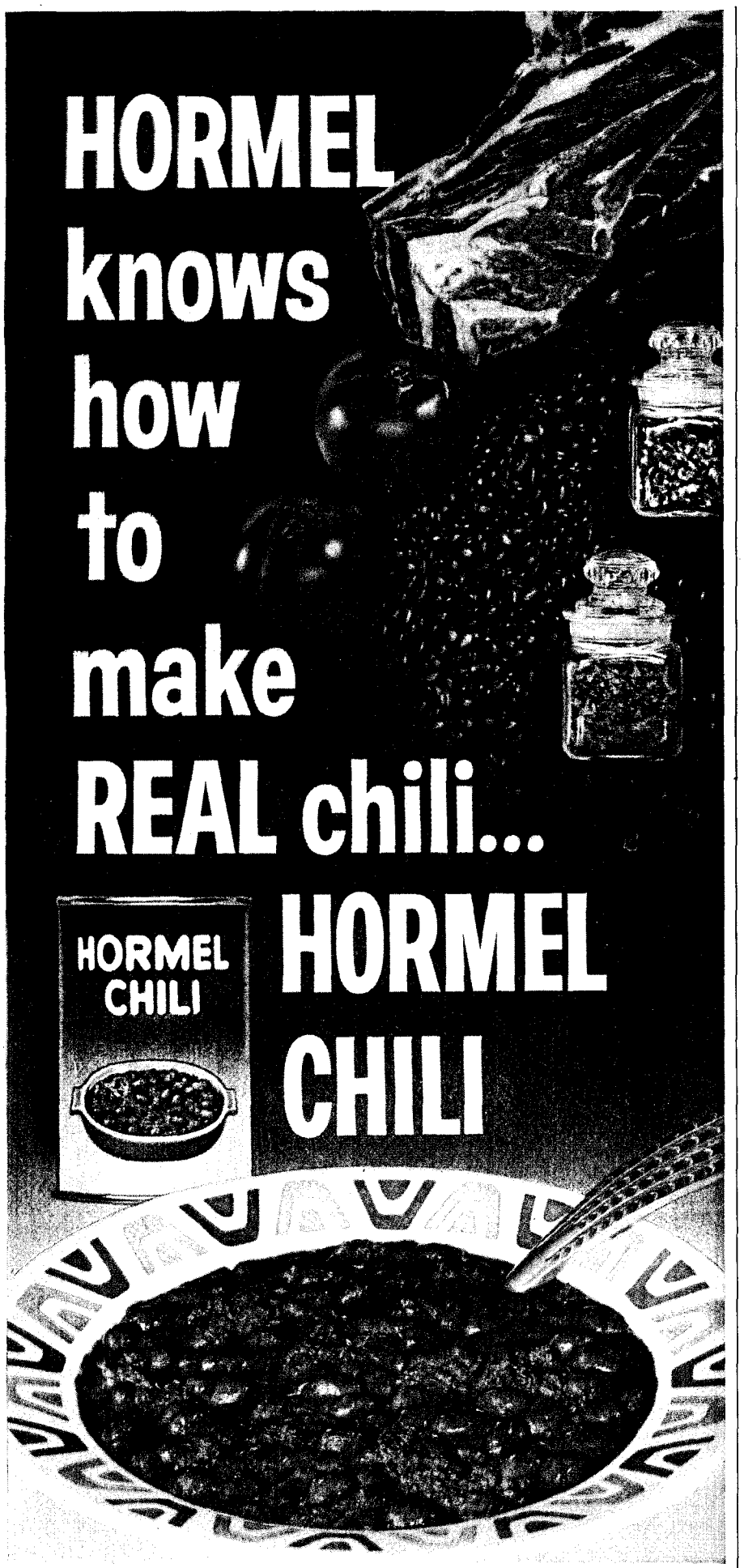

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HORMEL

(*Continued from Page 122*) Reverend Davis? Tell him the fiend of Satan has had a change of heart?"

Her lips curled. "Please, if you will be so kind."

And I did. Then, to show good faith, I dragged those two chests by their leather handles from Olwen's room, bumpety-bump down the long stairs. I horsed them into the back seat of the car and drove off, wheels kicking up the dust.

Tom Jonas Lewis was busy hoeing his garden and not happy to be summoned to help put those chests back where we had scarcely got them. He mopped his bony face and said, unsmiling, "There is no chance you will be back again today, is it?"

"Your reward will be in heaven—or from Old Devil Pen Bach."

He made a little grin. "Bad possibilities for me both ways."

My father had made an early quit and had washed up, with clean clothes laid out for the wedding, when I came home. My tragic story drew more laughs than sympathy. Father kept shaking his head and saying to nobody in particular "Dammo! How I would like to have seen Old Devil's face when ——" His eyes would fill up with tears, and he would get laughing so hard that after a bit there would be no sound, and my mother would go over and whack him hard on the back as he sat doubled over. Each time it was as if she had started the needle in the middle of the same phonograph record and out would come the rest once more, "Walking away—like a queen, and ——" Then the sound of strangled choking. "And her bare—her bare ——" Now the abrupt silence again.

"Hit him again, mamma," little Rhys would chirp.

"Owen, my boy," my mother advised between applications, "the only sensible way to view this is that ——"

"I know, mamma," I broke in patiently, "it is the will of the Lord." My mother's favorite explanation. Privately I was inclined to split the credit between Him and Old Devil. Bron Roberts was there with the family and looking happier than I had seen her this day. The phone rang—long, short, short. My father's smile died. "For you, Owen. 'Tis Old Devil himself."

Old Devil in another setting could have been another William Jennings Bryan. Satin smooth over the wires came his bass voice, contrite, compelling. "I have misjudged you, Owen. Yes, Olwen has made me see the light. Bury the hatchet, that's it."

I stared about, confused. Bron was watching me like an old cat. "I hardly know what to say," I mumbled.

"Then don't. Jump in your car and come this minute. A proper celebration we shall have to heal the breach, lad." He chuckled, a sound I never thought to hear from him. "And, Owen, I know you will understand—indeed, thank me—for I took the liberty of renotifying Reverend Davis." Before I could get the floor, he slipped in another one below the belt. "And another matter, Owen. Those things of Olwen's. So much they mean. Please to stop by and pick them up as you come this way. Perhaps Tom Jonas Lewis by next door can be prevailed upon for a hand."

The line went dead. I stood there, holding the receiver like it was something set to go off in seconds. "Mamma," I said uncertainly, "perhaps it is the will of the Lord again?" But she only stood there batting her eyes. Bron followed me out.

"Is she a good swimmer too, Owen?" How innocently she eased in the knife and twisted. I glared at her.

"No she is not—too. Now please to move, Girl Next Door."

"Owen?" She spoke with a strange urgency that brought my head around in surprise. In a flash her arms went around me, and she kissed me hard, an honest-to-heaven kiss like Olwen had never given me. It was the same shock as if the man you had always punched around at will suddenly reared up and floored you with one blow. "That's good-by, Owen." Her voice broke on my name. She whirled and ran. I drove to the aunt's place, but I have scant memory of the ride.

I was grateful that Tom Jonas Lewis was so miffed at having to struggle for the third time that day with those chests that we did the job without even speaking to each other.

Once again at Old Devil's—once again the long haul with those cursed chests. Even with Old Devil's help my compassion for Tom Jonas Lewis grew by the moment. A whiff of Old Devil's breath explained his glow of brotherly feeling. It was plain there had been an afternoon rehearsal at his hard-cider barrel.

In the living room he flung thick arms about my and Olwen's shoulders. "Kiss and make up," he roared, "the way of proper old lovebirds. Ah, yes, strike while the iron is hot, Owen, lad."

Olwen and I looked warily at each other. Our lips met in a ragged charade. While Old Devil shouted approval, my mind kept guiltily remembering the searing brand of another's kiss.

"Ah, romance! Youth!" Old Devil beamed like the hay was as good as in the barn already. "Takes me back—yes, yes. Dear dead days beyond recall, but still their memory entwines."

"No more cider before the ceremony, papa," Olwen warned.

He chucked her beneath the chin. "As you say, girl." He hooked his thumbs in his suspenders. "And where might the happy honeymooners be bound for later tonight?" He winked. "Some posh hotel, no doubt. Champagne and violins while the candle burns low." He rammed his elbow in my ribs. "Need I say more, eh?"

Under cover of his rocking laughter I got most of my wind back. I turned to Olwen. "Honey, we (*Continued on Page 126*)

Transplanted

By Catherine Cameron Thaxter

My father left his island home
to live
Where waves break only in a
field of grain,
Exchanged the sea gull for the
meadowlark,
The lashing spray for gentle
inland rain.
He worked his land with energy
and pride,
Exulting in a fertileness of earth
He'd never known among the
granite shards
That marked the windy ledges
of his birth.
Yet evenings, when the talk
would turn to seeds,
To things that landlocked minds
best understood,
His jackknife moved in rhythm
with his voice
To whittle dories out of kindling
wood.

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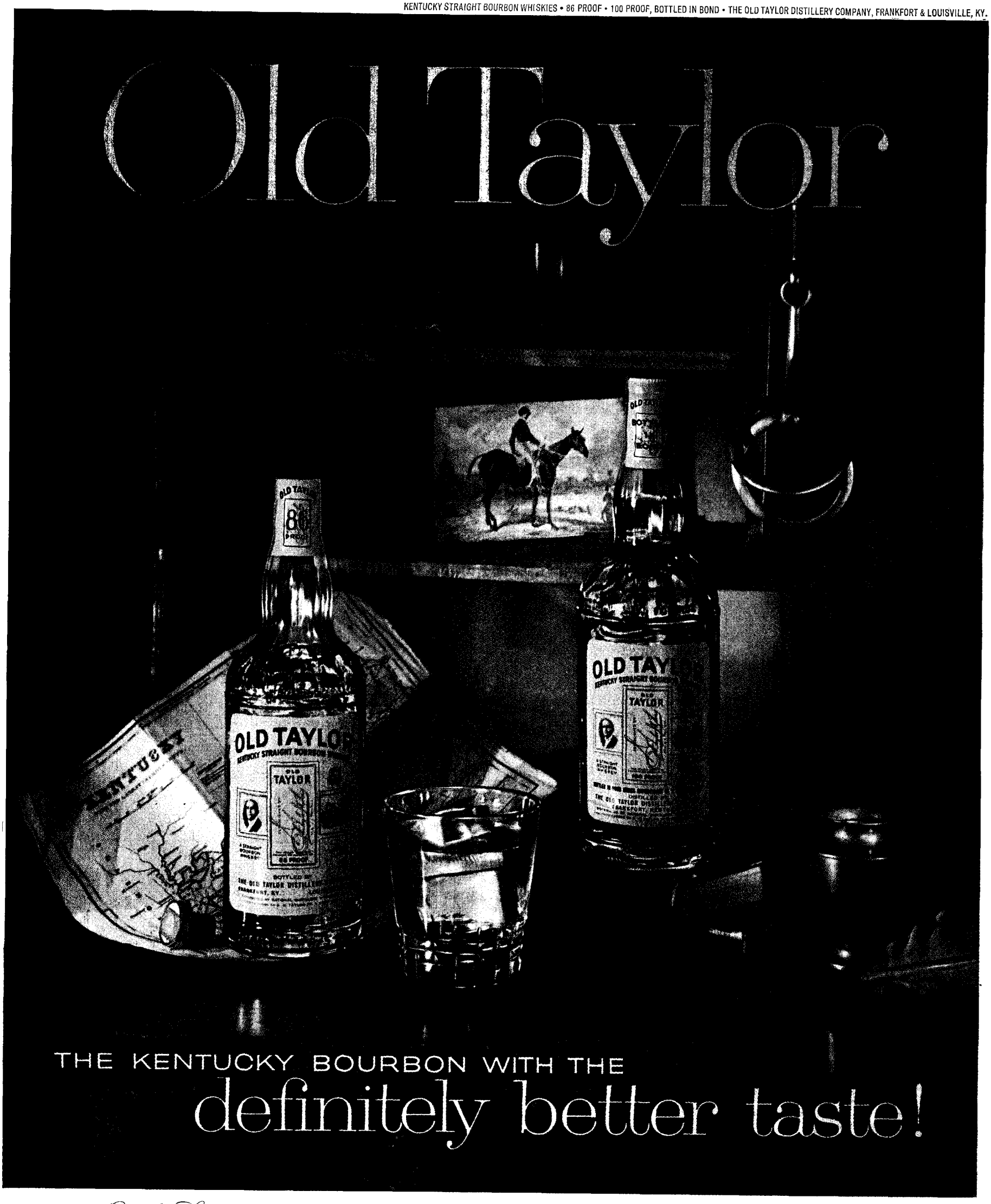

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WOLF'S HEAD MOTOR OIL AND LUBES

(*Continued from Page 124*) haven't talked it over, but I do have plans. You know we have only four days." I hesitated. "Frankly, Olwen, the matter of money cuts some ice here too." Old Devil's teeth clamped hard on his pipe, and Olwen's black eyes narrowed slightly. "There has been paying my share of the car and helping get Glynnis ready for nurse's training. Anyway, it doesn't matter. Ours will be an ideal honeymoon—I should say, idyllic. No one but you and me, Olwen, and the quiet and beauty of nature. I have all the equipment ready to pack and be off."

Olwen looked worried. "Off where? Surely, Owen, we aren't going to—well, I mean, really. Well you can't desert civilization."

"Honey, it's a spot up the river — beautiful, secluded. And camping out is a lark—perfect for two people who want ——"

Old Devil broke in sharply, "Look, man, you can't drag a woman off to cruder facilities than she is accustomed. Give her class, refinement. Only the best for the best here." His barrel chest swelled. "Five whole days at old Niagara Falls did I spend with she now departed. First impressions, lad, first impressions."

Olwen's voice went shrill. "I'd be terrified, Owen. Bugs and mosquitoes, smoking fires, maybe the rain and the river rising. No, I can't do it. Papa is right. Savages for savage ways."

Every man has his breaking point. Perhaps I had lugged those chests one time too often this day; perhaps that tipped the scales already heaped on the debit side with the fight, the delays, the silent doubt of my family and old Bron getting her oar in. It felt like tiny wires snapping one by one in my head as I gazed at the poised beauty of Olwen. I thought of a beautiful picture hanging in a gallery that all might admire from afar—but only from afar. And Bron's words played an accompaniment—"*That will laugh with you when work is slow and no money for pretty trinkets?*" One last chance I would give her.

"It has to be my way here, Olwen—not yours nor your father's. In this and in all else to come. If a man can not lead, there is little man in him. Yes or no, then?"

"I could love you, Owen." She said it without emotion, as though the problem was one in simple arithmetic attacked with cool calculation. "But not in a tent. Father is right there."

I went to the wall phone and rang two longs and three shorts. The clock on the mantel said almost seven. I felt tired and dirty and old for a man of twenty-one. "Owen Davies speaking. There will be no wedding, Reverend Davis. Thanking you too, sir."

I turned, slamming the receiver in the hook. Only Old Devil remained. He had never lacked gall, and now it arose to the surface. "Just the same, I will give you a hand down with the chests."

"Mr. Pen Bach." His eyes marked my fists. They were balled and white at the knuckles. "Go to my grave I will before I touch those chests again. Now, if you have a mind to hasten that day, here is your golden opportunity."

"Poor sports. All you Davieses," he growled. "And let me tell you a thing or two. You'll never darken this house again, sir."

"At last we agree on something." I brushed past him. His bass mumbling, the bitter smell of his pipe faded behind me.

I lacked the heart to go home. I phoned them that the wedding was off, then drove up atop Pengilly Hill and sat there. The warm air held the scent of trees in blossom, of spring grass, emerald-green on the hillside. The plaintive evening song of a robin lay over the creak of the cooling motor, the faint steaming of the radiator. Suddenly the four days I had left seemed too many, and I yearned for them to come and go; for they meant nothing, where a short time before they had meant everything.

At eight I drove in and parked the car outside our barn. Just inside the doorway I could see the bundled tent, the lanterns, the rest of my gear. I walked over and kicked the tent. Feeling no better, I came back and slumped down on the running board. In the gathering dusk the distant house showed the yellow glow of kerosene lamps at the kitchen and living-room windows. I listened glumly as in the yard katydids and crickets began tuning for their evening concert. The back door opened and shut, and I saw someone coming toward me. I thought wearily, *Anyone but Bron. I swear if it's Bron, I'll* ——

That vow I never finished, for it was Bron. It was, and yet this couldn't be old Girl Next Door. That name for her had lasted long, but it was fading, dying in my mind as I stared. Her dress was one of Glynnis's, a white radiance of clinging softness with a wide, blue sash at her narrow waist. Bron had never owned, never desired such a dress; but tonight was a different story. Her long, blond hair no longer straggled, but was gathered in soft waves high on her head. My eyes lifted up the swaying outline of her slender figure to hold unmoving on her face; and I knew beyond doubt that the old name was gone.

In the dying summer you watch the green leaves at your window, and one morning the green has turned to gold, and you feel the pain and surprise even though you knew it must come. Only this morning Bron had looked at me with the same candid, almost boyish frankness. That had gone, replaced by a new, shy awareness rising from the blue depths that held, beckoned; and I was dumb in the presence of this, with the same pain, the same surprise as when the green had turned to gold

She sat down beside me, and for a long time there was stillness. My thoughts were going around and around, and I had the feeling that whatever I tried to say it would sound wrong.

"Now there are less than four days," she said quietly.

I mumbled something. It was like a bad dream. Here was Bron beside me. I could smell the scent of her hair, touch her if I dared. Dared? The times I had roughhoused with pig-tailed Bron. That Bron had vanished. Did I know this one?

"You will come back, Owen?" Her eyes probed behind this quiet question.

I nodded. "Bron," I managed, not looking at her. "You know what's happened. That's over." I let my breath out slowly. "It's for the best. I was a fool; I won't change, I suppose." I picked up a twig and fumbled with it. "Well, I—I wanted to make it a camping honeymoon. You know, two people alone, the trees, moonlight on the river." I shook my head. "I guess that's not a girl's idea for the occasion. Gaiety, people, excitement, bright lights—that's the winning ticket." I snapped the twig away. "That ends the story—for keeps. For keeps."

Her shining eyes looked past me. "If you were with the one you loved"—she nodded—"that would be a wonderful honeymoon, Owen." Her glance swung slowly back to me, and it was like a smash of a bomb burst in the sky—the memory of that morning and her kiss.

I reached out my arms, and she came inside, and it was perfect, as though she had always belonged there. Then I knew how the wanderer feels, whose restless feet have finally led him home to stay. "Bron," I whispered, "have I found you too late? Will you be here when the war is done and I am home again?"

Her warm lips touched my ear. "I am here now, tonight, Owen."

I drew away, leaping up, and my eyes must have been bugging from my head. "Why not, Bron?" I reached out and jerked her to her feet. She spoke it like a prayer.

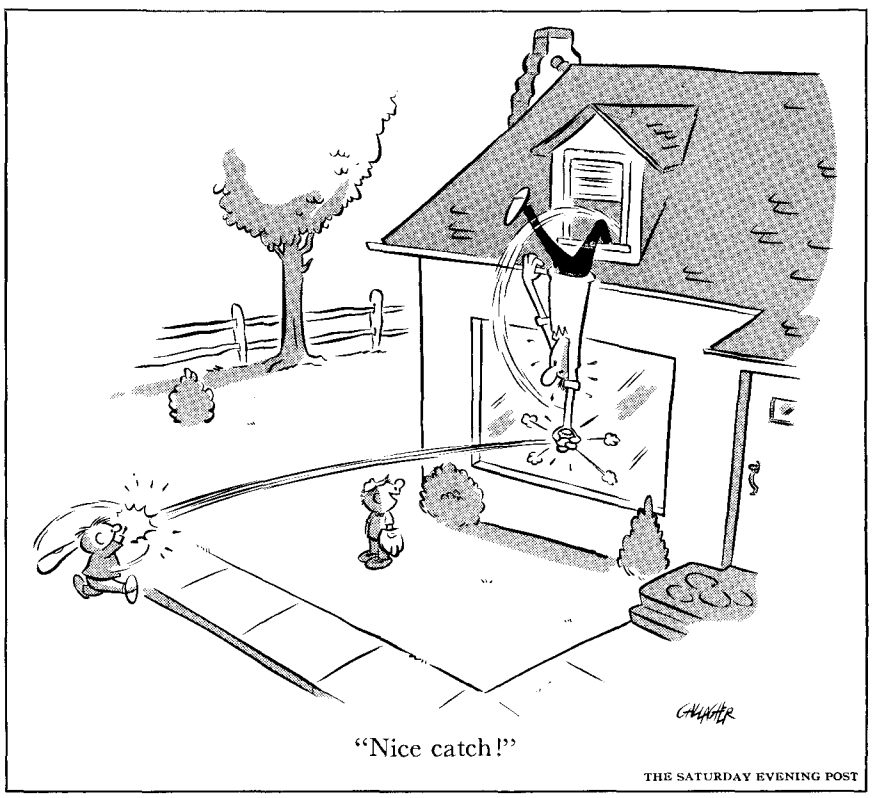
"Why not?"

The scratchy voice on the phone of the Reverend David Davis was heavy with sleep. "I am a forgiving man, Owen. But my bedtime is nine; it is half past that now. Even so, I would perform this marriage save for one small item. How do you propose to marry Bron Roberts with a license for Olwen Pen Bach?" He yawned. "See me in the morning then, lad." The line clicked dead.

I had a long face. No license till tomorrow. One day lost. That left three days. So few they seemed all at once. "Only three days, Bron," I said, the words hurting in my throat.

Her face, close to mine, radiant, tender, was something for a man to remember always. "Three days can be forever, Owen. We'll make them that way."

I didn't believe her then; I did afterward. THE END



"Nice catch!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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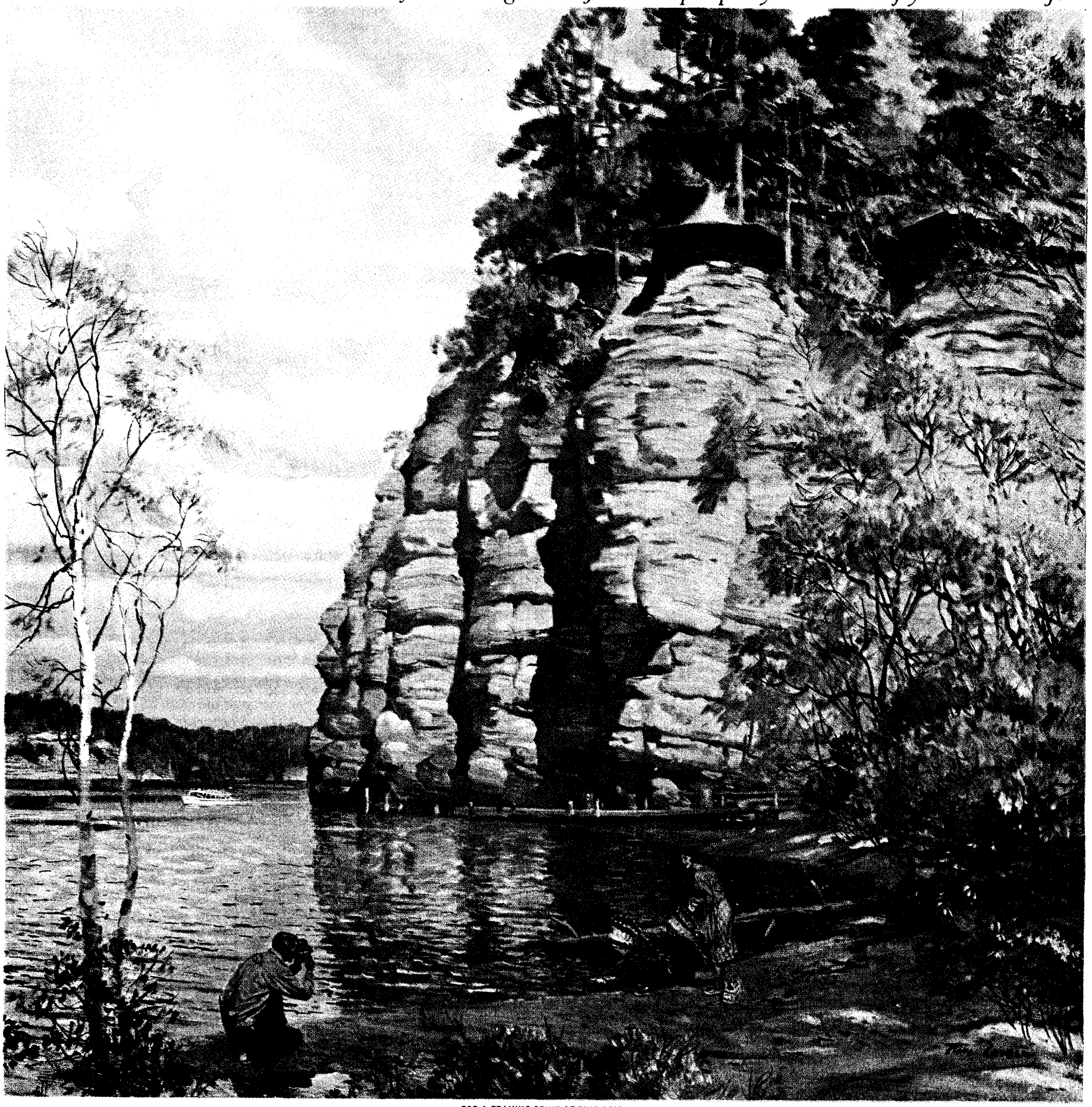

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Little Girl in Black Stockings

(Continued from Page 25)

"I know and I'm glad. But they'll be going home too when they're well enough. Jacques is going next week. You wouldn't want to stay at the school forever."

"Yes, I would."

"And never see your aunt again? Or your friends?" Doctor Jourdan pretended to be shocked. "What a thing to say!"

"I don't care. At home everyone will say I'm different. I'd rather be with you."

Doctor Jourdan frowned. It was a bad thing when the children became too fond of the school, or of her. All of them had to leave eventually; even the homeless ones had to go to other schools once they learned to live with their handicaps. There was a waiting list of new youngsters who needed help. "How does your leg feel?" she asked.

"It's all right, thank you."

"The straps don't rub?"

"No, doctor."

Doctor Jourdan gave the leg a little pat and said, "Good!"—then looked out the car window, which she had rolled part way down in spite of the rain. The city was behind them. The sky was gray, the rain an opaque sheet of glass. *Martin was right*, she thought—*this is no day to be going into the mountains of St. Joseph.* "Tell me about the village you live in," she said. "I hardly had time to see anything when I was there last week."

The child crinkled her eyes in concentration, as though she had been asked to write a composition in class. "Well, it isn't a very big village," she said, "but it's nice because it's on the river, and we don't have to walk for water. The river comes down from the high mountains, and there is a big pool below the bridge; but if you play there, you have to be careful. That's where André and I were when I got hurt. We were in the pool, and this big tree ——"

"I know about that," Doctor Jourdan said. "Just tell me about the village."

"Well, almost all the houses are on one side of the river; but they built the school on the other side so we can study without being disturbed. That makes it very nice, especially on market day when people come from all around and there's lots of noise. The biggest house belongs to M'sieu Deltier, the magistrate, of course. He's André's father. And, and ——"

"Thank you," Doctor Jourdan said. "That's a very good description."

The car had left the coastal highway, and she put an arm around the child's small shoulders, drawing her closer, because the road was unpaved now and rough. *At least there is a road*, she thought. Some of her children came from remote mountain communities connected to the outside world only by footpaths. She knew all about trudging those endless trails and riding mules over them. She had done it often enough.

The rain seemed less ominous here. Tall trees spread heavy limbs over the road to reduce the force of the downpour. But the heat was intense. She could feel a film of moisture forming on her face and see one on the child's. *Her leg must bother her*, she thought. *It always does when she's hot.*

At the first of the stream crossings, Martin stopped the car and got out. The water was high, Doctor Jourdan saw—much higher than when she had come this way a week ago. It boiled over scattered large boulders and pulled at the tree branches drooping into it, tugging the branches forward and letting them snap back again. Martin returned to the car and worked the two shift levers. "Hold on," he advised.

He drove through at a crawl, but just before reaching the opposite bank, which was soft and steep, he trod hard on the accelerator pedal. The car came alive with a lurch.

Melodie cried out in alarm. But the child was not hurt. Doctor Jourdan's arms were about her, holding her close. In a moment the vehicle was on safe ground again.

There were two more stream crossings before they reached the halfway village of Bodiere, where the road ran between rows of old wooden shops and houses. Martin scowled at the sky when he stopped.

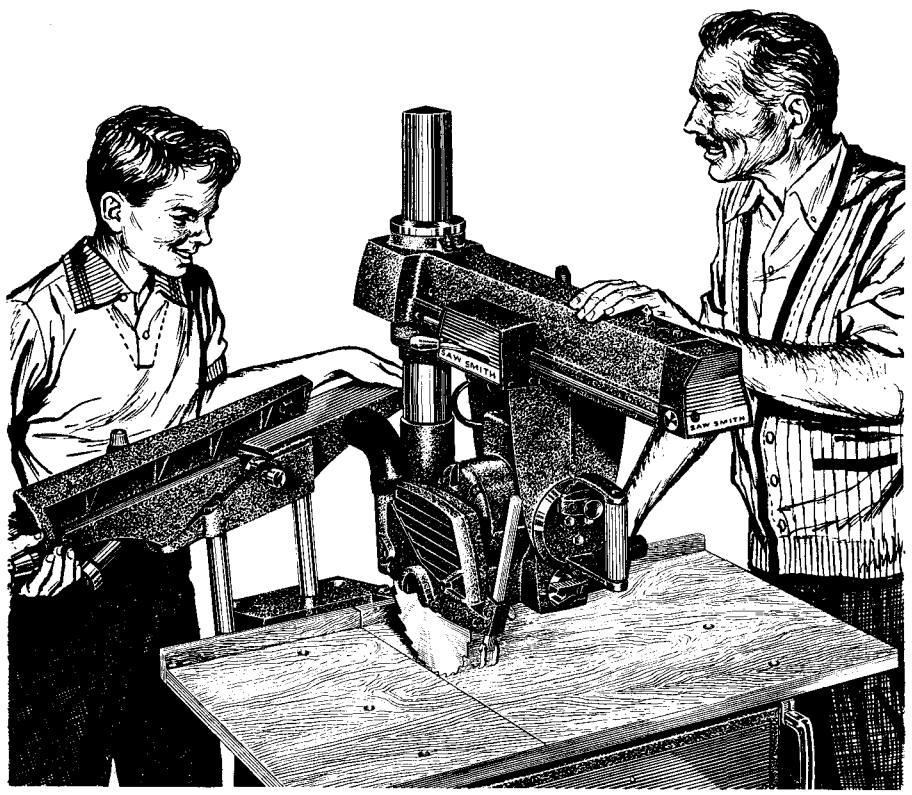
"*Le Bon Dieu* should turn off this rain," he said. "Doesn't He know it's His business we're attending to?"

"It's also His business to provide water for people who need it," Doctor Jourdan said with a smile. "Can we buy some oranges or bananas here to eat with our lunch, Martin? The cook didn't have any this morning."

"She told me. I bought some in town."

"Good for you."

He got out and raised the hood. Trust him to do that. He checked the oil, the water in the radiator, the battery, then dropped the hood and walked around the car to inspect each tire. No precaution was too much trouble on these roads, not when he had one of the children in his charge—or Doctor Jourdan. By the time he was finished, a small group of villagers had (*Continued on Page 130*)



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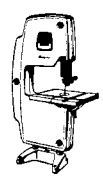

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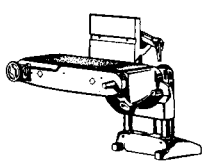

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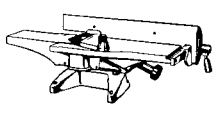

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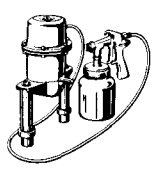

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Well, you can take my boss off the Christmas-card list."

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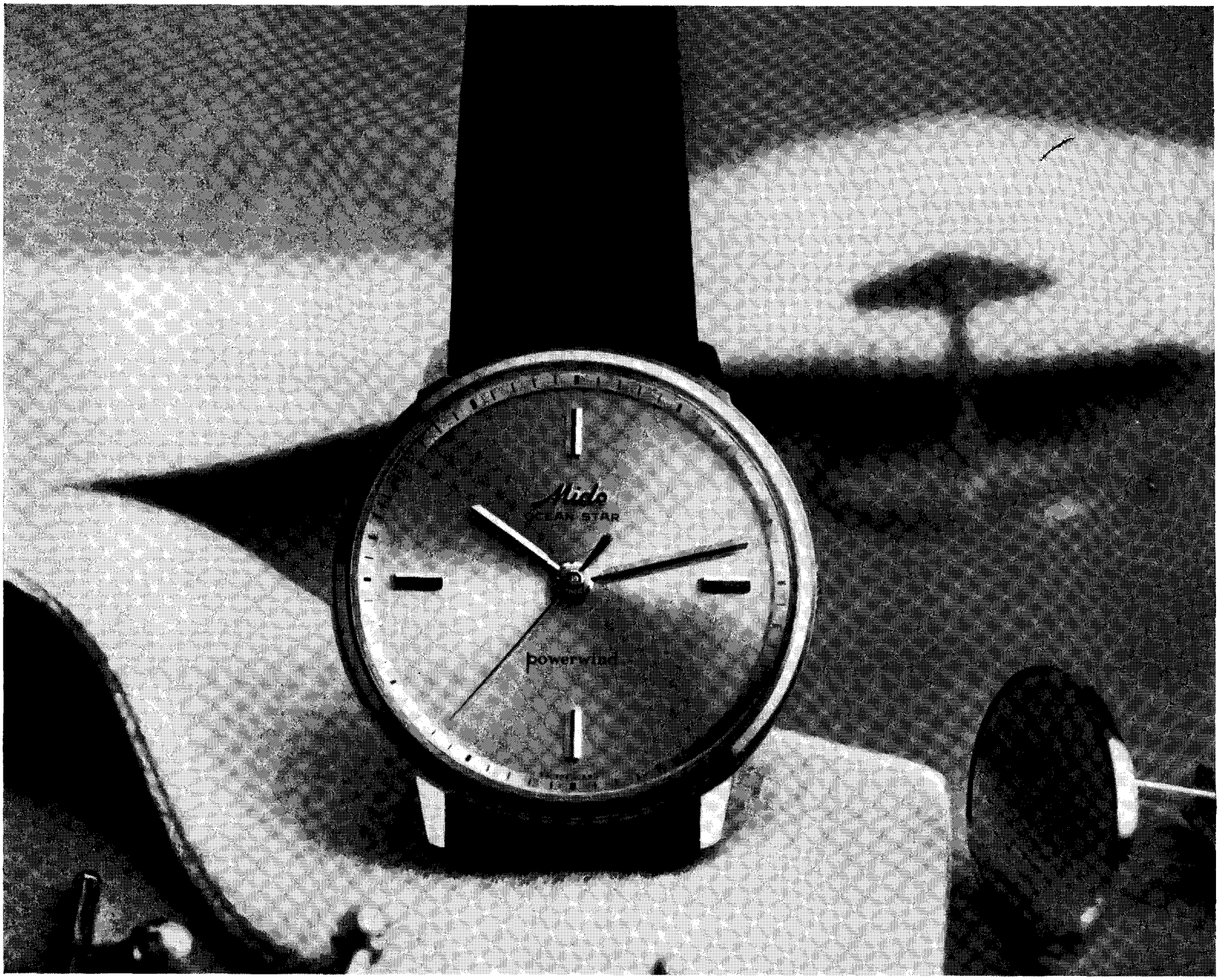

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THE WATCH YOU NEVER HAVE TO WIND

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(*Continued from Page 128*) gathered. Few cars came this far when the rains began.

Men and women in workday clothes, politely peering in, said "Good morning" and "Where are you going?" Doctor Jourdan answered them. They said "Good-by" and "Safe journey" when Martin got behind the wheel again. They waved, and Doctor Jourdan put her hand out the window to wave back. Then, turning to Melodie, she said with a happy smile, "You see? They didn't notice a thing."

"They didn't look at me," the child said.

"They certainly did. Country people always look at strangers, and you know it. But they didn't see a thing to wonder at." Doctor Jourdan was triumphant. "I told you. Didn't I?"

The child's mouth trembled. "Yes, doctor."

"Everything's going to be exactly the way it used to be."

The final stream was their undoing. It was the stream Melodie had told about, the one that flowed through her village. The road crossed it a hundred yards short of the village outskirts, and the water was swift and brown. Before attempting the crossing, Martin removed his shoes and walked in to test the bottom with his feet.

"I don't know," he said. "I suppose we can try."

"We must," said Doctor Jourdan.

But near the far bank a front wheel dislodged a boulder and slid into the hole where the stone had been. After a futile try to back out, Martin shut off the motor. "We would only dig the hole deeper," he said with a shrug. "I'll carry you ashore and walk to the village for help."

He took the child first, setting her gently on the bank under a sheltering ceiba, then returned for Doctor Jourdan, who laughed at his outstretched arms and ordered him to turn around. With her arms about his neck and her legs gripping his waist, she rode him ashore. There she said, "We'll go with you. It will save time."

"In this rain?"

"The sooner we start back, the better."

He would have picked up the child, but the doctor stopped him. "Let her walk, please," she said firmly. "It's important."

"There won't be anyone watching."

"There may be."

For the child's sake they walked slowly, and Doctor Jourdan held her hand. The road was red mud and boulders. Off to the left, through dripping trees, the swollen river hissed and growled in its trench. Presently there were thatch-roofed houses forlornly standing in yards of sodden grass, and an empty market place that resembled a forest of crooked poles, and a few small wooden shops with verandas and rusty iron roofs. This was road's end, the village of Morne Rouge, Melodie's birthplace.

"Where is everyone?" Martin demanded, scowling.

He knew well enough. In a rain such as this the men would be at their mountainside gardens, piling rocks and tree limbs to keep the precious soil from being washed into the river. Their wives and older children would be toiling with them. The young were in school. The very young were at home with their grandparents. (*Continued on Page 132*)

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You be the Judge

By FLORENCE K. PALMER

Bridegroom Kurt believed in action, not words. He ended the first spat of his honeymoon by spanking his contentious bride. The second time he did it, she wailed for a divorce.

"Such cruel and inhuman treatment makes my married life unbearable," the spanked spouse complained. "I must have a divorce, or my nerves will go to pieces."

"She acted like a child, so I treated her like a child, judge," Kurt replied masterfully. "After all, a man still has the right to punish his wife when she deserves it."

If you were the judge would you grant the divorce?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

No divorce. The court said that while Kurt's ultramanly views on wife punishing are not openly and generally approved, "two spankings applied to the place where they are ordinarily applied" did not constitute sufficiently cruel and inhuman treatment to merit a divorce.

Based upon a 1959 Iowa decision.

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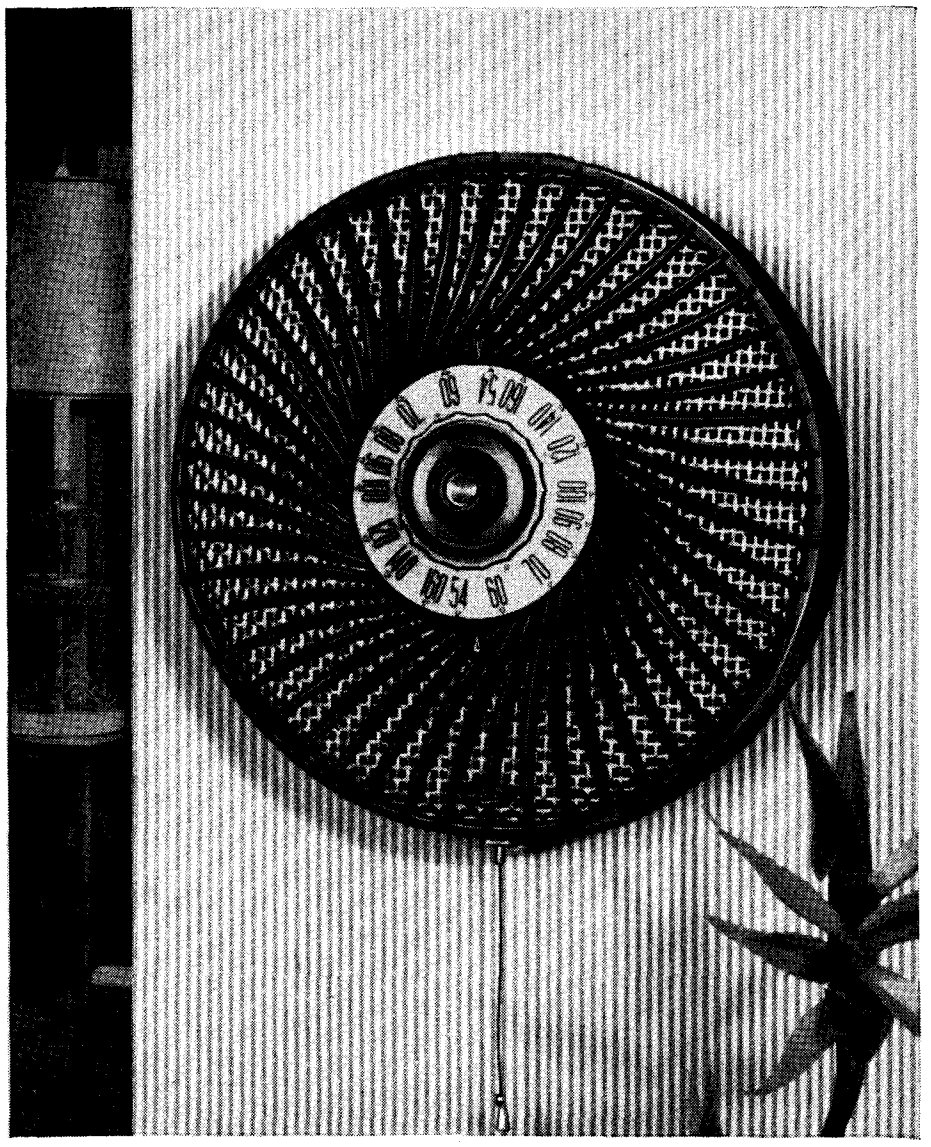

decorator styled...7 transistor...2 speaker

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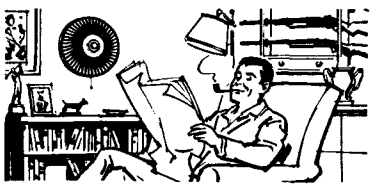

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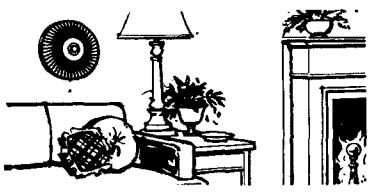

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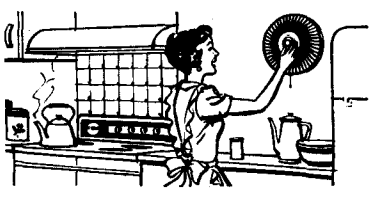

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TOUGH *on oil pumping*

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HASTINGS, MICHIGAN
Piston Rings, Casite Additives,
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(*Continued from Page 130*) At the house occupied by Melodie's aunt, Doctor Jourdan knocked with authority while the rain cascaded from the roof and splashed on the veranda steps behind her. When the door failed to open, she knocked again, waited a moment more, then turned to the child.

"Your aunt must be out. I told her we'd be here about this time, but perhaps she had to go somewhere."

A door across the road opened, and an old woman came waddling over, holding a palm-leaf tray above her head to keep off the rain. She peered at Melodie. "Oh, oh!" she said, startled. "You have come back!" But she was not too startled to peer sharply at the child's legs before turning to Doctor Jourdan and saying, "You are looking for someone, yes?"

"For Madame Vernet."

"She is at the school." Again, as though drawn by a magnet, the woman's gaze dropped to the child's legs. "The teacher had to look after his land this morning," she said absently, "so Madame Vernet took his place."

"Thank you. We'll go to the school." The doctor took Melodie's hand again. "Not you, Martin," she said, as the scowling man would have followed. "You have the car to think about. I'll come as soon as I can."

"Wait," he said, and sat on his heels and drew the child into his arms. His eyes looked into hers, and his smile was but an inch from her face. "Don't forget, little one, you are to write to Martin. It was a promise."

"I won't forget, Martin."

"And come to the city to see us sometimes?"

"Oh, yes, Martin!"

He drew her in against his chest. "When the doctor is not watching, I'll steal the car and come to visit you. Only I won't be fooling her, you know that, eh? She'll guess my thoughts before I think them; and when I go for the car, she'll be in it already, waiting to come with me." He laughed, and kissed her on the cheek. "Good-by, little one."

"Good-by, Martin!" she called after him as he went striding from the yard.

Doctor Jourdan had been only as far as the house on her previous visit and did not know the way to the school. The child led her. A muddy path took them to the river, where a footbridge only two planks wide, with flimsy handrails of saplings, spanned the swift brown water. With the child in the lead, Doctor Jourdan started across. But presently she paused to peer at the pool below and felt herself shiver.

This was where it had happened. There in the pool, where the banks were walls of rock, and gray boulders reared their ugly heads from the circling water, the two children had been playing. Was it possible they had not seen the shattered tree bearing down on them, as Melodie insisted? It seemed from the bridge that they must have. But, of course, they had not been on the bridge, but in the water, among the boulders.

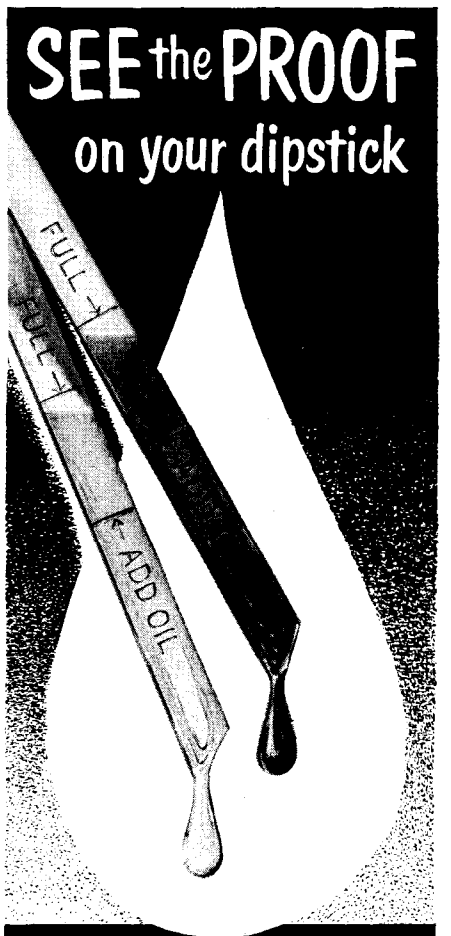
She saw that Melodie, too, had stopped to gaze at the pool, and knew the child must be remembering. "Is it often this high?" she asked quickly.

"No, doctor." The child was frowning in a way she had, with her lower lip drawn in. "I don't think I ever saw it this high before."

"I should hope not," Doctor Jourdan said. "Well." She followed the girl across, and they climbed a winding, slippery path through dripping trees that shut the river from sight. Then at the top of a low hill the ground leveled, and they hurried through the rain across the open schoolyard.

The building was of wood, unpainted, and an overhanging iron roof sheltered its open door and windows. From them flowed the voices of small children reciting in unison; but the recitation stopped when Doctor Jourdan entered, followed by Melodie. Twenty-three pairs of eyes fastened on them. In the sudden stillness the sound of rain on the iron roof seemed as loud as the river below.

Melodie's aunt rose quickly from a small desk at the front—a woman in her thirties, with some of the child's own beauty, but harassed now by unfamiliar



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duties. She was a dressmaker, not a teacher. To Melodie she was more mother than aunt, Doctor Jourdan knew. When the child's father had died in a fall from his mule, and her mother had gone off with a man from another village, the aunt had taken her in and loved her. As she shook the woman's hand, Doctor Jourdan felt no misgivings. It was a true home she had brought the child back to, not simply a place to live.

The woman lifted the child and hugged her. Only after setting her down again did she look at Melodie's legs. To Doctor Jourdan she said, "I can't believe it."

"But you saw other children at the school."

"Yes, and you told me. But I never believed." She lifted the child again, with tears on her cheeks. "It's a miracle."

The classroom silence had become a rising wind of whispers, and Madame Vernet turned to her pupils. "Melodie has come back," she said. "You may have a few minutes to talk to her, if you wish, while I speak to the doctor."

The whispers ceased, and silence returned. The child from the city smiled timidly and took a step forward, then stopped in confusion. The school children were staring at her stockinged legs as though they had never seen stockings before, but no one had moved.

Melodie turned frightened eyes upon Doctor Jourdan and received a nod of encouragement. She turned to face the children again. Her faint "Hello" was all but inaudible.

There was no answer. Doctor Jourdan laughed and said, "My goodness! Have you all lost your tongues?" Then she saw the expression on Madame Vernet's face, and her laughter died. "What is it?" she asked in a quick, low voice. "What's wrong?"

The woman gazed at the floor. "It is the magistrate, M'sieu Deltier, the father of the little boy who drowned that day. He has always blamed Melodie. When he heard she was coming back, he began saying terrible things."

"What terrible things?" All the softness had fled from Doctor Jourdan's face. Her eyes were bits of blue ice.

"That he will not let her live here. That he will drive her out."

Doctor Jourdan turned to look at the children—at the small, still figure of Melodie standing resolutely before them. She turned back. "I'll speak to this man," she said, and her lips thinned on the words. "Take me to him."

"Should we leave the children alone?"

"They can behave themselves for a short while. Give them something to do."

Madame Vernet spoke to them. It was necessary for her and the doctor to go at once to the village, she said. The children were to study their reading lesson in silence. She led Melodie to a desk at the rear of the room and gave her a book. She and Doctor Jourdan hurried down the path and over the bridge.

It was the largest house in the village, and the magistrate himself opened the door to them. At sight of their wet clothes he frowned, but reluctantly invited them to be seated. The chairs were mahogany, rubbed to a high polish. The mahogany-framed pictures on the walls were color prints from calendars. M'sieu Deltier himself was plump and pompous and wore a bow tie with his white shirt. In a village such as this the magistrate was god.

"What can I do for you?"

"Tell me why you blame Melodie for the loss of your son," Doctor Jourdan said quietly.

He sat straighter on his chair, his mouth and nostrils twitching. "That is my own affair, if you please!"

"And mine, M'sieu Deltier. I brought the child back here."

He gripped his knees and glared at her. "Very well. They were together at the river that day. André was forbidden to play there. She knew it and she let him stay!"

"How old was your son at that time, M'sieu Deltier?"

"He was four."

"And Melodie was barely six. Did you expect a girl of six to be your son's guardian? Melodie had gone to the pool to look for crayfish. When André followed, she told him to go home. She did not realize he had disobeyed until she looked up and saw him standing there, watching her, just before the tree came under the bridge and struck her. The same tree must have swept your boy into the pool. I have talked to the girl many times about this, because it was more on her mind than her own suffering. I know she has told me the truth of what happened." For Doctor Jourdan this was a long speech. She folded her hands and waited.

The speech she received in return was even longer, and she knew at the end of it that there was nothing to be gained by talking to this man. She continued the discussion only to solve the mystery of his bitterness.

In the end she solved it. He himself was responsible for the death of his son. His wife had been visiting a friend beyond the village that day, as she was today. He had let the boy out of his sight.

Doctor Jourdan stood up. "I pity you, M'sieu Deltier," she said. "You must find your conscience a great burden. But it is your burden, no one else's—certainly not Melodie's."

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"She'll find out whose it is!" he shouted.

"No, m'sieu. You will."

The substitute schoolteacher and Doctor Jourdan walked up the village street, which was now a sea of mud. There was no sign of Martin; he must be still struggling to extricate the car. The rain fell, determined to drown all creation.

"What will you do?" Melodie's aunt asked. "How will you reason with such a man?"

"I'll talk to others."

"But they're afraid of him!"

"I'll find a way. There is always a way." But the doctor's hands were clenched, and her mouth quivered. Was there a way? Should she have pleaded with the man instead of letting herself be angry at the injustice of his bitterness? After all, he had lost a son.

At the bridge over the stream she halted. They had been at the magistrate's house nearly an hour. The rushing water, dark with red earth, was level with the planks now—more than level where the planks dipped at midstream. Clutching the flimsy handrails, Doctor Jourdan hesitated.

"Can we manage it, do you think? It doesn't look very safe." She had to speak loudly to be heard above the water's roar.

Madame Vernet looked in panic at the swirling flood and drew back. "No, no! We can't!"

"We can't leave the children alone. Is there some other way over?"

"No other way, no."

"Well, then," Doctor Jourdan said and started across.

But though she was small, her weight bent the planks and drove them deeper into the stream, where a stronger current surged against them. The bridge swung sideways and began to shake. White-faced, she stepped back.

At that moment the first of the children came shouting down the path. The classroom clock had told them it was lunchtime. Had Doctor Jourdan not stepped forward again with an upraised hand, they would have run onto the bridge.

"Go back!" she ordered. Her voice, when it had to be, could crack like a whip. "The bridge is not safe!"

They stopped. Struck silent by the force of the river, they gazed in awe at the red water rushing past their feet, then at the doctor. Others came down the path until all of them stood there on the bank—even Melodie, who had to descend the slippery trail with care, and so was last.

The doctor shouted again, "It is not safe!" and stepped onto the bridge to show them. "Go back to the school and wait," she ordered.

Reluctantly they obeyed, looking back at the bridge and the two women as they climbed. In the schoolyard, despite the rain, they stopped to discuss the situation, and some cried, and some were for going down again and risking the bridge before the river got higher and carried it away.

"That would be foolish," Melodie said. "You might be on it when it went. We should stay here, as Doctor Jourdan said. The river can't reach us here, and if the bridge is washed away, we can walk out through the stream when the rain stops and the water goes down." She spoke with her hands on her hips as the doctor sometimes spoke; but except for a curious glance or two, they ignored her. She was not one of them. The magistrate had said so. She didn't belong here.

The rain drove them into the school, but the argument continued, a score of shrill voices clamoring to be heard at once.

"If we don't go now, it will get worse!"

"We may have to stay here all night!"

"She's crazy, that woman!"

"What does she know about our river?"

The loudest voice was the one most touched by panic, belonging to a girl named Tina Deltier, older than most of the others, older than Melodie. She was a daughter of the magistrate. When she ran to the door, the others followed.

"Wait," Melodie said. "Why can't we sit down and sing some songs?"

They looked at her in amazement. "Songs! You must be crazy too!"

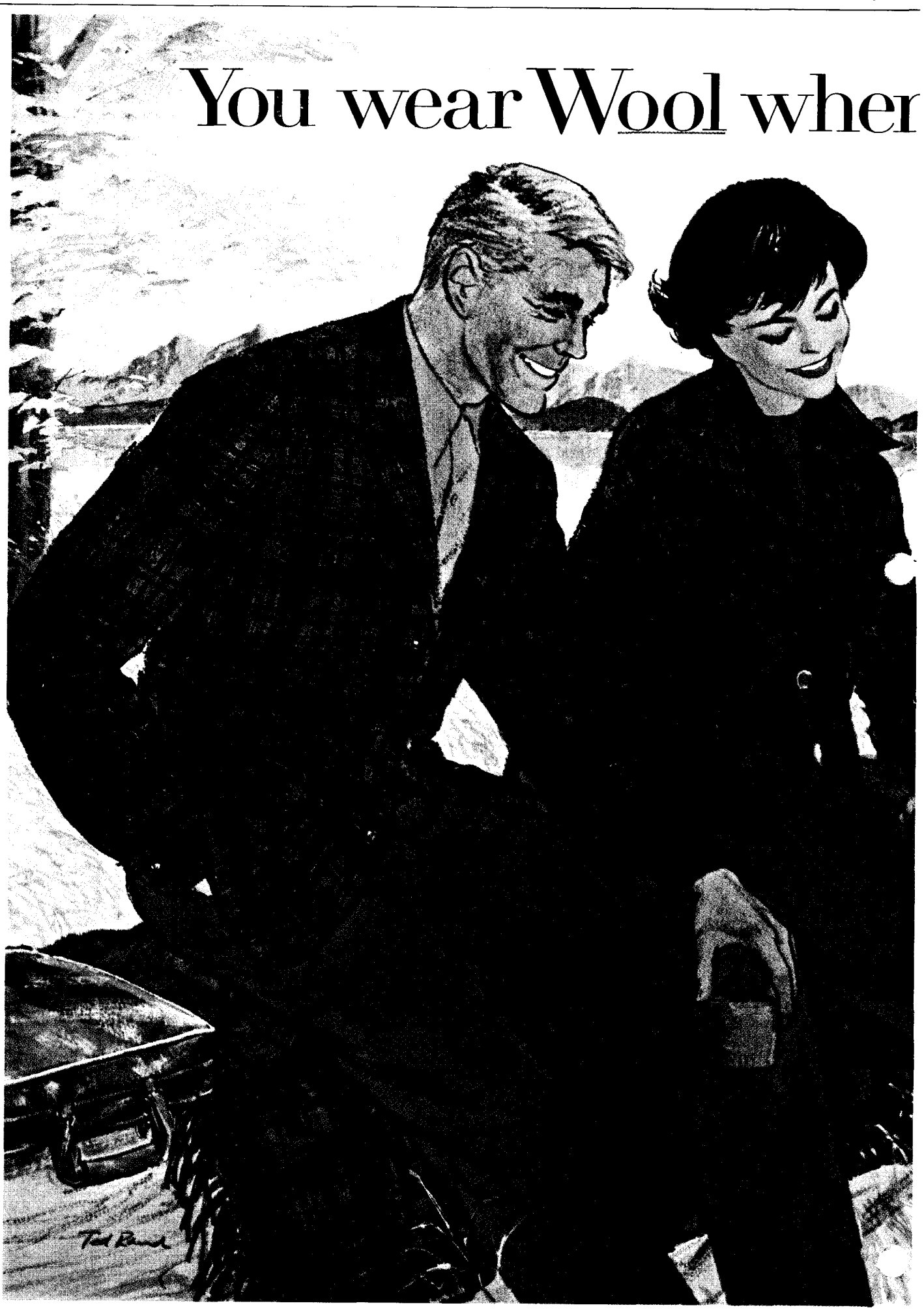
"But I know some you haven't heard," she pleaded. "I could teach them to you. Listen to this one." She began to sing; she had a high, clear voice that flooded the room and drove out the frightening sound of the rain. But it could not still the voice of Tina Deltier, shrilling at them to seek safety in flight.

Melodie, though, had moved toward the door while her singing momentarily

Brief Essay on a Controversial Subject

Love is real, but
undefinable;
Accepted often, but
declinable;
Sometimes lost and quite
untraceable;
Often, luckily, replaceable.

Richard F. Armknecht



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held them. She blocked the doorway now, facing them. Her hands at her sides were clenched—an inner struggle showed on her face. "Wait," she said again; and then, reaching deep into her pride for the words, "Would you like to see my leg?"

Their curiosity held them. Their faces were suddenly all eyes, and there was no sound in the schoolroom but rain sound. Silent herself, the child from the city stooped to take off her shoe and stocking, then straightened again to face them. "You see"—the words came with defiance—"it looks like a real one, even if it isn't." But only the voice was defiant. The mouth it came from quivered. The tears from her eyes were a rain more terrible than that outside.

The children crowded closer—not to reach the door she guarded, but to gaze in awe at the leg, to test its strangeness with their fingers. "Does it hurt?" . . . "Can you take it off and put it on again?" The questions beat against her like hurled stones until she thrust out her hands.

"I can do anything you can do! I'll show you!"

She marched about the room. She ran for them, biting her lip in pain because the leg was new and she had not run on it before. "You see?" She climbed to a bench and stepped from that to a desk and stood facing them. "There's nothing I can't do! Nothing!"

The rain was forgotten—almost.

"If you don't want to learn any songs, I could tell you what happened to me in the city," she said. The city, to them, was a storybook thing, a tale of magic told by their elders in lamplit mountain homes at night. "I could tell you how it feels to get a new leg like this and learn to walk on it, and—and everything."

They waited. At the rear of the room the girl named Tina Deltier whined about the river, but was ignored now and at last was still. They watched the child on the desk, waiting.

"I'll sit down now, if you will," Melodie said. "It hurts to stand up for too long, though it won't when I'm used to it." But she sat on the edge of the desk where, after they had lined themselves on the benches, they still had to look up to her.

Her face crinkled in concentration for a moment, as it had in the station wagon when she had told Doctor Jourdan about the village. "You know how I got hurt," she began, "and how my aunt took me to the city. Well, when I got there. . . ."

It was nearly dark when the rain stopped, and altogether dark by the time the river subsided enough to permit a safe crossing. By then, more than Doctor Jourdan and Madame Vernet waited at the bridge. Martin had come, and the parents of the children at the school.

Doctor Jourdan would have crossed first when the bridge seemed safe, but Martin restrained her. "Me," he said and would not listen to her protests. The planks held him. From the other side he beckoned with a lantern. But Doctor Jourdan, when she reached him, took the lantern from his hand and led the procession up the path.

There were lamps at the school, yellowing the windows and thrusting lanes of light across the sodden yard; and as the doctor marched along the light-path, from the open doorway she heard the children's voices as before. But they were joined in song now, not in recitation. The song was one she taught her own children at the school in the city.

She halted, lifting a hand to halt the procession of parents behind her. She put her lantern down and took the hands of Melodie's aunt. "Come," she said.

Drawing the woman with her, she advanced toward the doorway until they could look in. The child sat on a desk at the front of the room, swinging her arms as she led the singing, swinging her legs too—perhaps without knowing she did so. Every eye in the room was on her, and every voice soared with hers—even the voice of Tina Deltier.

The song came to an end. Laughter rang like bells in the room. "Teach us another, Melodie!"

"The one about the parrot, Melodie!"

"Let's do them all again!"

At Doctor Jourdan's side, Madame Vernet whispered in a voice of awe, "I can't believe it."

"Can't you?" The doctor smiled. "I can—easily. In fact, I expected it." Triumphantly she turned, beckoning the parents forward. And when they had looked awhile and listened, she moved to the side of M'sieu Deltier, the magistrate.

"Well, m'sieu," she said, "shall I take her back to the city with me? Would the children let me, do you think? Would their parents?"

He looked at her in silence for a moment, then frowned at his daughter. His daughter had a shrill voice, but it was shrill now in song. He turned his head to gaze at the child on the desk.

Doctor Jourdan reached for his hand. "Please," she said. "There is so much suffering, and such a need for love. Be kind, m'sieu, and go to her. She has suffered too."

The magistrate said nothing, but lowered his gaze and let his hand stay in hers. Gently then, through the crowd of watching parents, Doctor Jourdan drew him over the threshold, into the sound of singing. THE END

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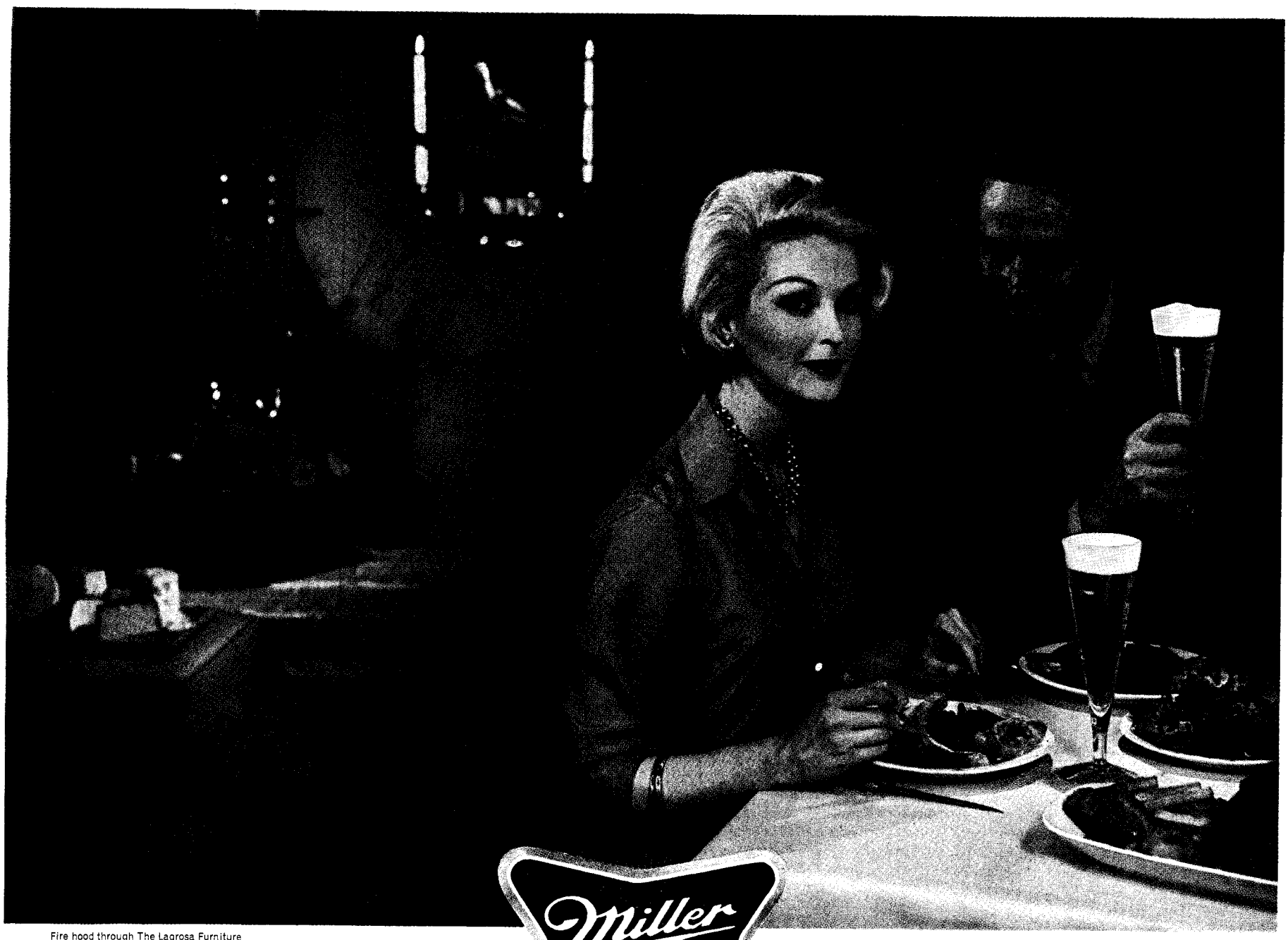

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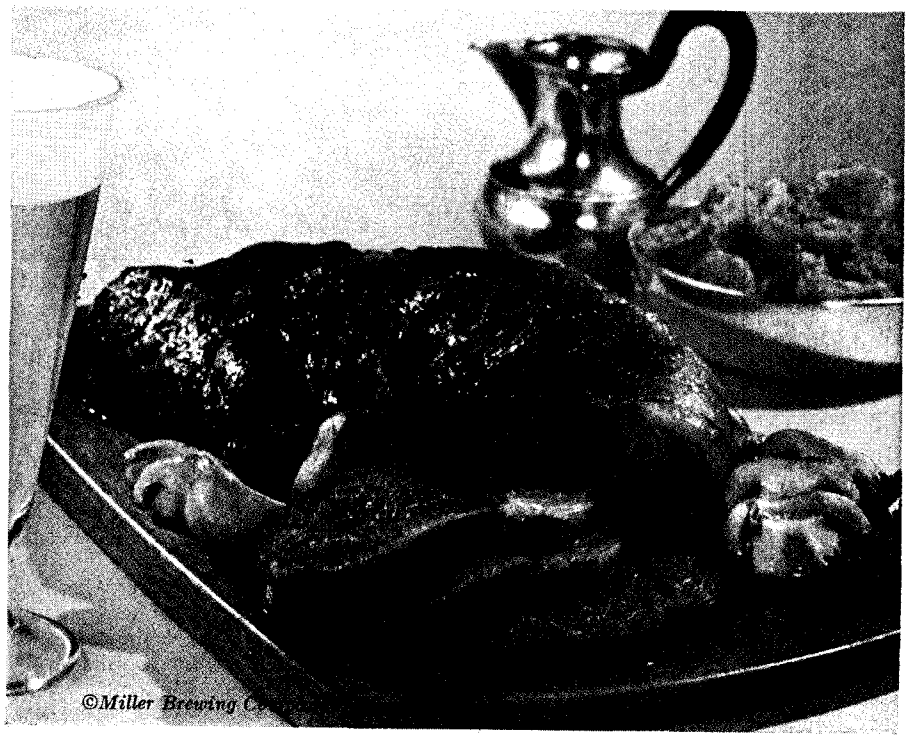

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The Shape of Death (Continued from Page 28)

name!" the magistrate had said. "Guilty of theft!" And there were tears in his voice because he was an old man and it hurt him to the soul to punish a white man for anything. But to steal a sheep is terrible. And not even for money! Simply to waste it on a feast for skellums! "Sergeant du Toit, what can you say for him?"

"Nothing," the sergeant had said. "He is a disgrace to his family and to this district. He needs a lesson. A lesson that will be an example to others as well." A lesson to Bikke Malan and Karel Brandt and Dol Pereira. And to Marijke de Wet too, for the matter of that. They were all of a likeness. It was only accident that Andries had been caught and not the others. But a good accident, because he was the worst. With him gone from the district the others might listen to reason, give up their idleness, grow into respectable people like their parents. And so the magistrate gave Andries a lesson. Six months in Pretoria jail. Andries pushed back the hair from his forehead and made a sad, self-mocking face.

"Will they let me keep my guitar in the *tronk?*" he said. Nobody answered him, and the sergeant wheeled him away out of the little, stuffy, corrugated-iron courthouse into the blinding sunlight.

Andries and the sergeant and Hendrik the storekeeper, whose sheep had made the feast, standing alone for a moment in the golden stillness on the steps of the little courthouse. A scatter of tin-roofed houses in front of them, a few green trees, and beyond them and around them the wide, empty, sunburned wilderness of the Transvaal.

"Come," the sergeant said impatiently. But Andries didn't move. As if he was waiting. And suddenly from the far end of the dusty street someone came running. Little and brown, in a flap and clatter of rubbish, fur cap askew, bow on back, old tin banging at his waist. He flung himself down by Andries' feet and rocked and cried.

"My *baas*," he whimpered. "Who will be kind to me when you are gone?"

Andries smiled sadly at him. "All will come right, my Abraham," he said. "Miss Marijke will give you food, and six months is not forever."

"Come," the sergeant said again and gripped Andries by the arm. They went down the street toward the white police post, and the Bushman lay in the road and covered his head with dust.

Marijke de Wet waited for the dark to say good-by. She went stealing to the back of the police post, dragged an empty gasoline drum to the wall and climbed up until she could put her face between the bars of the one high window of the one cell.

"Andries," she whispered.

He pulled himself up by his hands, gripping the bars. "Wait for me," he breathed. "Swear that you'll wait for me." For answer she put her mouth against his cheek, found his mouth.

"Oh, my sorrow," she whispered. "Oh, my loved one."

And they kissed in the darkness, tasting the iron of the bars in their kisses, until he could hold his grip no longer. That was their good-by. The next day two police came in a truck to start him on his journey to Pretoria. And two nights later Hendrik van Niekerk had his best shoes cleaned three times over before he was satisfied, and took a jar of melon jam, a tin of cookies and a tin of tobacco and went to call on the de Wets.

He walked heavily, because he was a heavy man. And slowly, because he had decided an important thing. He would ask for Marijke de Wet in marriage. Not tonight, of course. But what he was doing was the first, unmistakable, irreversible step. And he knew that it was mad. The de Wets were poor. Old *Vrouw* de Wet was Portuguese, a Pereira and aunt to Dol Pereira, the skellum. Bad blood. No money. And yet he was doing it. And in his slow hard mind he was still wondering why. But in his heart he knew. Because of the lift of her head and the litheness of her step. Because of the suppleness of her narrow waist and the fullness of her breast under her cheap cotton dress. Because of the white fineness of her throat. Because of her voice that was like warm honey. It would caress a man like the breast of a bird against the lids of his eyes. She would warm his house. And with marriage to a decent man the wildness would go out of her.

Hendrik checked his step for a moment as that thought came to him. Would it go out of her? Then he opened his hand in front of him, like a wooden paddle, and smiled. And if the weight of a husband's hand was not enough, then a length of rattan cane perhaps. The wildness would go out of her. He went on and up the steps of the de Wets' house. The jam for *Vrouw* de Wet, fat and smiling, her hair still black as the wing of a bird, her face still handsome, her mother's heart already sending out the smallest seedling of hope that the storekeeper might have marriage in his thoughts. The tobacco for old Jan de Wet, who took it gravely, complimenting Hendrik on the fineness of the tin, the aroma of the dark gold tobacco, the smoothness of its flavor. And lastly, as her mother drew her, reluctant, onto the stoep, the cookies for Marijke.

She took them sullenly, with only a mutter of thanks.

"*Ja?*" said her father. "Is that the way to thank Uncle Hendrik for his fine gift." All grown white men are uncle to all white children. But Marijke was not a child. And Hendrik did not wish to be her uncle.

"Just call me Hendrik," he said, flushing very slightly. But she called him nothing—only crouched on a riempie stool as far from him as her mother would allow her to get and slipped away as soon as the chance came. But for this first time no one minded. Shyness is good in a wife.

"I am glad that skellum Andries is gone," Hendrik said. "He was a bad influence on many."

"*Ja,*" said old Jan, smoking his tobacco. *Vrouw* de Wet brought peach brandy, and some of the jam in a dish.

"It will be best if he does not come back," said Hendrik.

"*Ja,*" answered Jan.

"But at least it will be six months. Or four and a half if he behaves himself and is given his quarter remission of sentence."

"Four and a half," said Jan thoughtfully. He looked sideways at the shadowy yard where Marijke had disappeared. "*Ja.* Four and a half months. Much can happen in four and a half months."

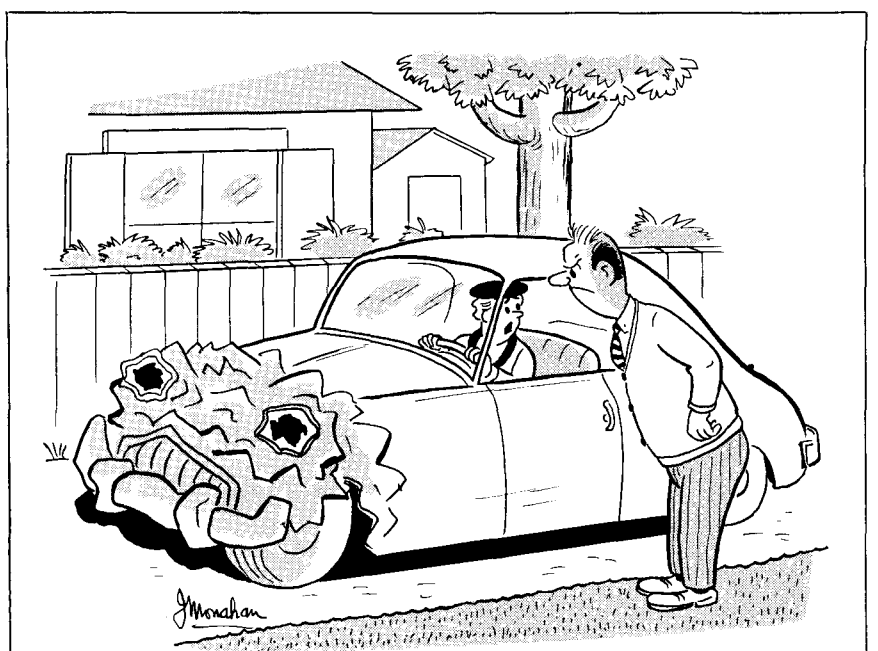
"Much," said Hendrik. And Sunday after Sunday he came to the de Wets with small gifts and heavy, certain mind, until Marijke lay like a netted bird between the pressures of her father and her mother and the storekeeper. She was sent to buy things from the store, and he served her with his own hands. Pressed a cookie on her while she waited. Brushed against her as he moved. Touched her hands as he put a small parcel into them. And without knowing it ran the tip of his thick tongue along his wet lips when he looked at her. *Allemagtig!* What a woman she would make, what a *vrouw*, when she was fattened up, quieted down.

After two months he spoke of it to old Jan openly. And old Jan nodded slowly over his tobacco, concealing his pleasure. A week later he spoke of it to *Vrouw* de Wet, and she cried and kissed him, smelling of garlic, which he hated. But he put up with it. And a month after that, when her parents had had time to prepare her, he spoke of it to Marijke.

"You are almost a grown woman, Marijke," he began. She looked at him with hunted eyes. "You must already be thinking that one day you will take a husband?" She said nothing. Only shrank back into the darkness of the stoep. He rested his heavy red hands on his thick knees, ran his tongue along his lips, peered at her. "Have you guessed why I come here each Sunday evening?"

"To torture me," she whispered, her body trembling.

He lifted his hands and laughed, a shade put out. Women were queer cattle and never queerer than in marriage matters. "That is a strange word to say," he said. "Come here to me." And as if he had hypnotized her she came very slowly toward him on her knees, as if she were already his slave. She felt a terrible heaviness on her mind and heart, on her body; chained, helpless. Who would help her? Who would protect her from him? She came to him slowly, inch by inch, while



"Everything I do lately seems to irritate you!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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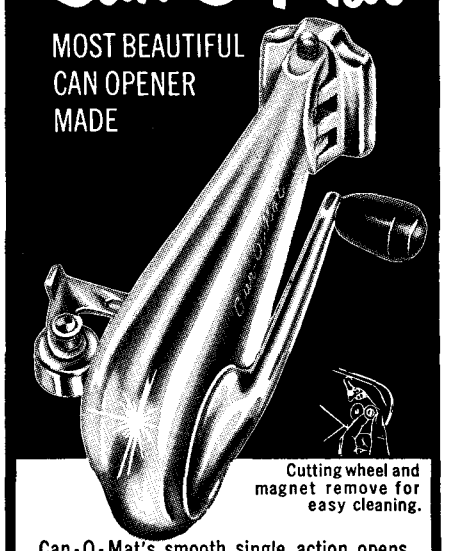

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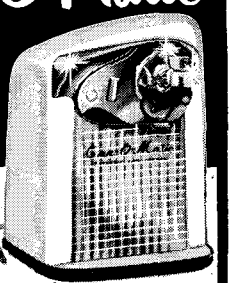

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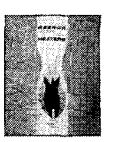

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his great hands waited for her on his fat thighs.

"Come here!" he whispered, and his heart beat to see her coming. Her hair dark as the darkness. Her face white. Her body full of mysteries, pliant and bending. His red tongue flickered like a lizard darting between pink stones. When she was near enough he took her wrists, pulled her to his knees. "Now do you know why I come?" he whispered hoarsely, his breath hot on her face.

She flung back her head, tried to wrench her thin wrists from his hands. "Mamma!" she screamed, and in the house old *Vrouw* de Wet smiled and nodded, caressing her bosom, tears of maternal joy running down her fat cheeks. And Hendrik took his kiss. His first taste of the jam that he was buying. "*Allemagtig!*" he whispered when he had drawn back his mouth from her frenzied, desperately twisting face. "*Allemagtig!*" He left then, unable to compose his heart in front of her, and she lay on the stoep sobbing until her mother came to her, lifted her up, drew her into the house with crooning words and caresses.

A month later they set the wedding day. Not with any consent of Marijke's, but that was given for her by her smiling parents, who understood her shyness, overwhelmed by such a splendid man as Hendrik. And how could she speak to her father of Andries, who was white-faced in jail five hundred miles away? The marriage was to be soon. Almost as soon as Hendrik could order wedding things from Johannesburg. Each day fell on her like the heavy link of a chain. She lay for long hours on her bed, not even crying, only staring at the dark and remembering the horror of that first kiss of Hendrik's, the strength of his hands.

She was lying like that when she heard the singing, stealing softly to her out of the night, like memory, like forgotten happiness. She seemed to lie for a long time listening to it before she realized that it was Andries. Come back. She left the bed in one smooth coil of litheness. Through the shadowy kitchen in her bare feet; through the back yard, her hair flying like a dark cloud on the wind of her running; between the little houses, the dusty gardens. Her heart pounding, her breath sobbing. "Andries! Andries!"

He heard her coming, played for her, the music thrumming, beating, lifting, faster, faster. Rose up to his feet as she flew toward him, his dark hair falling across his pale forehead, pale from the months between stone walls; ran his fingers in one last sweep across the strings and flung out his arms for her.

"Marijke!"

The others came softly. Karel. Bikke. Dol Pereira. Abraham the little Bushman. They grinned awkwardly, seeing Marijke in Andries' arms. Clapped him on the shoulders, spat on the ground to hide their feelings. At least the white men did. Abraham stayed back in the shadows, his tongue clicking as he crooned lost Bushman praises to himself. He was the only Bushman for far, far around, and he had no one to speak his language to. After a little while Andries called to him.

A man is thankful when his lean years are over; his wife, if hers are ahead.
JOHN C. VIVIAN

"Abraham, come!" The small brown man came, his lips splitting with his smile. "Did the *meisje* feed you while I was away?" For answer Abraham smiled wider still, patted his unwrinkled stomach with a wrinkled hand, did a little dance of joy. For ten, twenty, fifty thousand years his people had made that little dance in joy for food. Andries sank down on his heels, took his guitar again, thought above the strings. The others sat, waited. Abraham drew back again into the darker shadows of the trees.

"I will tell you of the *tronk*," said Andries, crooning softly. "I will tell you of the stones." His fingers touched the strings, woke the music, made such sadness in the night that Marijke cried and reached out her hands to be sure that he was there, that he was free, that the stones were gone.

"Small the sky above the prison," Andries sang. "Lost, the wind. The croaking of the frogs is stilled. Stilled in the darkness. By the stones." He smiled as he sang, bent his head, his dark hair falling. Marijke touched it with her hands, caressed his forehead.

"*Eh-eh!*" cried Dol. "That is too sad a song for a welcome. Sing of gladness."

Andries smiled again, swept the strings faster, softer, quieter, looked at Marijke. "Kiss me," he whispered. "Kiss me."

"*Ahi!*" cried Marijke. Came to her feet. Curved up her arms, bent her dark head, clicked her fingers like small pistol shots, began to dance. Swept round the narrow circle of them with lithe, swift steps, stilled, flung her head, danced again. Danced in joy for her lover under the moon, and the music lifted, and the people of the dorp heard with their faces darkened and thought of their sheep. Hendrik van Niekerk stepped out of his store, his face hard. Sergeant du Toit buttoned the top button of his tunic,

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closed the door of the police post behind him, began walking up the street with a heavy, angered tread.

Hendrik came to the thorn trees first. He stopped just out of their sight for a minute, staring, while the anger rose in him like flood water in the Orange River, thick and heavy. He saw her dancing. Saw her face in the light of the moon. Like ivory laughter. Joy itself. And the joy was a stab in his heart. The music came to an end, and she sank down on her knees in front of Andries, looking into his eyes. And Hendrik remembered the time she had been on her knees before him. She had not looked like this, that time; her face alight, her eyes like drowned stars.

"Kiss me," she was whispering. And Andries bent forward, kissed her on her lips. Ten yards away from them Hendrik held his hands to his chest as if his heart were bursting out of it. Groaned in his throat and flung himself forward into the circle, knocking Dol to one side and Bikke to another with his great knees, his hands groping blindly to grip hold of Marijke.

"Marijke!" he shouted. His hands found her dress, dragged her upright, away from Andries. "She's mine!" he bellowed. "Mine!" And for a moment they were motionless, stunned into silence by his huge voice, his bull body, his great red face, his wide-planted legs as thick as trees. Then Dol came to his feet, and there was a flicker of his hand to his hip and the white gleam of a knife.

"Take your hands from my cousin," he whispered. Hendrik swung on him, dropped Marijke like a sack and hit Dol full in the face, like the butt of a bull. Dol straightened as if he had been shot, blood starting from him, and Hendrik hit him in the body under the heart, once, twice. Dol folded over, the knife falling from his hand, his eyes turning upward as if he were dead. He fell on the sand and was quite still.

"Who else?" said Hendrik.

"Me," said Andries. He had no chance against Hendrik. No chance at all. But he stood up and put his guitar to one side out of harm's way.

"This I shall enjoy," said Hendrik, crouching, fists belt high—while Andries waited, thin as a springbok against a buffalo. Andries suddenly stiffened, stepped back, wiped his hand across his pale face.

"What's this?" came Sergeant du Toit's voice. "Hendrik! Are they attacking you?" His boots crunched the sand as he ran up. He looked down at Dol and smiled. Saw the knife where it lay and picked it up, the smile fading. "Did they try and use this, Hendrik?"

"*Ja*, Cornelis," said Hendrik. "That skellum there ——" He prodded Dol with his foot, and Dol groaned and lay on his back. Marijke had crept to him, and now she smoothed his face with her hands, staring up at Hendrik, at Cornelis du Toit the sergeant, her eyes dark with hatred.

"What has been happening?" said the sergeant.

"Just a singsong," said Andries. "A homecoming party." He looked down at Dol, at Marijke. "But it seems to be over."

"Better if you had not come home," said the sergeant. "We have no room for wastrels here."

"I shall not stay," said Andries. "I came back only for one thing ——" He looked at Marijke. From beside him Karel Brandt had faded backwards into the darkness. Bikke Malan stepped sideways from the sergeant, shuffled his feet and suddenly turned and ran. A long way off there was the soft clashing of the Bushman's water tin, beating against his vaist as he loped away. Andries spread his hands, smiled. "I will be gone tomorrow."

"Alone," said Hendrik harshly. He had gripped Marijke again, drawn her up from her cousin Dol and now she stood like a prisoner between Hendrik and the sergeant. Andries bent his head.

"I will speak to this skellum in the morning about his knife," said the sergeant. He kicked Dol not very gently in the stomach and turned away.

"Come," said Hendrik to Marijke. "Your father will have a word to say about all this. You should be whipped."

She went with him by force, her arm gripped above the elbow, but looking back over her shoulder at Andries. She called out to him in Portuguese, as if she was appealing to him to be saved. But he only stood, half lost already among the shadows of the trees. She called out again, and Hendrik shook her roughly.

"Stop that baboon's chatter," he said. They stopped short of the de Wets' house, and the sergeant went on.

"Now," said Hendrik. He swung her round to face him, gripped both her arms. Her face was paper white, her eyes like dead coals. And yet so beautiful that all that he had been going to say died in Hendrik's throat, and there was only passion there, like the hunger of a starving man. "Almighty God," he whispered hoarsely. He crushed her body against his, found her mouth with his mouth, forced her lips apart. Like wild honey mixed with wine. And then such pain as he had never known in all his life. Stinging, searing, burning his mouth alive. She had bitten through his lower lip until her teeth met.

"A-a-a-ah!" he screamed, and she was gone out of his hands in a flash, running for her life for the steps of her father's

beauty set in type

UNDER COVER
By BERNARDIN
THE NAMES OF HORSES
By MINNIE HITE MOODY
Once in a while, in certain blends of weather,
Trapped in deep traffic's throbbing wilderness,
Past fins and chrome, the
sweet sound of
GEM OF A WARDROBE
picnicked. They swam.
They danced under
Does she
pretty
Boyhood chaos has its own order.
By BENJAMIN SPOCK, M.D.
50 YEARS AGO IN THE JOURNAL
In September, 1910, school childr
were busy memorizing a new poem
Rudyard Kipling's If. Only eigh
writers in America were paid as hig
as $1000 for a short story. Victo
Herbert wrote Naughty Marietta wit
its wonderful songs, Ah, Sweet Mys
tery of Life! and I'm Falling in Lo
With Someone. Women's skirts
URNA
bout town
It was an evening of
experiences. She cou
and dread—one, but
was quite, quite diffe
Upst
OUNTY
FROM OUR
TCHEN
By ELSIE MASTERTON
Yes. It's
ew York. She's why I dash back and
ortunately I've an extraordinary housekeeper
Beauty is power; a smile is its sword.
CHARLES READE
who's been with us for years and she tak
wonderful care of Julia. I'd like to have
with me more, but I can when she's olde
"You're carrying a big load."
"Not too big," said Clare and suddenly
tired and comforted.
I'll see you while you're in
my wife
JOU
For Fall Fashion

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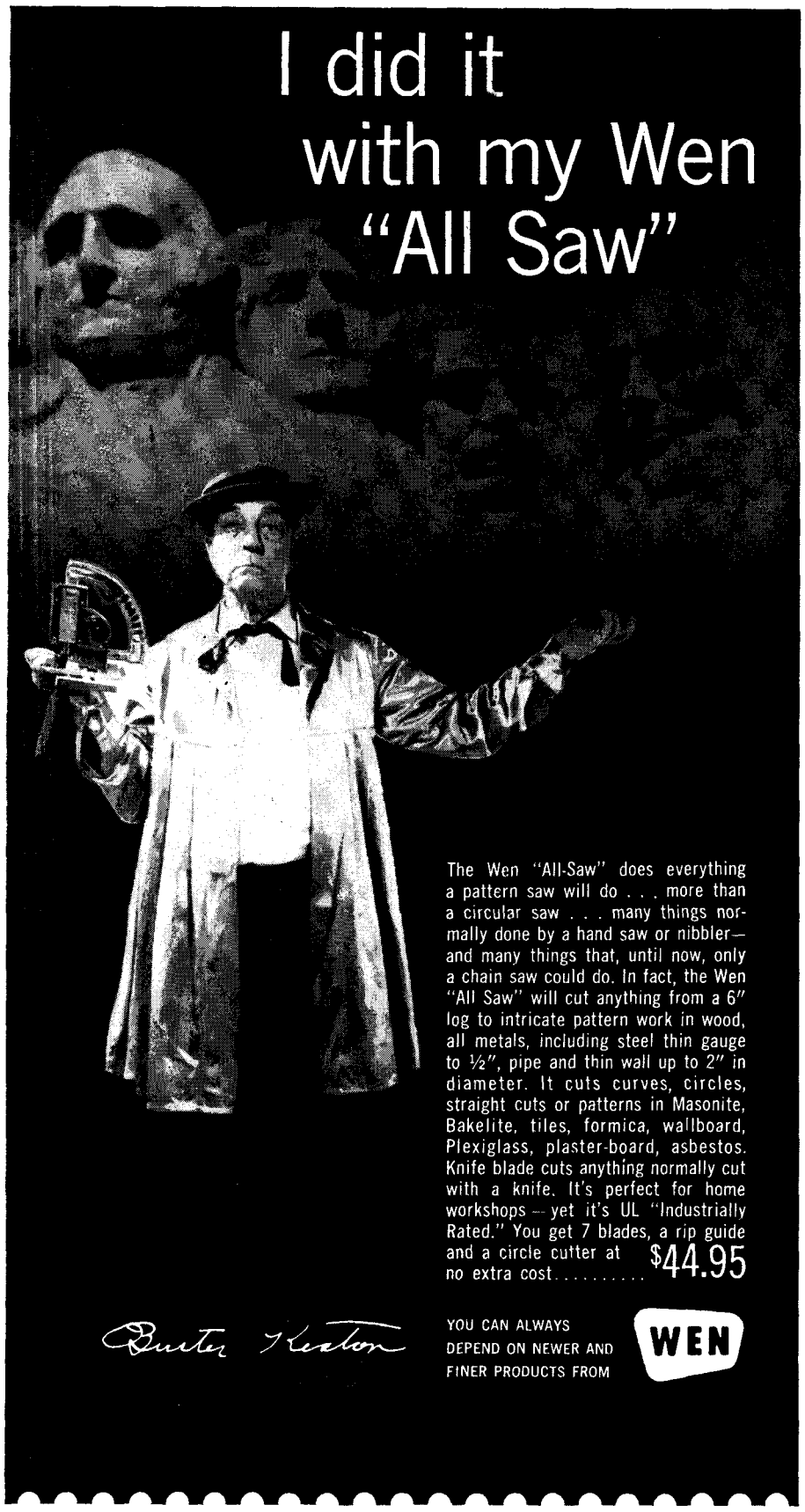
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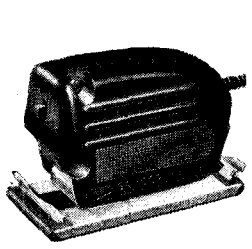

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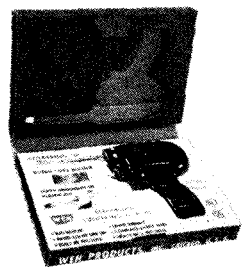

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WEN

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house. Behind her Hendrik sank down on his knees in the road. He put his hands to his face, shook his great head and bellowed with the agony. People came running, old Jan, neighbors, Sergeant du Toit, to stand round him in an astonished circle.

"Go away," Hendrik groaned at their amazed faces. "Leave me alone." He held his hands to his bloody, swelling lip, trying to hide it. Turned, stumbled through the staring circle of men, ran toward the store, clumped up its steps into its darkness. "The devil!" he groaned through his teeth. "The she-devil!" He snatched down the sjambok that hung behind the door, brought its rhinoceros thong across the counter with a noise like a rifle shot. If it could be her back! He went into the kitchen, found a mirror, iodine, a linen towel, warm water in a kettle. He dabbed softly at the red wound of his mouth, unstoppered the iodine, clenched his teeth. He couldn't. Couldn't put that burning pain to his own flesh with his own hand. Yet would the wound poison? He washed the blood away, sweat breaking on his forehead as he touched cut flesh. He put the iodine back unused, made a pad of cotton, fastened it with tape to his lip. Then took a bottle of brandy and drank from its neck, careful that no drop should go near his lip. When he had had enough he sat down to still the trembling of his legs. The devil! The she-devil! As soon marry a spitting, clawing leopard out of the rocks. Yet without marrying there could be no revenge.

He went back into the front of the store, picked up the sjambok, flung it down again, went out of the house and ran to the de Wets'. He didn't know what he was going to do, what he wanted to do—except that it should be something that would break the devil in her for fifty years. He found old Jan on the stoep, smoking, three neighbors talking to him about Hendrik's strange behavior.

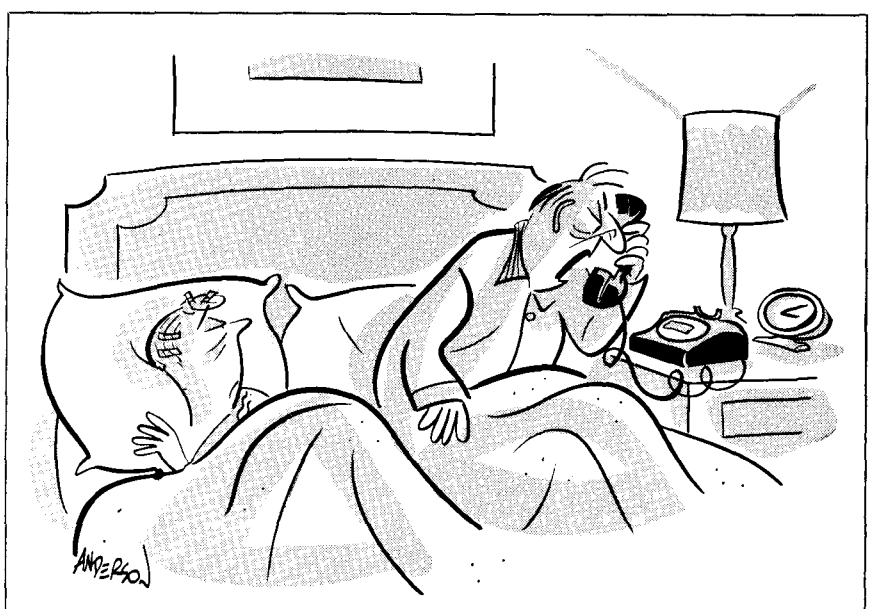
"Where is she?" Hendrik said harshly. But they couldn't understand his words because of the pad of bandage on his lip, and he shook his fists at them until they were sure that he had gone mad. "Whah shah?" was all they could hear and they stared at him in fright; huge, brick-faced, sweating with anger, blood welling from under the bloody cotton. He turned, kicked open the frame door, plunged into the house. Old *Vrouw* de Wet screamed at the sight of him as he crashed past her. There were only three doors to open. The big bedroom, with its wide brass bedstead. The kitchen. And the narrow darkness where Marijke must sleep. He burst into it, smashing its air of secret gentleness, of girlhood. He brought down his great hand onto the bed, preparing to grip cloth and flesh, to drag her onto the stoep, to —— His hand closed on nothingness. She was not there.

In the doorway behind him voices chattered. He swung on them, wanting to seize old Jan de Wet by the beard, shake him like a dassie until his neck broke. Behind the men *Vrouw* de Wet lifted a paraffin lamp with trembling hand, shining its light on the madman. And as the light dispelled the shadows, Hendrik saw—saw that Marijke was gone forever. From the way her few things were tumbled on the center of the floor: an old dress, a shoe, a childhood book; thrown down as she seized a small bundle of treasures. The pillow case gone from the pillow, to hold them in. The bedclothes dragged aside.

He stood unconscious of their voices, their questions, thinking. She had gone to Andries. But where? How could they travel from this place that was a hundred miles from anywhere? And as he wondered, he knew. The Pereiras' truck. They would borrow that. Dol would lend it to them. But they would have to reach it first. Three miles up the north road. Was that what they were planning when she shouted to Andries in Portuguese? He moved forward, seeing nothing but the north road, Marijke running, Andries with his arms held out to her, waiting. In front of him old Jan, *Vrouw* de Wet, the neighbors, scattered to one side and another. He went through the house, into the street and began to run.

Three miles. How long was she gone? Ten minutes? Carrying a bundle. Perhaps not thinking to be followed. He ran till the sweat oozed on his skin, flowed like oil, soaked his shirt. Each heavy shock of his boot on the road sending a fire of pain into his bloody mouth. A stitch like a knife in his ribs. His second wind. Running, running. And when he caught her, when she was under his hand —— He closed his fists in front of his chest, twisted them, grinned, and gasped as the wound in his lip split open. To have her under his hand!

And then he saw them. Three shadows on the road ahead, running, walking, running. Andries. Marijke. And a little behind them and to one side the Bushman, Abraham, loping, carrying a bundle as well as his own worn clatter of rubbish, his bow, his water tin. The clashing of the tin came softly back on the wind. Far ahead of them again there was a small



"Oh, that's all right. Any stupid, blundering, fatheaded nitwit could get a wrong number."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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square of yellow light in the darkness. A lamp in the Pereiras' window. And beside it would be the truck—the old, battered truck held together by string and curses. But very far ahead. And Hendrik was gaining on them with each stride.

Abraham heard him first. Called out to Andries, "My *baas*, my *baas*, someone coming fast." Andries looked back, caught at Marijke's sleeve, ran faster, until she stumbled and almost fell. Twenty yards behind them. Ten.

"Run on," shouted Andries, threw his guitar aside, slowed, while Marijke shot ahead. Five yards. Three. Hendrik gathered himself to jump, reached out his hands for Andries' shirt. And Andries dropped like a stone across his path, tripping him, sending him sprawling face down on the road. Andries rolled with the force of the impact, lost his breath, scrambled, flung himself on Hendrik, trying to slide his arms under his shoulders, behind his neck. But he was too late. Hendrik was already on his knees, shaking the pain out of his eyes, like a buffalo against a leopard. He tensed himself against Andries, stood up with Andries clinging to him, tried to hit him. But they were clasped too close. They swayed in the road, twisting, struggling until they were chest to chest, face against face, Andries locked to the bigger man, gripping him for life. He flung back his head.

"Run!" he shouted. "Run for the farm!" And gave Hendrik his chance. A hand under Andries' chin, forcing it back until the bones of his neck cracked. The big, splay fingers groping for Andries' eyes. Andries let go, hit Hendrik in the stomach, and then in the mouth, on his wound. And with that, Hendrik went mad. He leaped on Andries, smashed him to the ground, knelt on him, crashed his fists into Andries' face. Andries screamed, clawed at Hendrik's shirt.

"Skellum! Swine!" Hendrik shouted. Or tried to shout. But only a bellow of rage came. A scarlet curtain of blood spread over his eyes. He lifted his fist like a hammer, kneeling on Andries' stomach, crushing him, killing him, picking the place where he would smash him first. To kill him by inches. Andries the skellum, the singer, the wastrel, the stealer of Marijke. To kill, to kill. He shook off the light thing that seemed to resist his hand. Light. Nothing. And yet it made him look up for a second. To see Abraham, the little Bushman, holding something—drawing one hand back from the other. Drawing his small, ridiculous Bushman bow.

"*Baas* Hendrik," Abraham whispered, almost apologizing, shocked himself at what he was doing. "*Baas* Hendrik, stop."

"*Voetsak!*" Hendrik snarled. "Are you mad?" It came only as sounds, but Abraham understood. He pushed forward the arrow on his bow until its blackened tip was inches from Hendrik's eyes.

"This arrow is very poisoned, my *baas*. Bad, bad poison ——"

Hendrik knelt like a stone, his hand still lifted to strike, but frozen. Quite suddenly he felt that he was cold. Cold sweat on his back. On his face. A coldness in his loins. He looked at the arrow, at the tar-black smear on its stone tip that made a darker shadow in the moonlight. Under him Andries struggled, heaved, and the heaving threw Hendrik forward almost against the arrow point. He flinched and shuddered, remembering a big impala he had seen once up in the Kalahari, poisoned by a Bushman arrow. It had taken a long time to die. He shrank back, taking the weight of his knees from Andries.

"You wouldn't dare!" he whispered. The arrow followed him, still inches from his staring eyes. It would be very easy to reach out, to grip the Bushman by his skinny neck, strangle him. But easier still for the Bushman to loose the string of the bow, loose the arrow. Andries came to his feet, dragging air into his lungs, pushing back the dark hair from his forehead, bending forward to ease the pain where Hendrik had crushed his ribs.

"Run for the farm, my *baas!*" the Bushman called to him. "I will keep *Baas* Hendrik here till you come."

But already the truck was coughing, rattling toward them, driven by Dol, fetched by Marijke. It came in a stench of burned oil, grinding metal—halted. Andries went aside into the darkness, found his guitar where he had thrown it down, clambered into the truck beside Marijke and Dol.

"Come, Abraham. Up!" he shouted, and the small brown man backed away from Hendrik until he was beside the truck, the arrow still on the string. Then, swift as a monkey, he swung up into the body of the truck as the engine stammered, roared and the truck moved. It gained pace, swung in a wide circle into the veld, back onto the road. They could see Hendrik standing, his fists lifted; could hear his broken, shouting curses.

"*Ag!*" said Dol. "Abraham should have shot him. Where shall we go?"

"North," said Andries. He slid his guitar across his knees and touched the strings to see if they were hurt.

"North is big," said Dol.

"That's why," said Andries. The strings hummed and sang among the crashing noises of the ancient truck, whispered of love. Marijke laid her face against Andries' shoulder, slid her thin hand under his arm, held him close. The lights of the truck lighted up the long road ahead. A running buck jumped through the lights, from darkness into darkness. Behind them the dorp hummed like a nest of bees, gradually quieted, sank into sleep. Woke. Healed its respectability. Worked. Slept. Forgot. The singers, the wastrels had been cast out into darkness as should be done.

It was a long time before any in the dorp heard what had become of them. Five years. And then they didn't understand. "Paris?" said old Jan, reading the letter with wondering eyes through his steel spectacles. "A night club? *Allemagtig*, what is a night club?" But old *Vrouw* de Wet could not tell him. Only cry over her daughter's writing on the page, touch the enormous money order with bewildered fingers.

"We dance," the letter said, "and sing and play. Dances out of Africa. And I think that they love Abraham the best of all. We have been so very poor, and often hungry, it is strange to have become rich."

"The Mother of Heaven has cared for her," old *Vrouw* de Wet whispered.

"In Paris there is only sin," said her husband. "We must tell no one of this thing."

And if they had told, who in the dorp would have understood? How in that expensive cellar six thousand miles away the sounds of glass and silver hushed, voices stilled, as the lights softly lit the tiny stage; a man with dark hair falling across his pale forehead, touching the strings of his guitar so lightly that the music never woke from sleeping; dreamed of Africa, filled the shadows of the room with dreams; a girl dancing, while her cousin played strange music on the piano for her, haunting, lonely as the veld at night; and, perhaps most wonderful of all, a small brown man with a bow and a water tin and a cap made of fur, who danced small dances out of the beginning of time and thought that he had come to Paradise. THE END

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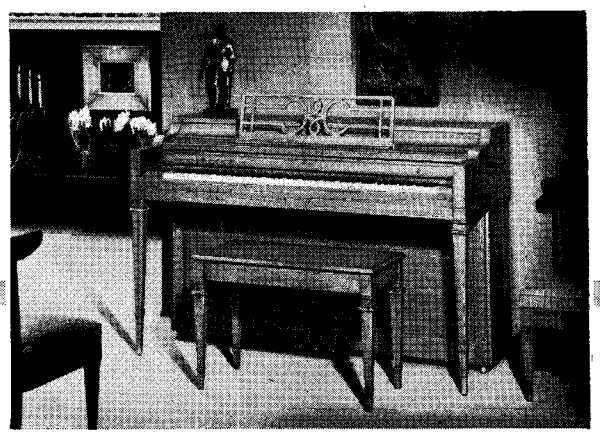
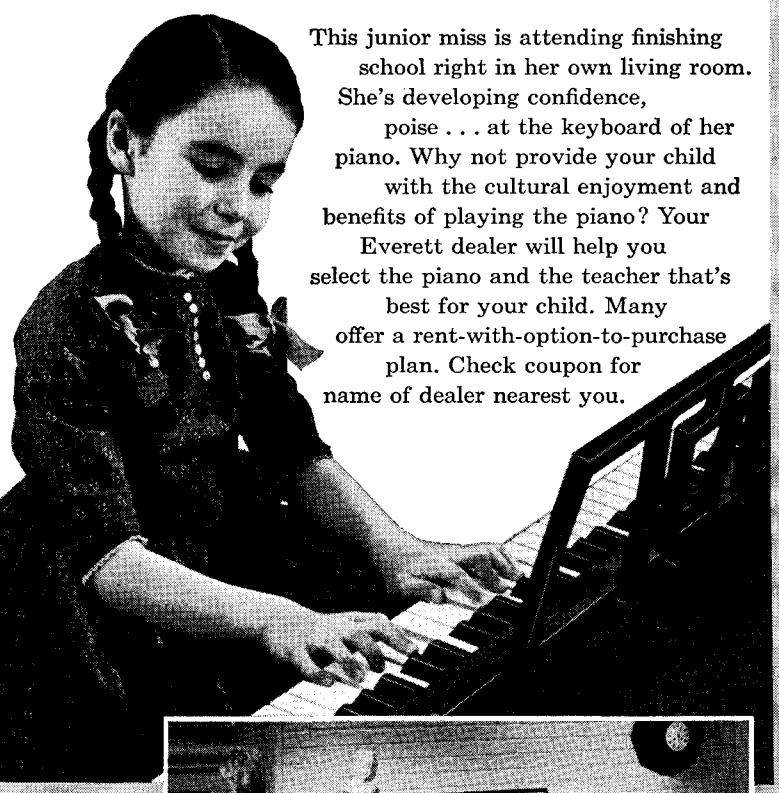


finishing school



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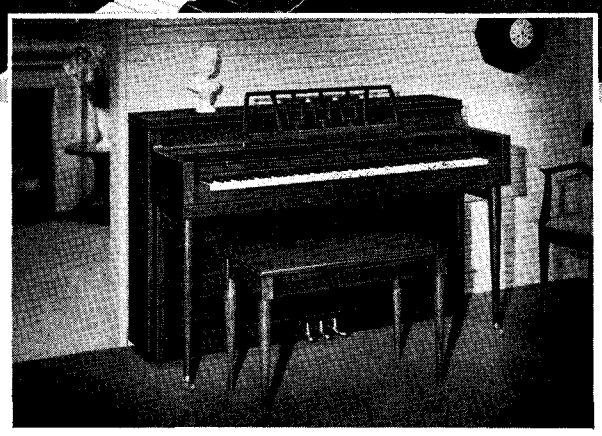

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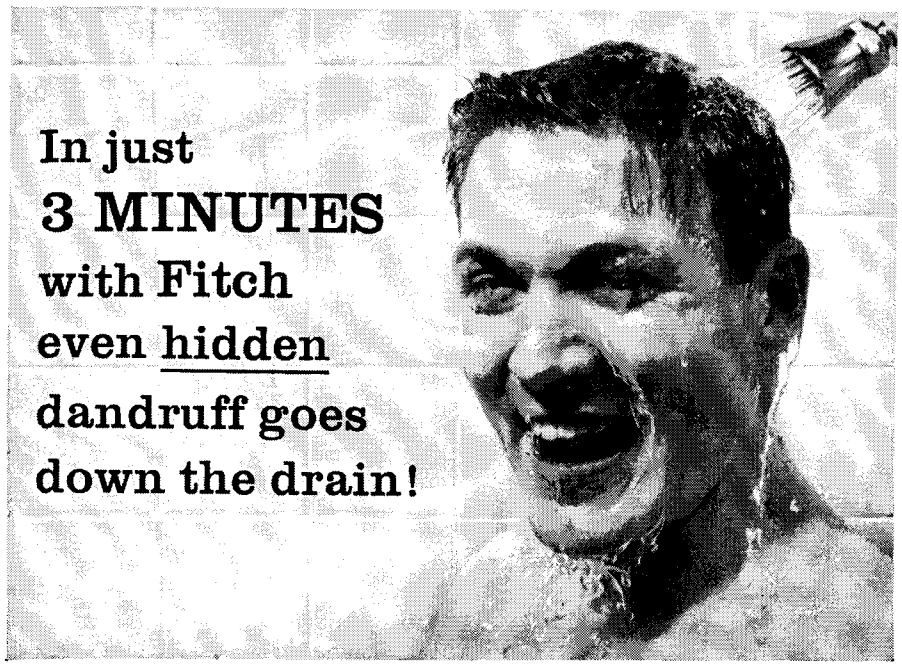

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The Great Factory Sweepstakes

(Continued from Page 34)

bypass every metropolitan area but Los Angeles, an exception because the Rocky Mountains isolate the Pacific Coast from cheaper centers of distribution. Through the years, 90 per cent of the sites chosen by the Fantus organization have been in towns with populations of less than 20,000.

In a country as vast and dynamic as the United States, one man cannot trigger the massive population shift disclosed recently by the 1960 census. The overwhelming majority of the nation's large cities lagged behind our over-all population increase of 18.6 per cent during the 1950's, a reversal of a century-old pattern directly related to the decentralization of industry. The trend would not have been affected in the slightest degree had Yaseen elected to pursue a career as a jazz pianist, but no one made a more accurate prognosis of the forces revamping the face of America.

Although the proper label for Yaseen's field is economic geography, he operates more like a sociologist. "The psychological climate of a community is the key factor in locating a plant because it exerts a strong influence on an employee's productivity," he explained at our first session. "Performance on the job reflects the satisfaction he derives from his work, and it's not always predicated on his pay. He may be better off in the long run earning less where the tempo of spending is slower than it is in a section with a higher wage scale. Here, look at this."

He produced a bulletin issued in June, 1960, by the United States Department of Labor giving the average weekly industrial salary by states. In North Carolina it was $61.29, in Indiana $100.23.

"Regional differences in status symbols and the size of the skilled labor force account for that tremendous wage spread," Yaseen went on. "A worker in Indiana is conditioned to a more sophisticated standard of living than a native North Carolinian holding a similar job. He demands more money to maintain a more expensive home and car. His family spends more on clothes, entertainment, vacations and personal services. The social rat race is a lot less intense in North Carolina. The relaxation of pressures promotes labor stability, the most important consideration to a manufacturer today because it's so hard to find.

"There are many technical elements in deciding on a factory site—transportation and power rates, state and local taxes, labor laws, availability of raw materials. Conditions vary so greatly with each industry that it's impossible to generalize about them. The one common factor in all situations is the labor force. Interpreting its attitudes is the toughest, but the most interesting, phase of an assignment."

Yaseen was asked to give a few typical gambits showing how he makes such evaluations.

"You can get a good idea of a town's tempo of spending by asking the owner of the leading department store the price range in which the majority of ladies' slips are sold. When workers' wives habitually buy top-quality merchandise, it's a danger signal to a prospective employer that wages are on a rising spiral. It's not unusual to find towns only thirty miles apart with conflicting shopping patterns. In one, cheaper goods are the best sellers. In the other, those items die on the shelf.

"A reliable tip-off on the character of a community is the number of traffic tickets handed out to transient drivers. Some small towns are notorious speed traps and impose stiff fines on tourists to cut down local taxes for schools and public services. A town that chisels on its responsibilities is infested with poor morale that invariably spreads to a plant.

"I also make it a policy to stay out of a place with a history of violence. We keep a record of disturbances in labor and race relations throughout the country. A quick way to find out whether an ugly situation has been corrected is to ask the mayor, 'What happened to so-and-so, that cop who beat up a picket here seven years ago?' A town that condones police brutality by keeping strong-arm goons on the force has little respect for life and property. I want no part of it."

Unforeseen headaches constantly plague location consultants—and their clients. Two years ago the Kenyon Instrument Company built a new branch at Brewster, New York, expecting to draw on a large pool of skilled labor in Danbury and Stamford, in nearby Connecticut. Workers rejected good jobs, however, refusing to pay the New York state income tax on their earnings. (Connecticut does not have a similar tax.) Kenyon raised wages twenty-five cents an hour above the going rates in Connecticut, an increase that more than compensated for the New York state assessment. The jobs are still going begging. The company has filled only 130 of the 200 positions needed for full production and has to farm out some operations to subcontractors, an expensive proposition that cuts heavily into profits.

> When you clean out your rain gutters, you discover why your newspaper boy didn't make the baseball team.
>
> JOHN W. MAXSON JR.

"It's fortunate we didn't have the Kenyon account because I might not have anticipated such violent opposition to the tax," Yaseen admits. "New Englanders evidently can be awfully stubborn when they get riled up over a principle. When we case an area near a state line now, we do a double check to make sure we don't get caught in the same jam."

All sorts of new complications in plant location are posed by the increasing preference for female employees in many manufacturing processes. Women have more manual dexterity than men in making and assembling small parts, and they bear up better under monotonous jobs involving simple, repetitive skills. Then, the women's wage scale generally is lower than the men's, despite state laws designed to end such discrimination.

Special requirements necessary to hold women workers rule out sites that ordinarily are thoroughly acceptable. The girls will not stick to a job unless it is near a shopping center where they can browse to their hearts' content during lunch periods. Since national prosperity has not yet put two cars in every working family's garage, a factory with a large complement of women must be on a public-transportation system. The trickiest qualification is the surrounding neighborhood.

"Women are understandably afraid to walk through slums, but their emotional reaction is just as strong if they see evidence of luxurious living on their way to work," Yaseen comments. "Every woman who takes a factory job has to supplement her family's income. She accepts the situation as long as (*Continued on Page 144*)

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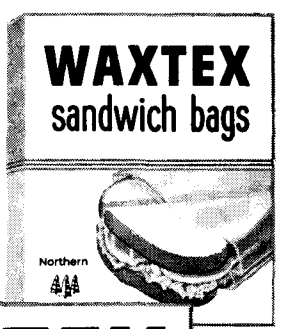
"My brother goes to school on a yellow bus. So Mother puts his sandwiches in Waxtex Sandwich Bags. But not milk. He takes pennies. If he brings a sandwich home, it's still fresh in Waxtex. So I eat it—if it's jelly."



Northern Waxtex is another fine product of American Can Company

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(*Continued from Page 142*) she isn't reminded daily that there are women in a more enviable position. Passing their comfortable homes arouses her subconscious resentment of wives who can sleep late and live it up socially, and she transfers her hostility to her job. Morale always is better when the approach to a plant is through a respectable, low-income neighborhood."

An expatriate out of touch with the American scene since World War II could catch up on the social and economic trends that have effected enormously significant changes in the country by reviewing the developments in Yaseen's field. He graphically illustrated the highlights on a map in his New York office by placing the heel of his hand on the New England states, with his outstretched fingers pointing south and west.

"Forty years ago half the population and more than three quarters of our industry were concentrated in the sixteen states covered by the palm of my hand," Yaseen said. "The northeastern sector bounded by Illinois and Wisconsin and extending due east to the Atlantic Ocean was the traditional manufacturing belt. In those days executives thought you were crazy if you suggested building a factory elsewhere. They argued that virtually all the skilled labor and the bulk of the purchasing power was in the traditional belt, a view that prevailed until the end of the Second World War.

"You know what happened then. Housing shortages in metropolitan centers, the exploding birth rate and returning servicemen looking for new opportunities touched off a mass movement of people. They could expand only in the direction of my fingers toward the peripheries of the country—to Florida, Texas and the West Coast. Industry had to follow consumers when drastic increases in distribution costs made it uneconomic to ship products from the Northeast.

"As a result, the West and South now employ as many industrial workers as the traditional belt. New markets have been created in rural areas that were exclusively agricultural only ten years ago. That, in a nutshell, is the story of decentralization of industry."

How can recently industrialized sections meet the demand for competent labor, the critical factor mentioned earlier by Yaseen?

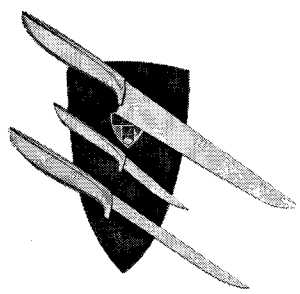
"I need another nutshell," he conceded. "Automation and more efficient machinery have simplified the problem. A good deal of the equipment in modern plants can be operated by semiskilled workers with a few months of training. The blunt truth is that technological advances have superseded the old-time craftsmen who had to go through long (*Continued on Page 147*)

THESE DINING KNIVES *Cut Meat*

THEY DON'T JUST TEAR IT!

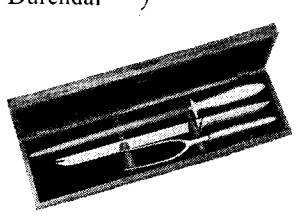
Before you go overboard for carving or dining knives that *tear meat* with their serrated edges, try a Gerber blade with a genuine *cutting* edge. The superior performance of Gerber blades well justifies the extra quality built into them. Wedge ground, from the finest flexible cutting steel known. Hard chrome plated by our Siegfried process, they stay permanently bright. Guaranteed for your lifetime.

Dining knives in solid walnut chests of 4, 6, 8 or 12. There are 19 sizes and shapes of Gerber blades in 15 set assortment and in individual walnut scabbards, wall placques and cardboard gift boxes—as impressive as they are useful.



Here is the Chef set. 3 of the most useful knives for amateur or pro—

French Snick
Pixie
Durendal } $25

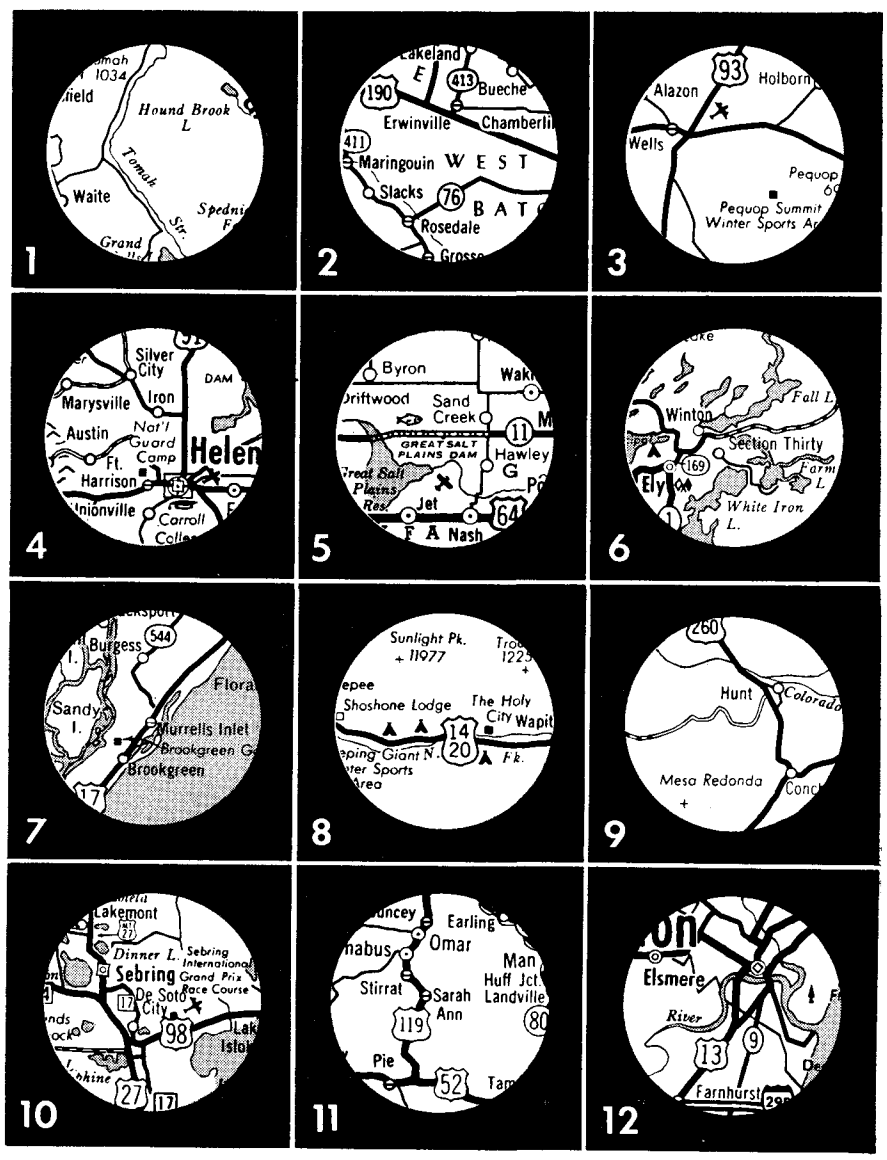


GSR Set $36.50

15 sets of assorted knives in chests of solid walnut. See your store or write for Selection Sheet.

GERBER Legendary BLADES

A Selection booklet will be mailed on request. Write Gerber, 1305 S. W. 12th Ave., Portland 1, Ore.



RAND MCNALLY & CO.

Where Do You Think You Are?

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the road map of a single state. There is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify the states? **Harley P. Cook**

(*Answers on Page 147*)

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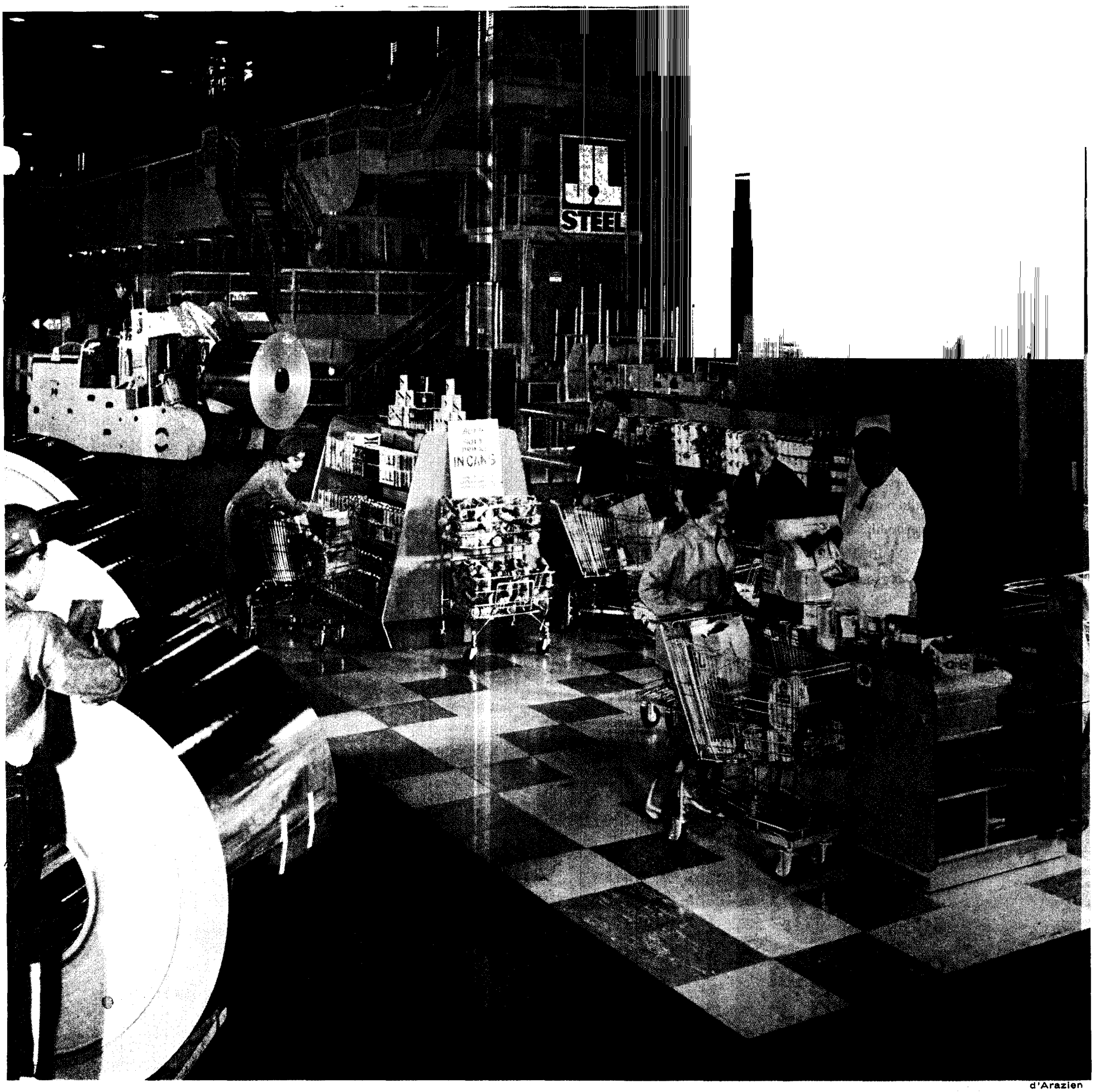

d'Arazien

SPECIAL TODAY— Steel and Soda

A critic once called America a "tin can civilization." We are proud of it. The 115,000,000 tin-plated steel cans we use each day help keep our standard of living high. Better nutrition, good grooming and more leisure result. From our most personal needs to the vital demands of national defense, we rely on the humble can and its strength of steel.

Newest, most exciting application for the new-old tin can is in the soft drink field where you "soda"-lovers demanded the fast cooling and easy storage and disposal of cans—and got it.

A salute to the tin can, which is actually 99 per cent steel, is doubly in order in 1960. Exactly 150 years ago Nicolas Appert, a sometime pickle maker, developed canning to keep Napoleon's armies "marching on their stomachs."

Coincidentally, 1960 also is an anniversary for Jones & Laughlin as it marks 50 years as a major producer of tin plate. The electrolytic tinning line pictured above with the make-believe supermarket imparts the coating of tin to steel, and is part of the more than $50 million investment in new facilities for this product at J&L's Aliquippa (Pa.) Works.

Meanwhile, Americans will continue to be delighted by more and more products—aerosols, exotic foods, individual snacks, and now even soft drinks—dependably protected in sturdy convenient steel cans.

Steel

This Steelmark identifies the better value of products made of steel—look for it when you buy.

Jones & Laughlin Steel Corporation
PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA

J&L STEEL

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Get ready for Fall Fun... Buy 3 Cocktail Cans ...and Save!

Just in time for Fall parties and family fun... Planters brings you a special sale on big, plump, Planters-perfect Virginia peanuts. So treat yourself to a shelf-full at the low three-can price! Be the hostess who never runs short of America's favorite high-protein snack. Only Planters Cocktail® Peanuts are FlavoRoasted to taste so-o-o good!

Planters Thrifti-Three Sale

Stock up on Vacuum Cans

Planters Nuts are always fresh, crisp and ready to serve.

Look for these other Thrifti-Three Specials

Planters Deluxe Mixed Nuts
Planters Fresh Salted Pecans
Planters Crisp Salted Almonds
Planters Regular Mixed Nuts
Planters Imported Salted Cashews

® Mr. Peanut

Planters® products are also made and sold in Canada

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(*Continued from Page 144*) apprenticeships to learn a wide range of skills.

"We'll be in a bad fix in a decade if vocational schools don't turn out more mechanics who really know their trades. In the last two generations the labor force has increased seventy-five per cent, but the ratio of skilled industrial workers has remained steady at about fourteen per cent. The trouble is that unskilled labor receives disproportionately high wages. There's no incentive today for a kid to spend four or five years learning to qualify as a tool and die maker at two dollars and seventy-five cents an hour when he gets two dollars and forty cents on a job he can knock off with one hand tied behind his back.

"There's a bright side to the picture, though. We've discovered that people with limited mechanical experience have much greater aptitude for acquiring skills than anyone ever suspected. Intricate techniques that once were confined to one small section, even one town, are popping up all over the place. Musical instruments and telephone switchboards are made in Mississippi, electric transformers in Georgia, precision meters in North Carolina, electronic devices in Florida and chemicals in Texas."

The $13,000,000,000 American industry spends annually on new plants and equipment has stimulated frantic competition for the payrolls that pump vitality into communities. No hamlet is too small to enter the great factory sweepstakes. The 2901 residents of Audubon, Iowa, in the heart of the corn belt, raised $50,000 in May to attract industry. Every state and practically every sizable town is pouring money into advertising and promotion campaigns beamed at manufacturers. Many offer astonishing inducements to push their bids.

Virginia has a special fund to build access roads from main highways to new plants. Madison County, Alabama, donates the use of its road-building equipment to grade and improve sites. North Carolina sacrificed $7,000,000 in annual revenue by slashing corporate income taxes in 1957, but has more than made up the deficit in receipts from new business. Innumerable towns underwrite the construction of factories and give tenants long-term leases at rock-bottom rentals.

A widely adopted measure that always interests a company is a municipally financed vocational program designed to its specific requirements for trained employees.

Classes are held during the day for high-school students and at night for adults already working at other jobs. Meridian, Mississippi, supports an outstanding curriculum that includes two free years of junior college for technicians and white-collar workers. Laurinburg High School, in North Carolina, prepares students for jobs with the Ingraham clock company; Radford, Virginia, specializes in draftsmen; Jackson, Mississippi, features courses in metalworking; a steady stream of pretrained employees has enabled the South to supplant New England as the center of the textile industry.

The deep South, surprisingly enough, is the most enterprising section in bidding for industry. "Business leaders know they started late in the race, but they're moving up fast and giving management fine cooperation," Yaseen says. "The Middle West is spotty, progressive in some places, backward in others. The Far West is showing initiative in maintaining the momentum of its rapid growth. The worst section is the East. New England has been jolted out of its complacency, but the big cities in other Northeastern states are doing little to check the dry rot that has been driving firms out of their industrial slums for the last twenty-five years."

Has the integration controversy deterred companies from moving to the South?

"It did for a while after the schools were closed in Little Rock three years ago, but no client has expressed any uneasiness over the situation in the last six months. Actually there have been few incidents between Negroes and whites working side by side. Now, I don't want to oversell industry's influence, but I think it's helping to solve the racial problem. We know that prejudice feeds on poverty and frustration. Segregationists are gradually moderating their attitudes as they see improved standards of living industry is bringing to the South."

The Fantus Company is a prime target, of course, for the blizzard of brochures turned out by local and regional publicity mills. The ads are cluttered with so many clichés and exaggerated claims that they generally land in the wastebasket. Some years ago Rockland County, New York, told employers its population of 70,000 assured an ample supply of labor. An analysis of the figures revealed that 11,000 residents were inmates of prisons and mental institutions. Fantus has such extensive, authoritative records it can paraphrase the old show-business gag and tell the propaganda boys, "Don't call us—we've got your number."

The Fantus offices in New York and Chicago are lined with filing cabinets containing surveys of every town in the United States with a population exceeding 2500. In each town's folder is a digest of its public-service facilities, educational system, labor background, tax and debt structure and the composition of its population. A cross index is kept on new markets and technical developments in 550 basic industries and the wage differentials and sources of materials in geographical areas. Another catalogue gives pertinent data on the major companies in every industry.

With that mass of information at his finger tips, Yaseen has picked from the files towns he never has seen as likely locations for plants. In 1953 the General Time Corporation retained Fantus to find a site for a clock factory. After studying the potentials of a dozen communities, Yaseen decided Athens, Georgia, was the best bet. The seat of Clarke County and the University of Georgia, Athens could draw workers from an untapped population of 200,000 in eight counties within a twenty-mile radius. The adjacent counties had been losing inhabitants since 1920, for an obvious reason. The largest factory in the area employed 461 workers. Young people had to pull up stakes and look for jobs elsewhere.

Yaseen made an unsolicited visit to Athens, and his first impression was disappointing. Homes were unpainted, the downtown center was deteriorating and civic pride was almost nonexistent. His dim view changed abruptly as soon as local officials and businessmen learned the purpose of his trip. Dr. Omar C. Aderhold, president of the university, volunteered to set up a vocational program. The Chamber of Commerce assured Yaseen full co-operation in clearing up any problems General Time might encounter.

The upshot was that Yaseen recommended Athens for the factory, and the town delivered so well on its promises that he subsequently advised Westinghouse Electric and Anaconda Wire and Cable to open plants there. The 2000 jobs created by the three companies underscore industry's revitalizing impact on a community. In six years Athens' population has jumped from 28,000 to 42,000, retail sales have increased 75 per cent, two medical centers have been built, school-bond issues of $1,250,000 have been approved, and the university has launched a $15,000,000 expansion program. Tupelo, Mississippi, was so grateful for its economic pickup that a street was renamed Fulton Drive in honor of Maurice Fulton, Yaseen's partner in Chicago.

A Fantus report generally takes four months of research and costs $20,000. The elaborate procedure begins with a company's executives answering questionnaires that reveal the special aspects of the business. The Fantus staff then decides whether a plant should be oriented toward labor, a market or raw materials. For example, the primary consideration for a machinery manufacturer is a pool of skilled labor, for a bottling plant it is proximity to a local market and for a paper mill it is sources of raw materials. Having narrowed the search to an area, the staff looks through the files for towns that match the client's requisites.

This screening is not as formidable as it appears, since 70 per cent of the towns listed are unsuitable for new industry by Yaseen's standards. He rules out communities near resorts (workers tend to quit for high-paying seasonal jobs) and ports (they attract migrants who disrupt the stability of a labor force). The suburbs of large cities also are avoided by Yaseen because their booming populations are comprised mainly of white-collar workers who refuse to take industrial jobs. In one out of every thirteen surveys a company is advised to remain where it is because the marginal advantages of another town do not justify the cost of moving.

When the field has been reduced to a half dozen or so possibilities, a crew of four men examines each remaining town's facilities—and, more importantly, its psychological climate. The appraisal is based on conversations with merchants, the appearance of homes and streets, the caliber of protective services, recreational programs for adolescents. The school budget gets close attention. If a town has been skimping on its per-capita expenditure for education, a new employer eventually will be soaked for a tax boost when classroom congestion becomes intolerable.

"I ask officials how they plan to cope with the heavy strain a new factory puts on housing, schools, hospitals and parking," says Clinton Hoch, a Fantus vice president. "If they can't give good answers, they're not ready for the factory."

The next step often is the pay-off. Established manufacturers are interviewed to get a cross section of their experiences and opinions of the town's attitude toward industry. "We assure them everything told us will be held in the strictest confidence, and they're surprisingly honest with us," Yaseen remarks. "Occasionally a guy paying substandard wages tries to scare off competition with distorted stories, but most people realize it's to their advantage to tell us the truth.

"The interviews give valuable hints of the treatment our client is likely to receive. A town recently was crossed off our list after a candy manufacturer told us it

Answers to

Where Do You Think You Are?

Page 144

1. Me.	2. La.	3. Nev.
4. Mont.	5. Okla.	6. Minn.
7. S.C.	8. Wyo.	9. Ariz.
10. Fla.	11. W. Va.	12. Del.

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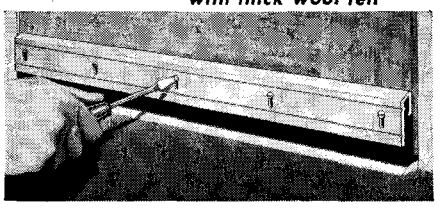
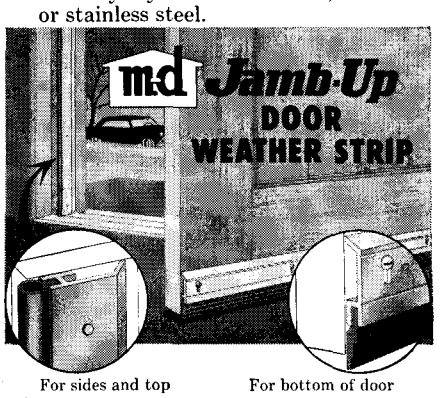


Keeps out drafts, dust and rain! Takes only a few minutes to apply. Smartly styled in aluminum, brass or stainless steel.



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End drafty doors with Jamb-Up. It's ideal for wood or metal doors, outside or connecting. Made of sturdy, extruded aluminum and durable vinyl. Seals door all the way 'round.

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reneged on a promise to pave a street outside his plant, then ignored complaints that dust was ruining his product. The man finally had to pave the street at his own expense. A company is bound to have trouble if a town does nothing about a legitimate gripe like that."

The final report runs 350 pages and is a group effort written by a battery of industrial engineers who hold postgraduate degrees in economics. Now and then a client opposes a recommendation, but the flat rejections of sites chosen by the Fantus staff can be counted on the fingers of one hand since Yaseen's first assignment.

That was in 1935, the depths of the depression, when manufacturers scrambling desperately to keep solvent had no time for a young nut peddling a ridiculous scheme for scientific selection of factory locations. Yaseen had been graduated from the University of Illinois with a degree in business administration, but he was more fascinated with earning a living as a jazz pianist. Life became real and earnest, however, when he married the daughter of Felix Fantus, an industrial-real-estate broker in Chicago, and he went with the outfit as a salesman. Fantus dabbled in the rudiments of plant location by directing manufacturers to suitable vacant buildings, and Yaseen suggested that his father-in-law charge a fee for his advice. Fantus doubted anyone would pay for the service, but Yaseen was so convinced the idea was sound that he struck out on his own in New York.

After canvassing the field for a year Yaseen finally was retained by the American Machine and Foundry Company to survey future sites. He survived another lean year by making a $5000 commission on the sale of a building in Waycross, Georgia, to a shoe company forced out of New York by rising costs. To occupy his time he tackled his first research project, a complete record of labor strikes and agitation in every town since 1917.

"That data led to the formulation of a basic policy," he says. "It taught me that what has happened in the past is likely to recur. Labor attitudes follow a pattern peculiar to a locality. A town with a history of unrest figures to give management a hard time."

Yaseen's surveys paid handsome dividends during World War II, when adequate sources of manpower, water and transportation were vital for all-out production. Felix Fantus tacitly admitted his earlier error by getting out of real estate and merging with his son-in-law. "The Fantus name was kept for prestige," Yaseen says, "but we gave up handling real estate, to maintain our complete objectivity. We believe a better job can be done for a client when you have no financial interest in a site."

The postwar boom gave added impetus to the techniques of economic geography. Many large corporations have their own departments scouting new locations, but the Fantus Company gets the lion's share of the work given to some sixty private consultants. Last spring the firm expanded its operations to Europe, with headquarters in Brussels.

There is an amusing conflict between Yaseen's personal preferences and his professional activity. A man of cosmopolitan tastes, he amiably admits he would go out of his mind if he lived and worked in the rural atmosphere he advocates for clients. He commutes daily between Larchmont, a suburb in Westchester County sometimes described as a split-level extension of Park Avenue with crab grass, to his office in the Empire State Building. Yaseen's restless drive does not permit him to settle down in one recreation, much less one place, for long. He takes impulsive whacks at tennis, golf, boating and jazz piano lessons with Teddy Wilson, who plays with Benny Goodman. Three years ago, when the merry-go-round palled on him, he took a trip around the world with his wife and grown children, Barbara and Roger. Their itinerary featured excursions to ancient cultural centers in the Far East well off the beaten tourist track.

"You're a confirmed big-city boy temperamentally," I observed. "Why are you so hipped on small towns for industry?"

"That's where management gets the best break," he retorted. "I want to make it clear I mean only in manufacturing. There's no question the excitement of a big city stimulates people in creative work. I've advised many publishers and service businesses against leaving New York and Chicago, but I wouldn't dream of putting a factory there or in any other metropolis.

"Too hard."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Look, a company doesn't go on my say-so and invest a couple of million dollars in a building a hundred miles from nowhere without proof that I'm right. Here it is."

He took a mimeographed sheet out of his desk comparing in twenty-two industries the sale value of products per payroll dollar expended in cities with populations of more than 500,000 and towns with less than 10,000 inhabitants. The figures showed that productivity is, on the average, 45 per cent higher in small towns. Just to cite a few examples, a worker in a rural pharmaceutical plant turns out products worth $4.89 for each dollar he receives in wages. In an urban plant a manufacturer gets a return of only $2.97 on the dollar. The comparative figures for plastics are $4.70 in small towns and $2.55 in large cities.

Location alone is not an automatic guarantee this huge differential will be obtained, however. Experience has taught Yaseen that some agonizing decisions must be made by employers when moving from big to small communities. The most difficult policy involves workers who have been with the company for a long time.

"I advise clients to leave them behind," Yaseen says. "I hate to draw this analogy, but it's a harsh fact that old personnel becomes obsolete like old machinery. Morale also suffers when outsiders with union seniority block the promotion of local people. Then, big-city attitudes often clash with rural customs. Right now, old, displaced workers can get jobs in urban areas, but it's not pleasant to think what will happen if there's a recession. I wish there were another solution to the problem."

Executives, surprisingly, are more amenable to shifts than factory workers. "Their salaries go so much farther in a small town that the added security is a compensation for being out of the thick of things," Yaseen explains. "Whenever there's dissatisfaction with a transfer, it usually can be traced to wives. Women don't adjust to the new environment as quickly as men. They miss the social and cultural refinements of urban living. They worry that their children won't get into Ivy League colleges from rural schools or make desirable marriages. In a family-owned business a wife's opposition can keep a factory in an unprofitable location."

Yaseen recently showed four brothers they could clear $1,000,000 more annually on a gross of $9,000,000 by moving from New York to the South. The brothers enthusiastically favored the shift. Their wives firmly vetoed the idea. The factory remained in New York.

Foibles of human nature are not the only booby traps in plant location. Failure to make exhaustive checks on physical conditions can lead to serious mistakes. In 1952 the United States Steel Corporation built the Fairless Works on the Delaware River at Morrisville, Pennsylvania, to receive iron ore shipped from Venezuela, thereby effecting tremendous savings on rail transportation costs. The forty-mile stretch of river above Philadelphia was not deep enough for heavily laden vessels, but the Government tentatively agreed to spend $55,000,000 for the necessary dredging.

Engineers found that saline seepage from the dredging would ruin the water supply of towns on the river. The project was abandoned—but the plant already was in construction. As a result, some ore has to be unloaded at Philadelphia so that the ships can negotiate the channel to Morrisville, an operation that cancels out at least some of the anticipated savings.

Small firms have been put out of business by careless oversights. A company unwittingly built a factory a few blocks outside the free pickup and delivery freight zone of a city, a blunder that added $40,000 to the annual overhead. Fantus saved a chemical outfit from bankruptcy by checking on the temperature of the water at a site in Southern Texas selected by the production department. It was eighty-five degrees, which would have required the installation of an exorbitantly costly cooling system. The plant was shifted to Kansas, where the water is sixty-three degrees. A few months ago an electric-appliance plant with 2300 employees was closed in Central Pennsylvania because shipping costs to major markets had been miscalculated. Although the town was suitable for a Fantus client, Yaseen passed it up.

"The scars left in a town after a plant closes don't heal for a long time," he declares. "There is a backwash of bitterness that makes people hostile to a new company. The sharp decline in retail sales ruins the credit ratings of merchants. I know this sounds like a plug for my business, but the social and economic repercussions are so damaging in a small community when a site has been chosen haphazardly that industry must adopt a more responsible policy in its expansion.

"Anything that disturbs the stability of a community should be avoided. It's bad to transform a rural village into a boom town by pouring in a thousand workers overnight. A gradual increase in the labor force is better for the community and the company. I never go into a low-wage area with an industry that pays a high scale. You're a hero to a few hundred people, but you make thousands of enemies who don't share in the gravy."

Further decentralization of industry is sure to bring sweeping changes in our social structure, but the situation is so fluid Yaseen refuses to gaze into the crystal beyond 1965. "That," he went on, "will be the beginning of a critical period, with high schools graduating four million youngsters every year. Half of them will go on to college, but the other two million will have to be integrated in the labor force without dislocating mature workers. Fortunately the majority of the kids will be distributed in the right places. Industry is moving out of cities with relatively static populations into outlying areas where labor is needed.

"I will make one prediction. Provincialism will disappear, and there will be a broadening of culture as industry branches out, providing more money for rural schools and raising the standard of living. There won't be any yokels in another decade."

Even the grumpiest backwoods denizens are submitting to the invasion of industry. Last April Jack Klingle, a Fantus fieldman, was prowling through the Blue Ridge Mountains near Leesville, Virginia, on a survey for the Norfolk and Western Railway. He climbed over a rock and found himself looking into the muzzle of a very large, disgruntled bear.

"That was one predicament they never prepared us for at the Harvard Business School," Klingle relates. "I knew the bear could run and climb a tree faster than I, so I just stood there paralyzed with fear. The bear stared at me, then shambled away, as though it was reconciled to the march of progress." THE END

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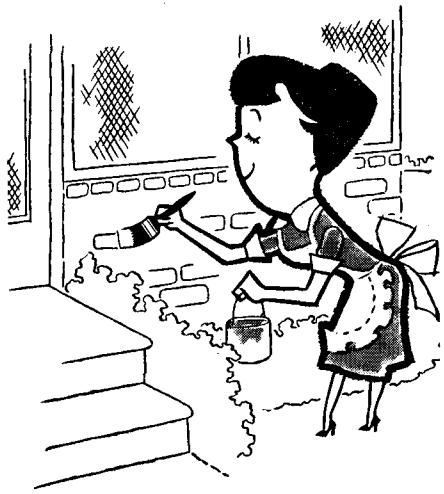
PAINTING A STALL

OR MASONRY WALL



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BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING...*THROUGH CHEMISTRY*

Keeping Posted

Fisherman. In the spring of 1958 **Howell Barrett Pennell Jr.**—his friends call him Barry—was a U.S. Army medical corpsman stationed at a dispensary in Germany's Black Forest. One lazy day

Pennell and his passion.

a brook outside his window transported him back through time to a fishing stream he had known as a boy. That afternoon he wrote THE QUALITY OF MERCY (page 42). When he was in search of a job a few months ago, Pennell left the manuscript with Assistant Managing Editor William Stevens as "a sample of my writing." We had no job openings, but we bought the "sample." It is Pennell's first published story. "I am twenty-six," Pennell says, "single and primarily distinguished by having five sets of double letters in my name. I have lived around Philadelphia all my life, and my family has lived here since before 1700. Fishing has always been my consuming passion." In our unimpassioned photo, Pennell displays half a morning's catch at Rehoboth Beach, Delaware.

Columnist. **Inez Robb**'s byline is new to *The Post*, but is familiar to millions of newspaper readers. A former society editor and war correspondent (in England and North Africa), Mrs. Robb writes a sprightly column for Scripps-Howard Newspapers and United Feature Syndicate. She has covered every Presidential nominating convention since 1940 and knows a good political story—such as THE DEMOCRATS' GOLDEN GIRL (page 36)—when she sees one. "Never in my life have I had such trouble finding people at home for interviews," says columnist Robb of her first *Post* assignment. One of the elusive Democrats on her "wanted" list was economist John Kenneth Galbraith, but by the time she embarked for London and Paris to "get Princess Margaret married" and cover the summit conference, she had given up trying to corner him. So who happened to be seated next to her when she flew home from Paris? Yep.

Welder. The young lovers in **Jack Daniels**'s story, A SLIGHT CASE OF EXPOSURE (page 35), are coal-country people of Welsh extraction. The setting is authentic:

Daniels unmasked.

Daniels learned of mining from his maternal grandfather, who emigrated to Ohio from the Welsh town of Pontrahydfenddigaid. Our author has three children and a job as an arc welder in Alliance, Ohio. "I am forty-six," he reports, "and in reasonable preservation. For Wilma, my wife, I will state same with even greater emphasis, even though I feel such gallant compliments put in writing can eventually work against a man."

Reporter. That provocative question on page 21—ARE NEGROES READY FOR EQUALITY?—is posed by **Carl T. Rowan,** a Tennessee-born Negro who has spanned the globe as a reporter for the Minneapolis *Tribune*. In 1954 the United States Junior Chamber of Commerce named him one of "America's ten outstanding young men," and less than two years later, at the age of thirty, he became the first newspaperman to win Sigma Delta Chi awards in three consecutive years. Rowan holds two honorary doctorates and has written four books on the color line, including his recent Jackie Robinson biography, *Wait Till Next Year* (Random House). His current book project concerns the problem of world hunger and is being written with Roswell Garst, the Iowa farmer who won notice by playing host to visiting fireman N. S. Khrushchev.

Historian. Of his stirring tale, A PAIR OF BRAVE HANDS (page 38), **Edmund Gilligan**, who writes the Rod and Gun column for the New York *Herald Tribune*, says, "It is a celebration of a hero whom I met at Gloucester when I was beginning my newspaper work on the Boston *Sunday Post* in the early 1930's. He was Howard Blackburn. Long before I was born, he performed the great feat of rowing 125 miles in wintry weather to reach Burgeo Bay, after he and his dorymate had lost their schooner in a blizzard. The effort cost him his fingers. Blackburn was a remarkable man, impressive spiritually and physically. My admiration became hero worship, and soon I went to sea with the dorymen to record their histories as best I could."

Doryman Blackburn.

Marlin, Mike and Melvin

Last week, KEEPING POSTED pictured a muscular author holding aloft a curvaceous blonde. This week, just for variety, we present an air-borne author—Los Angeles newspaperman **Melvin Dursla**g. The author-hoisters are, of course, Marlin and Mike—or is it Mike and Marlin?—McKeever (TOUGH TWINS AT U.S.C., page 30). Our photo was taken in August when Durslag visited the brothers on the set of *Atlantis, the Lost Continent*, a forthcoming M-G-M film in which the twins play soldiers who fall victim to an erupting volcano. When a lunch break was called, Durslag and the twins repaired to the studio commissary. Durslag ate heartily; the fierce soldiers of Atlantis ordered cottage cheese and fruit.

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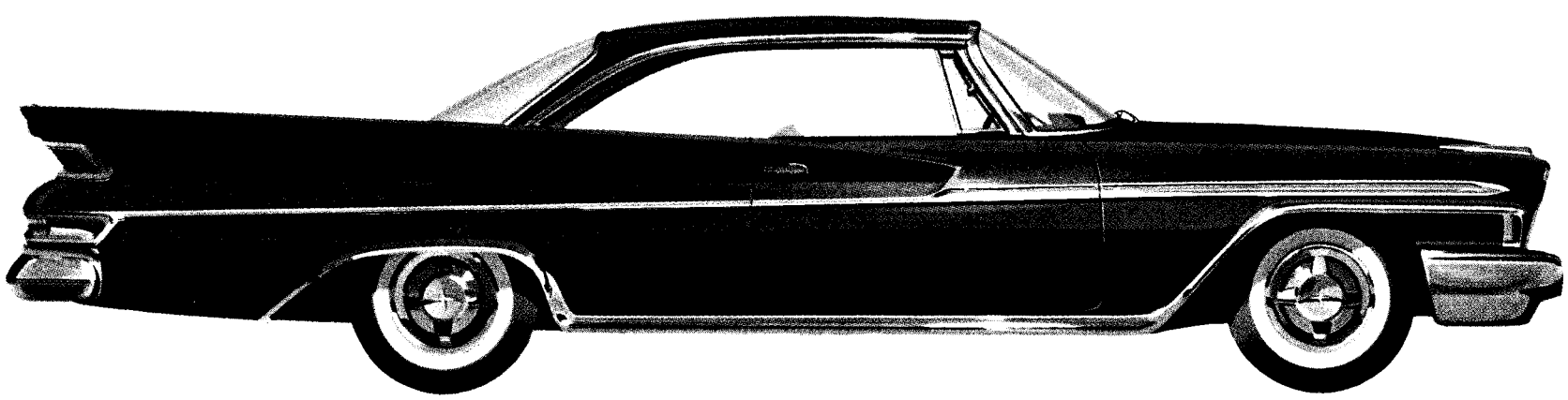

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